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# THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY

H · L · MENCKEN

## JUNE 1930

Elective Monarchy in America

The Banks Go Chain-Store

The Man Who Saved Chicago

On Living in Cities

Harvey Fergusson

Zona Gale

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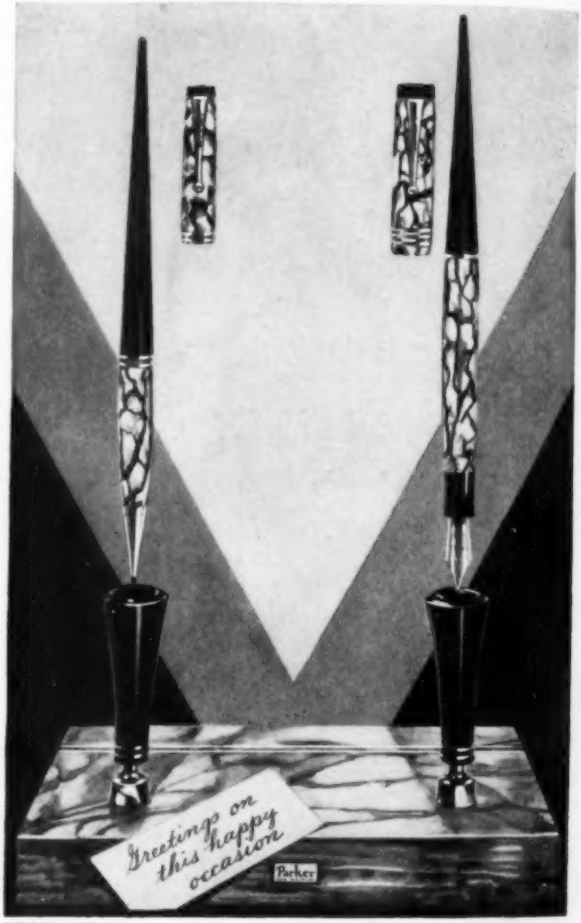
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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
Charles Angoff, *Assistant Editor*

# CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

## SOCIOLOGY

### THE EVOLUTION OF WAR.

*By Maurice R. Davie.* *The Yale University Press*
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 391 pp. *New Haven*

This is a summary of what is to be found in the anthropological literature about the nature and conduct of war among primitive tribes. It is competently done, but it presents nothing new in either fact or theory. Dr. Davie discusses the various motives which impel savages to kill their fellow-men, and has chapters on the relations between war and cannibalism, on head-hunting, on human sacrifice, and on the rules which tend to mitigate the horrors of war, even among the lowest savages. In appendices he discusses initiation ceremonies, war adornments, trophies, the ceremony of the declaration of war, the torture of prisoners, and other such things. The book is heavily documented, and has an extensive bibliography and a good index. The author is associate professor of the science of society at Yale.

### SOME SOUTHERN COTTON-MILL WORKERS & THEIR VILLAGES.

*By Jennings J. Rhyne.*
*The University of North Carolina Press*
$2.50 8⅜ x 5⅜; 214 pp. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

Dr. Rhyne's study is confined to North Carolina, and apparently to Gaston county, the scene of the recent strikes and murders. He differentiates four types of mill village—the mill village proper, the cotton-mill town, the suburban mill village, and the isolated company town. The best workers, he says, tend to move toward the larger communities; the remoter villages accumulate what amounts to casual labor, though it is more or less skilled. He describes the sources of the labor supply, and deals at length with the life of the workers. They are, in the main, of a low and almost hopeless class. Many of them are illiterate, and few show any capacity for improvement. Their attitude toward the welfare work that goes on in some of the mill towns is one of almost complete indifference. When they are worn out they go back to the miserable mountain farms whence they came. Dr. Rhyne's study is impartial and well informed. He is a native of Gaston county and has lived there most of his life. He is now director of the School of Social Service at the University of Oklahoma. His book would have been more readable if it had been printed in larger type. It is well documented, but the index is inadequate.

### SOCIAL CONTROL OF THE MENTALLY DEFICIENT.

*By Stanley P. Davies.* *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$3 8 x 5½; 389 pp. *New York*

Dr. Davies, who is on the staff of the State Charities Aid Association of New York, has here written an admirable summary of the methods employed in the United States to curb feeblemindedness and to help those already afflicted. He begins with a rapid survey of the history of psychopathological science, and then directs his attention to its growth in America, stressing especially the sociological angle. He devotes whole chapters to such topics as sterilization, segregation, and socialization. He writes clearly, and his general attitude is remarkably sane for one of his profession. There are many illustrations and an index.

### GENERATIONS OF ADAM.

*By A. L. Wolbarst.* *The Newland Press*
$3.50 8⅛ x 5⅜; 355 pp. *New York*

Dr. Wolbarst, who is a practising physician in New York, specializing in the venereal diseases, has little to say in this volume that is new, but what he says shows good judgment and is clearly and decently expressed. His theme is the sociology and hygiene of sex in civilized societies. The revolting stupidity and obscenity that contaminate the subject, he believes, are largely produced by the fact that, in Christendom, the chief professors of sexual morality have always been theologians. These theologians, by the very nature of their business, are forced into a degree of continence that is necessarily uncommon, and so they tend to be more or less pathological. Either they suffer damnably from their repressions, or they are sexually immature to begin with. Dr. Wolbarst believes that their moral system ought to be abandoned, and something decenter and more rational adopted. But he by no means counsels sexual license; on the contrary, he is careful to point out its evils, physical and psychological. His book differs refreshingly from the ordinary thing of its kind, by prurience out of quackery. He presents his ideas simply and without smirking.

### INCOME & WAGES IN THE SOUTH.

*By Clarence Heer.* *The University of North Carolina Press*
$1 8⅜ x 5⅝; 68 pp. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

Dr. Heer, who is research associate in the Institute for Research in Social Science in the University of North Carolina, has here written a fine summary of all that is actually known about economic conditions in the South. Money incomes and money wages, he

*Continued on page vi*

The author, JOSIE TURNER (for that is not her name) has a college degree and a university post-graduate degree, but in a few off moments she rose above these handicaps and this book is the result.

A series of episodes in the modern life of the pious little heroine of the '70's. Elsie, graceful as a gazelle, Mr. Horace Dinsmore, her handsome father with a past (and present), and dear, kind Mr. Travilla, move incongruously through scenes of today.

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# CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page iv*

points out, are generally lower below the Potomac than in the rest of the country. It is the great misfortune of the South that her population is still mainly agricultural, and that the average per capita income of the farming classes is about one-half of the average income received by similar classes in other parts of the land. In industry things are a little better, but even there Southern wages are never more than 85% of what they are in the North. The upper classes are really not so high up. Few of them have incomes ranging into six figures. As for the people as a whole, "the total income of the South divided by the total population yields a quotient which, on the average, is less than half as great as the corresponding quotient for the rest of the country." What the future will bring it is difficult to say. The steady increase in the number of industrial workers will undoubtedly help, but it is possible, says Dr. Heer, that "the present situation in the South calls for a high order of economic statesmanship rather than for a supine policy of *laissez-faire*." The book belongs to the University of North Carolina Social Study Series, under the general editorship of Dr. Howard W. Odum.

## BIOGRAPHY

### GEORGE EASTMAN.

*By Carl W. Ackerman.* *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$5 9¼ x 6¼; 522 pp. *Boston*

This is frankly an official life, and so Eastman, as the sporting writers say, gets all the breaks. Every step in his gradual domination of the camera and film industry is depicted humanely, and there is not the slightest hint of muckraking. It is thus possible that some very interesting matter has been left out, but even as it stands the record is worth having. Starting out in life as an insurance agent, Eastman has worked his way to the top of the tree, and if in the course of his progress he has had to make realistic use of other men, it must be said for him that he has treated many of them generously, that he has got on well with his workmen, that he has devoted his leisure to civilized recreations, and that he has dispersed his accumulations intelligently and with public spirit. The story of the development of the roller film for cameras is full of odd and amusing stuff, and so is the story of the rise of the Kodak. In 1914 the government trust-busters began to take a baleful interest in the Eastman Company, but by 1918 better counsels prevailed and the effort to dissolve it was abandoned. Mr. Ackerman is a somewhat dull writer, but he presents his facts in good order. There are a number of interesting illustrations, chiefly portraits, and at the end of the book is an index.

### JOHNSON OF THE MOHAWKS.

*By Arthur Pound.* *The Macmillan Company*
$5 9¼ x 6¼; 556 pp. *New York*

Johnson came out from Ireland in 1738 to take the management of the estate of his uncle, Sir Peter Warren, in what is now New York State, and thereafter, for thirty-six years, he was a leading figure in the life of the Colony. His specialty was dealing with the Indians, and at that art no other man surpassed him. Single-handed, he kept the Six Nations out of the French and Indian War, and in reward he received a grant of £5000 and the thanks of Parliament, and was made a baronet. Later on he was given 100,000 acres of land in the Mohawk Valley, and there he spent the evening of his days, dealing with the Indians, building a town, and accumulating a large fortune. He had a number of wives, some of them Indian women, and left a great many children. Mr. Pound's biography of him is based upon the collections and studies of Dr. Richard E. Day, of the New York State Historical Department. It is marked by a competent use of unfamiliar materials, and is well organized and well written.

### NEW LETTERS & PAPERS OF LINCOLN.

*Edited by Paul M. Angle.* *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$5 9¼ x 6¼; 387 pp. *Boston*

The first collection of Lincoln's writings was brought out by Nicolay and Hay in 1894, and in 1905 it was reprinted with extensive additions. In 1917 a volume of letters not to be found in it was published by Gilbert A. Tracy, and in 1927 Brown University printed the Lincoln letters in its library. In the present volume Mr. Angle undertakes to present all the known Lincolniana that is not to be found in these books. He derives it from the collections of the various public libraries and historical societies, and from those of private collectors. Not much that he has to offer is of any importance. Most of it consists of notes relating to ancient lawsuits, private letters of little interest, and brief memoranda belonging to the Civil War period. But there are also some things of greater value to the historian—for example, reports of some of Lincoln's early speeches, and the text of a letter he prepared for Ward H. Lamon, his old friend and crony. This last was designed to put down the common report that he (Lincoln) had indulged in ribald songs and stories while visiting the battlefield of Antietam, in the very presence of the slain. It shows that the songs were actually sung and the stories told, but that they came from Lamon, not from Lincoln, and that the slain had been buried some time before. Mr. Angle's notes are copious and very useful.

*Continued on page viii*

## Bertrand Russell:

"The gain to the human race to be expected from a rational psychology in the handling of children is almost unlimited. Children are taught a superstitious attitude about certain parts of the body, about certain words and thoughts, and about certain kinds of play to which nature prompts them. Throughout the English-speaking world most people while still in the nursery are rendered incapable of satisfactory marriage. The sense of sin which dominates many children and young people and often lasts on into later life is a misery and source of distortion that serves no useful purpose of any sort or kind."

## John B. Watson:

"And will the home be missed! I know that we can plan and equip an institution today that will be better run than any home I have ever been in, because the nursery will be planned for the child. Its only business will be the care and happiness of the child. I would gamble my all, too, that after three months in our nursery no youngster will want to go home even for the week-end."

From his article on *After the Family—What?*

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**BERTRAND RUSSELL**

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# CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page vi*

GEORGE ELIOT.
*By J. Lewis May.* *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 360 pp. *Indianapolis*

This is probably as good a popular biography of the author of "Silas Marner" as there is, but the critical judgments expressed in it leave one full of doubts. Mr. May says: "It is in the pictures she draws of a vanished England, of England in the days before the coming of the railroad and the electric telegraph, that George Eliot stands supreme. . . . She is England in the same sense, if not in the same degree, as Shakespeare is England. . . . In aspiration, if not always in achievement, in vision, if not always in expression, she is the kin of Shakespeare and of Sophocles, and her place is not far below the greatest of the world's elect." This is absurd. George Eliot was, in fact, one of the least gifted of England's woman writers. She was far inferior to Jane Austen and Emily Brontë. She belongs in the class of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Her poetry was atrocious, and her novels, including even "The Mill on the Floss," were far from being "great commentaries on human life." There is an index.

---

SHERMAN: *Soldier, Realist, American.*
*By B. H. Liddell Hart.* *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$5 9¼ x 6¼; 456 pp. *New York*

Sherman was so intelligent that twice, during the early stages of the Civil War, his fellow Cæsars of the Army concluded that he was insane, and prepared to cashier him. Alone among them he foresaw that the war would go on for three or four years, and alone he knew that the only way to bring the South to heel would be by cutting off its supplies. Capt. Hart sets forth his services to the Union cause at great length, and shows how invaluable they were. Sherman, in fact, devised much of the great strategy of the war, and what he devised always worked. His March to the Sea, in many ways, was the most magnificent operation ever carried out by an American general. Personally, he was a man of curious contradictions. He refused to enter the war unless he were assured of adequate rank, and yet he was almost completely empty of ambition, and declined absolutely to accept advancement at the cost of Grant. In the field he was ruthless, but once a battle was won he was all for mercy and conciliation. Capt. Hart's praise of him is friendly, but seldom excessive. He was a very great soldier and he came close to being a great man. The book is well documented and has a good index.

AN AMERICAN JEZEBEL. *The Life of Anne Hutchinson.*
*By Helen Augur.* *Brentano's*
$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 320 pp. *New York*

Anne Hutchinson was born in the parish of Alford some time in 1591, and from early youth showed a keen interest in religious debates. The great Rev. Dr. John Cotton was in the midst of his celebrated struggle with Archbishop Laud, and young Anne used to sit in church for hours listening to his expositions of Holy Writ. So profound was her admiration of his sermonizing gifts that when he was banished in 1634 she followed him to the New World. Here her difficulties began at once. She outstripped her master with her pleas for religious toleration in the discussion groups which she conducted at her own house, and before long was preaching such heresy as that only a good heart, or, "the having of Christ," was necessary to be saved, and that the intercessions of the ministry were not only without value, but against God. Her ideas spread rapidly, and the Massachusetts Bay theocrats became alarmed. They charged her with being a witch and "the Devil's concubine," found her guilty of "highly transgressing and offending," and commanded her "in the name of Christ Jesus and of this Church, as a leper to withdraw yourself out of this congregation." She and her followers therefore fled to Aquidneck, R. I. In 1643 she was killed by an Indian. She was unquestionably one of the most picturesque characters of early colonial history, but all that is actually known about her could easily be said in the space of 20,000 words. About half of Miss Augur's book is thus mere wind, or, to use more elegant language, "fictional biography." There is an index.

## THE SCIENCES

SURGERY AT THE NEW YORK HOSPITAL ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.
*By Eugene H. Pool & Frank J. McGowan.*
*Paul B. Hoeber*
$1.50 7½ x 5; 188 pp. *New York*

The New York Hospital was chartered in 1771, but it was not until 1791 that patients were received. The Surgical Register that Drs. Pool and McGowan deal with was kept from 1808 to 1833. It is not a complete record, but discusses only cases of unusual interest. It is rich in technical details and throws much light upon the surgical practises of the time. There are some gory accounts of operations, including amputations. Also, there are clinical notes on cases of snake-bite, lightning-stroke, and so on.

*Continued on page ix*

# CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page viii*

SLEEP: *Why We Need It & How To Get It.*
*By Donald A. Laird & Charles G. Muller.*
*The John Day Company*
$1.50 7½ x 5; 214 pp. *New York*

The facts here presented were unearthed during an experimental study of sleep made at Colgate University, with Dr. Laird in charge. The laboratory animals employed were students, and some of them served for three years. Observation of them revealed some interesting things—for example, that the time of deepest sleep comes about an hour after going to bed and not later, and that a bed which is too soft is almost as inimical to sound sleep as one which is too hard. There are chapters on the nature of fatigue, and upon the factors which produce it. The book is written in a popular style, though it is bedizened with the usual learned graphs. In an appendix there is a more precise description of a typical experiment. There is a bibliography but no index. With the book, apparently as a free gift to the reader, comes an electric reading lamp.

## PUBLIC QUESTIONS

TOWARD CIVILIZATION.
*Edited by Charles A. Beard.* *Longmans, Green & Company*
$3 8⅜ x 5¾; 307 pp. *New York*

In "Whither Mankind," published a year or two ago, Dr. Beard offered a series of essays on the present state of the world by "specialists in the humanities—law, economics, and ethics." Here he presents a parallel series by engineers. What they have to say, unfortunately, is not very illuminating. Dr. William E. Wickenden, president of the Case School, rehearses everything that is obvious about education; Dr. Elmer A. Sperry tells how he invented the gyrocompass; Dr. L. W. Wallace discusses the engineering enterprises of the national government; Dr. Michael Pupin recounts some of his affecting stories about the idealism of the Serbs; and so on. Plainly enough, the engineers are as much baffled by the Machine Age as the "specialists in the humanities." Dr. Beard himself contributes a preface, an introduction and an epilogue to the book. It has no index, and the notes explaining who the authors are—many of them are little known, and need identification—are exiled to the inside of the dust-cover. Altogether, it is a far from satisfactory volume.

WHAT'S *RIGHT* WITH AMERICA.
*By Sisley Huddleston.* *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$2.50 8⅜ x 5⅜; 252 pp. *Philadelphia*

Mr. Huddleston is the author of a dozen books, and is considered by some people to be one of Europe's leading publicists. In 1929 he spent a few months in the United States, and the present book contains his impressions. He left our shores with a great love for us welling in his breast, "because in America there is a real equality of classes, . . . and all kinds of men meet together in public places without jealousy, disdain, or hostility"; because "America is a land of opportunity, where the vendor of newspapers is not envious of the millionaire"; because "the American is by nature optimistic"; because "growth is the law of America"; because "energy and enterprise are encouraged and rewarded"; because there are in our everyday existence the virtues of "hospitality, smilingness, and mutual helpfulness"; because "there is a thirst for knowledge, which is revealed in the remarkably large attendance at the colleges and universities [and] in the general love of lectures"; because "a living interest . . . is taken in literature, in drama, and in music"; because "the masses are provided with leisure and opportunities of enjoying their leisure"; and because "Prohibition, despite the speakeasies in certain large cities, and the bootleggers, has made of the overwhelming majority of Americans a sober people; the insignificant minority of clandestine drinkers does not include the workers, the farmers, the bulk of business and professional men, the serious youth of the nation—in short, the essential part of the race which is happy to be rid of alcoholism." Mr. Huddleston undertook his tour of the United States at the invitation of the *Christian Science Monitor*, "which I rank as one of the most notable, if not the most notable, newspapers of the day."

WAR FOR PROFITS.
*By Otto Lehmann-Russbüldt.* *Alfred H. King*
$1.75 7¾ x 5⅛; 175 pp. *New York*

The armament industry, says Dr. Lehmann-Russbüldt, knows no real patriotism, as witness the activities of Zaharoff, Krupp, Skoda, and Vickers. They all sold munitions to enemy countries during the World War, through neutral lands, and there is evidence that they plan to do likewise in the next war. They reap enormous profits from war, and therefore do everything in their power to promote strife between nations. They are the real makers of wars, and it is only by their undoing that peace can be achieved. "The recipe is simple. . . . Suppress all war exports and prohibit profits in the armament industry. When this is done the militarists will be without occupation, and there will only remain the protests and opposition of the armament-makers and the editors of newspapers who follow where gun-money leads." This is a rather naïve point of view, but Dr.

*Continued on page x*

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## *Check List of* NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page ix*

Lehmann-Russbüldt has filled his book with a lot of interesting and unfamiliar material.

### TRAVEL

SITKA: *Portal to Romance.*
*By Barrett Willoughby.* *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$3 8¾ x 5¾; 233 pp. *Boston*

Sitka was settled by the Russians in 1799 and remained the capital of Alaska until the territory was acquired by the United States. A number of Russians still live there, and some of Miss Willoughby's chapters are devoted to them. In one she presents a report of a charming conversation with Mme. Legia Artamonova, an ancient lady who still remembers the great days of Prince Dimitri Maksoutov, the last Russian Governor. Another is devoted to Father Andrew Kashevaroff, who still celebrates mass in the Orthodox Cathedral of St. Michael the Archangel. The author is the daughter of a sea captain and grew up on the Alaskan coast. Her book is full of unfamiliar matter.

AFRICAN DRUMS.
*By Fred Puleston.* *Farrar & Rinehart*
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 318 pp. *New York*

Dr. Puleston, who is now seventy years old and a practising physician in Florida, spent the better part of the years between 1882 and 1896 as a trader on the West Coast of Africa. In the present volume he describes some of his adventures and records some of his observations. His chapters on cannibalism, on witchcraft, and on the savage cuisine are full of novel and interesting stuff. The African cannibals, he says, commonly dispatch their victims very humanely, with a sharp blow on the head. The cuts they esteem most highly are the tenderloin and the chops, which are roasted. The head and feet are boiled, and the arms, neck and legs below the knee, which are "stringy and tough," are stewed with pepper, beans and pieces of yam. Dr. Puleston says that the native cookery, in general, is very good. If he ever ate human flesh, he says, it was unknowingly, but he is familiar with the taste of cat, rat and dog. "A cat tastes somewhat like a rabbit, but is not nearly so full flavored. . . . The best way to cook a dog is as a stew with aromatic herbs, red peppers, tomatoes, curry powder and rice. In this way it makes an exceptionally appetizing, satisfying dish." Some parts of a hippopotamus, he adds, "are fairly good eating," but a monkey "has an insipid taste and is quite stringy." Dr. Puleston's descriptions of the African jungle are full of horrifying eloquence, and he tells of his fights with the natives very vividly. The notion that they are easily swindled by white traders he denounces as nonsense; on the contrary, they often swindle the traders.

*Continued on page xii*

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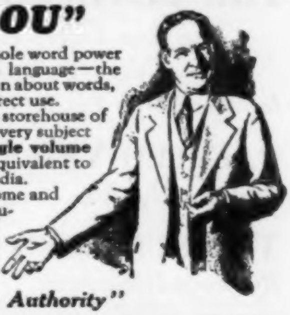

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*Continued from page x*

### PHILOSOPHY

THREE REFORMERS: *Luther, Descartes, Rousseau.*
*By Jacques Maritain.* *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5½; 234 pp. *New York*

ART & SCHOLASTICISM.
*By Jacques Maritain.* *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5½; 232 pp. *New York*

Dr. Maritain is a French philosopher who has stirred up considerable discussion on the Continent, and the present two books are his first to appear in the United States. Such critics as T. S. Eliot, Mary Colum and Evelyn Underhill have hailed him as "the most conspicuous figure and probably the most powerful force in contemporary thought." This is being much too generous. His ideas are old even for this century. The late Cardinal Mercier and the present leader of Neo-Scholasticism, Professor Maurice De Wulf of the University of Louvain, said the same things twenty-five years ago. Luther, Descartes and Rousseau, says Dr. Maritain, were the begetters of "the modern conscience." The first let loose upon the world the concept of individuality, of the absolute superiority of will. This philosophy "has inflamed everything and healed nothing. It leaves us hopeless in face of the great problems, which Christ and His Doctors solved for redeemed humanity as long as it was faithful." Descartes "discovered thought." He it was who established the primacy of mathematical reasoning in all our thinking. He was the real father of the modern scientific spirit, but thereby he also brought upon us most of our difficulties. "He has set all things against each other—faith and reason, metaphysics and science, knowledge and love." As for Rousseau, he "did a work in the sphere of natural morality of the same type as Luther's work in the evangelical sphere." But he was much worse, for his philosophy, if adhered to, will bring about "the mental collapse of a humanity in surrender." The three of them, by their pernicious ideas, have done much damage to modern art. True art must serve Christ and His church, and no other. "God is infinitely more lovable than art."

THE UNREALISTS.
*By Harvey Wickham.* *The Dial Press*
$3.50 8¾ x 5½; 314 pp. *New York*

Mr. Wickham here attempts a critique of James, Bergson, Santayana, Einstein, Russell, Dewey, Alexander and Whitehead. His book does not betray an excessive familiarity with the ideas of these men, but it is full of wise-cracks and strange feats of logic. Einstein's relativity he dismisses with the statements that "it is merely an attempt to abolish standards," and that it will unquestionably bring "excessive

*Continued on page xiv*

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liberty" and all other kinds of damnations in its train. William James he doesn't like because he became a philosopher after being a professor of anatomy and of psychology. "He learned his business from the ground up. But philosophy is a business that ought to be learned from the sky down." As for Russell, all his books are merely "good undergraduate talk." Dewey is even worse. He is "a Calvin Coolidge type of person." Mr. Wickham himself is far above these thinkers, these shameless champions of "materialism, nambypambyism, and animalism." He sees nothing preposterous in the beliefs in the soul, a personal God, the Incarnation, etc. Christianity, he says, is "as logical and reasonable as astronomy, to say the least."

### RELIGION

HUMANISM: *A New Religion.*
*By Charles Francis Potter.* *Simon & Schuster*
$1.50 8 x 4⅛; 132 pp. *New York*

The Humanism that Dr. Potter preaches has nothing to do with the Humanism of Dr. Irving Babbitt, Dr. Paul Elmer More and their young friends. It seems to be an outgrowth, not of Calvinism, but of Unitarianism. Its chief tenet is "faith in the supreme value and self-perfectibility of human personality." Unlike the Babbitt-More Humanism, it rejects revelation and the supernatural. "Improvement comes from within. No man or god can save another man." "The ideas of sin, salvation, redemption, prayer and worship" are declared to be "unimportant," and it is denied that "the chief end of man is to glorify God." Among the reforms Humanism advocates are "the legalizing of birth control, the defense of freedom of speech, and the substitution of temperance for Prohibition." The First Humanist Society of New York was founded in September of last year. It is now proposed to form an International Humanist Union.

OUR NEW RELIGION.
*By H. A. L. Fisher.* *Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*
$2.50 8½ x 5⅛; 201 pp. *New York*

Dr. Fisher is the warden of New College, Oxford, and president of the British Academy. He was formerly a member of Parliament and for a while served in the Cabinet as president of the Board of Education. He is the author of various historical and political works. Here he examines the pretensions of Christian Science and comes to the conclusion that they are quite without any foundation in the known facts. His consideration of them is polite, but completely devastating: nothing remains of them, when he has finished, save a mass of feeble nonsense. His book will be interesting to all who have read Mr. Dakin's life of Mrs. Eddy, which the Christian Scientists lately tried to suppress.

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VOLUME XX NUMBER 78

*The American*
MERCURY

June 1930

# ELECTIVE MONARCHY IN AMERICA

### BY HOFFMAN NICKERSON

Monarchy is the rule of one. Traces of it exist in the most democratic or the most oligarchic states, since every town meeting or oligarchic assembly must have some sort of presiding officer. Nor can the monarch ever dispense altogether with either oligarchy or democracy: be he never so absolute he must have advisors and subordinate officials and must also reckon with general popular feeling. But where one-man rule predominates, *i.e.*, when a single magistrate is charged with most important decisions concerning the commonwealth, then the state is called monarchical. The lucid and copious Belloc, who has written on monarchy so often and so well, has in his book, "The Contrast," reminded us that the monarch is occasionally a woman or a child, in which last case the office is, of course, merely titular and can become real only as the child approaches maturity. But these exceptions we may neglect since they chiefly arise in hereditary monarchies, with which we are not directly concerned. If we are to attach any meaning to the word we must admit any elected magistrate or self-appointed dictator to be as monarchical as an hereditary magistrate; the one valid test is whether an individual preponderates in government. If so, he is a monarch.

Throughout history monarchy has been the most nearly universal of the three traditional forms of government. This is because it is the most flexible form, adapting itself to widely varying conditions; whereas oligarchy is generally hateful save in those rare cases where the aristocratic mood has crept in and holds some exceptional community under a sort of spell, and democracy is impossible where the free citizens are too numerous to deliberate together. True monarchy, unlike either of these, is compatible both with a certain (although not with an undue) degree of reverence for a special class, and, in the opposite direction, with strong egalitarian feeling, active popular criticism, and even a considerable popular initiative. At the very beginning of the European tradition in letters, in the poet Homer, we find the maxim: "The rule of many is not good. Let there be one commander, one chief."

Where the normal egalitarian mood of mankind exists but mere size makes political democracy impossible, there monarchy is found to be the best form of government. In such cases the monarch is thought of as the nation incarnate; beneath him all others seem approximately equal, the differences between them being insignificant as compared with the vast distance separating the highest of them from him. In this way much of the egalitarian temper is preserved. A thoroughly egalitarian people will make even of an hereditary monarchy a public thing. Thus the Capetian Kings of France, for centuries the greatest in Europe, had no private purse: their entire income was derived from taxation.

So, too, they had little privacy. Custom demanded that from time to time, and especially on great occasions, the populace must be admitted—of course, with precautions to assure respect—to the King's presence. Belloc, in his "Marie Antoinette," describes such a scene in the great palace of Versailles:

> They crushed in, with their muddy boots well scraped, to file in thousands, a long procession urged on by the guards, . . . passing behind a barrier down the immense hall where the tables were set for cards. The King and his Court played solemnly like actors who must pretend to see no audience, sitting thus as a public symbol of the nation.

The invasion of privacy was pushed so far that the people were admitted even to the childbeds of the Queen; the birth of Louis XVI's and Marie Antoinette's first child was thus witnessed and the breach of the custom at her second confinement was no small symbol of the ripening divorce between the people and their public King. The good name of the French Kings was systematically left as defenseless as their privacy; custom forbade them to prosecute for any libel against themselves or their immediate family. All this perpetually emphasized that the King was not King for his own pleasure, that he was not a tyrant, but a magistrate, even a sort of victim offered up for the people.

Beside its flexibility, monarchy is particularly strong in the matter of unity. In this no democracy can equal it. Not even a revered aristocracy can so well play the part of a mediator set above sharp racial and religious divisions. Here little Switzerland provides a singular exception. In that country, further exceptional in that it is federated not through a monarch but through an elected assembly, a certain proportion of the offices of the Federal state is tacitly assigned by the Protestant majority for the Roman Catholic minority, and the arrangement works well. Our astonishment at such a success is lessened when we remember that even so small a country is highly decentralized and that most of the separate cantons are homogeneous each in its own religious tradition.

Instances of successful monarchical mediation fill history. It was a wise and statesman-like move in the agony of the Hohenzollern dynasty for the monarch to choose Catholic Chancellors and thus strengthen the state. An elected parliament in a country predominantly Protestant would probably not have dared go so far. Andrew Jackson's instant answer to the would-be nullifiers in South Carolina, "If any man attempts to haul down the United States' flag, shoot him on the spot," is an example of drastic and successful monarchical preservation of unity; a parliamentary government might well have fiddled about and made speeches until the fat was in the fire. Of more distant examples of monarchical preservation of unity we may note the settlement of the French religious wars which so long convulsed that nation. After long balancing, the monarchy was able to end them at last by imposing upon the angry Roman Catholic majority the sweeping concessions of the Edict of Nantes, which made the Protestant minority a state within the state, with their own magistracies, fortresses, etc. It is true that in the long run these concessions proved harmful to the national unity, but the point is that the imperative need of the moment was successfully met.

The instance of Andrew Jackson exemplifies a third advantage of monarchy, to wit, the rapidity with which it can act. For this reason all military command is absolutely monarchical. Many civil affairs as well—for instance, many things in the business of a private corporation—will not bear waiting. A single man, having made up his mind on some matter within his powers, cannot be obstructed by talk.

Beside its flexibility, unity, and rapidity, monarchy has also the capital advantage that it is suited to the realities of human nature. More than any other form of government it adapts itself to the enormous and universal human fact of imperfection, which theologians have more vigorously termed original sin. In the first place, the monarch is far more truly responsible to the community than any assembly could possibly be, because he is a single man plainly seen by all. He stands so high that his every movement shows clearly against the skyline and thus cannot escape general praise or blame—and normal men desire to be praised and shun blame. On the other hand, the monarch need be no nickel snatcher of popularity, because his works endure. How many Senators and Congressmen of Washington's administrations have lived in the national memory? Or if Washington's name seems too great for just comparison, then John Adams's?

So also the monarch, from the very nature of his position, is far stronger than the individual members of an assembly against either temptations or threats. Bribers and blackmailers find it harder to approach him with the secrecy their purposes demand. Again, they have far more to fear from his displeasure. Monarchy is also a protection against men's negligence and sloth. Everybody's business is nobody's business, but monarchy identifies the public interest with the private interest of the most powerful man in the community. This is preëminently true in regard to corruption; the monarch has more to lose by it than any other citizen, and the nature of his power makes him a fearful weapon against evil-doers.

## II

Turning now to the arguments against monarchy, it is often said that if one could be sure of a good monarch, then it would be well to allow him the most despotic powers, but that under a bad man monarchy is the worst form of government. Let us examine this proposition. First, on the point of efficiency, it is clear that we are dealing with averages. Will anyone maintain that the average monarch is politically less active, or less intelligent in choosing men to be the agents of government, than the average citizen? Although the chances are against it, let us suppose the case of an exceptionally slothful and stupid man: even so, the mere routine of his position gives him a knowledge of politics and politicians utterly beyond that of the average private man.

Deliberately weighing the scales against ourselves, let us take an extreme case from the decline of hereditary monarchy, Louis XVI, brave and conscientious, but heavy with German blood, slow and uncertain in his decisions. Over against the active mercurial French at one of the rapids of their swiftly flowing history, his shortcomings were fearfully apparent. And yet it is reliably recorded how at his first meeting with his Girondin Ministry those hostile men were astonished to find that he knew far more about European politics than they. One of them, Roland, reluctantly admiring, repeated to his wife the King's neat little impromptu sketch on the diplomatic position of France. "Why, you silly," said Madame Roland, "he has been brought up in that sort of thing and if he didn't know something about it he would be the worst of imbeciles!" When the monarch is a man above the average—as frequently happened among the hereditary monarchs of Europe before they unwisely allowed their stock to suffer from too much inbreeding—the nation profits by the scope given to his abilities.

Let us admit also that occasional monarchs, being but men, will love wickedness for its own sake and will therefore prefer to play the tyrant. Will their tyrannies equal those of a tyrannous majority taking the bit in its teeth? Very seldom. At the very worst an exceptionally wicked monarch can sometimes be killed. But who can assassinate a tyrannous majority? Moreover, even in the case of the exceptionally wicked monarch, as far as the mass of citizens is concerned, his mere intelligence combined with his position may persuade him to justice. Thus Cæsar Borgia, with all his wickedness and cruelty to individuals, was known for the mild and just government of his dominions; he had the wit to see that thus he could best consolidate his position.

The greed and ambition of monarchs have now and then done great harm, but so have those of able private men unable or unwilling to achieve monarchical responsibility. Aristocracies have by no means renounced ambition; on the contrary, the typical form of the aristocratic state—Carthage, Venice, and post-Reformation England—is that of a far-flung and immensely wealthy commercial empire. Of democracies, or of mixed states professing to admire democracy while unable through their size to achieve its political forms, not a few have exhibited the most ruthless greed; their attempts to pillage the goods of their local rich or of neighboring commonwealths fill history from the days of Athens down. The last hundred and fifty years of democratic verbiage in Europe have seen wholesale massacres in war and civil tumult such as the Kings of old never perpetrated. Radical-democratic peace talk, Irving Babbitt has reminded us, has resulted in battlefields hundreds of miles long.

The real weaknesses of monarchy are two: any man possessing true monarchical power may commit revolting individual injustices or he may conflict with that general consent on which all government must in the end repose. Of these, the second is the more serious. Crimes of the first sort, however offensive to God, are seldom grave matters for the community. Even if the monarch, acting to all appearances unjustly, kills certain individuals or seizes their goods, the citizens can often console themselves with the thought that perhaps he had good reasons which they do not know. In this way they can salve their own self-respect and dignity while continuing to obey him. Or if the injured individuals have been wealthy and powerful and if the masses are as usual egalitarian, then the latter are often pleased by the thought that at least the fear of God has been put into the rich. The stealing of women by monarchs is almost the only action against individuals which can never be so defended, but there the woman is usually a willing or even an eager accomplice, so that those against whom the action is taken are really her husband or immediate family. Nor do these last always consider themselves wronged, for the monarch has many ways of rewarding them if they submit.

Collision between the monarch and the community itself is, of course, very serious. When consequently the monarchy falls, the shock is terrible. The French have not yet recovered from the fall of the Bourbon monarchy, although they might have done so had Napoleon not gone into Russia in 1812, or even had they not sunk back into parliamentarism after 1871.

## III

The name of Napoleon reminds us that in its earlier and purer form the so-called democratic movement in Europe (it was, of course, not politically democratic because of the great size of the polities involved) was by no means opposed to monarchy as such. In the beginning it moved not against the Bourbon Crown but against the remnants of feudalism which had become useless and annoying obstructions. Only a series of chances, combined with personal follies and failures of powerful individuals, turned the movement against the monarchy. The republic was proclaimed without the short-lived enthusiasm which came later, Bonaparte was welcomed with immense relief, and without his unhappy Russian adventure his descendants might be securely reigning today. What pulled him down was by no means popular feeling against his monarchical power—the Parisian workmen cheered for his dictatorship down to the very last. He was destroyed by his own lack of measure and self-restraint.

No more was the American revolutionary movement originally anti-monarchical. It was originally directed not against the Crown but against that old enemy of true monarchy, the British Parliament. A British captain stationed in New York during the Stamp Act troubles recorded that "most people . . . acknowledge the King but not the power of Parliament." Just before his appointment to command the Continental Army, writing of Lexington to Fairfax in England, Washington spoke of "the ministerial troops (for we do not nor can we yet prevail upon ourselves to call them the King's troops) . . ."

Washington himself, despite his unfailing deference to Congress and even his constant consultation of his generals, soon came so to dominate the American scene that before the end of the war a number of officers urged him to make himself King of America. Madison's *Journal* shows that Franklin, with all the limitations of his typically Eighteenth-Century mind, and although he doubtless identified monarchy with its hereditary form, nevertheless recognized its popularity and the good reasons for that popularity. He said:

> There is a natural inclination in mankind to kingly government. It sometimes relieves them from aristocratic domination. . . . It gives more the appearance of equality among citizens, and that they like.

Experience of parliamentary government by the Congress during the war and the Confederation which followed led few to wish for its continuance. The State governments throughout continued the monarchical institution formerly represented by the royal Governors by electing State Governors of their own. The Federal Constitution, establishing the presidential office, laid a strong foundation for that towering elective monarchy whose successive holders are today the most powerful princes on earth. It is therefore one of the ironies of history that the American people have so decisively rejected the titles and trappings of hereditary kingship. Many of them seem still to believe that "liberty" consists in the absence of an hereditary monarch.

The rapidity with which the presidency has grown and the reverence attaching to it are its two chief marks. As the first President, Washington lent the office his enormous personal prestige. But since his time it has been the other way about. How many lesser men are remembered only because they have held the place! Ably held, it grows with great bounds, but at all times it grows steadily and surely; a profound popular instinct is evidently at work. The incompetence of some of its temporary holders does not diminish it. The 1912 defeat of Roosevelt, who had so emphasized and perhaps enlarged its powers, in no way eclipsed Wilson. Even before the war the latter was dominating the Republic as Roosevelt had done before him. And with the coming of the war, "Stand by the President" became the national slogan.

How many grotesque follies that wartime slogan condoned! And yet—to digress for an instant—it was doubtless right on the whole.

After the Armistice Wilson was suddenly and fearfully stricken as if from outside the world. His policies were rejected, first by the Senate, and then by an unprecedented majority of the national electorate. He was succeeded by Harding, whom he is said to have despised as "the bungalow mind." But all these things diminished the presidency not a bit. Two of Harding's Cabinet soon became widely suspected of crime. It was believed that his action in appointing them would drive him and his party from power at the next election. But when he died the entire nation made of its mourning for him a sort of national sacrament. The feeling shown was all but unanimous. It was sincere and it was solemn. It was carried to lengths unknown in modern Europe. I remember, at the time, hearing a commuter on a railroad train tell his neighbor that should he receive a business letter dated the day of the funeral he would trade no more with the writer.

Harding's successor, Coolidge, at once a resolute and notably cautious man, did his best to be a constitutional President. No such abdication of the acquired presidential powers was permitted him; on all sides voices were raised calling upon him to stand out and rebuke the folly and faction of the Houses. In the Autumn of 1927 a Massachusetts town board publicly proposed that he be made President for life—a cry that had not been raised since Washington rejected first a crown and then a third term. We need not exaggerate the importance of the town board of little Sudbury but need merely ask ourselves whether since Washington any foreign public body, however unimportant, ever made such a suggestion.

## IV

The etiquette surrounding the President has correspondingly grown. A few months ago a friend of Hoover's, William Hard, complained in the *World's Work* that a President sometimes found it difficult to get at men's real opinions because of their awe and reverence for his office. In the presidency we are plainly dealing with a monarchy which within a few generations has been clothed in the awe and reverence that shone upon the sacred Kings of old. We are not far from "divus Cæsar."

No sensible and self-respecting man inwardly prostrates himself before any earthly dignity. Let us therefore calmly examine so extraordinary a phenomenon. Certainly dignity does not always imply efficiency. As Mr. Hard's complaint reminds us, it may be an obstacle to efficiency. On the other hand, men in the mass cannot merely tolerate that which governs them; if they do not revere they must hate. Loyalty, the child of reverence, is that which enables rulers to act. At the other end of the scale it is a virtue making strongly for the happiness of those who possess it. Again, it touches whatever there is of good in wicked rulers. To the good or average ruler it brings home his responsibility.

That in the case of the presidency a deep popular instinct for monarchy has been at work, is shown by the survival of the monarchical idea in the government of cities. With the efforts to improve municipal politics by "strong mayors" we have no concern except to note that they represent the normal American monarchical development. The important and interesting thing is that the opposite type of reformed city government, based on the idea of dethroning the old monarchical mayor, has so far resulted only in his reappearance under new forms.

The leading idea of this second type of municipal reform is that of the so-called city manager. Under such a plan, the old offices of mayor and aldermen are wiped out, and the only elected officers are the members of a very small assembly or committee usually known as the city council. This small committee then chooses a city manager who is supposed to be their servant and to shape his policies according to their will. The essence of the whole scheme is the attempt to get rid of the monarchical mayor.

Mark now how instantly and effectively our popular instinct for monarchy has kicked over all this. The two chief cities in which the thing has been tried are Cleveland and Cincinnati. In the first the city manager promptly seized political power and destroyed the deliberative functions of the city council, much as Andrew Jackson destroyed those of the College of Presidential Electors by means of the imperative mandate. Thus Clevelanders now vote for or against candidates to their council on the ground that the latter are pledged to continue or oppose the present city manager and his policies. In Cincinnati the result is equally amusing. There, too, the council elects the city manager, but there the president of the council was given the supposedly empty title of mayor together with decorative functions such as receiving distinguished visitors. The corpse came to life. The present mayor, Murray Seasongood, dominates local politics. From chief political supporter of the city manager he has become the man who keeps the latter in office, precisely as a true monarch keeps his cabinet officers. It would be hard to find in history two clearer examples of the victory of a profound popular instinct over a paper scheme.

In short, we find at the top of the political scale the presidency with vast unwritten powers continually increasing through the reverence attaching to the office. At the bottom, in the city governments, where no reverence is possible, we find the monarchical principle successfully defending itself against all efforts to destroy it. Between America on the one side, and Europe floundering among its parliamentary oligarchies on the other, the contrast is absolute. We have no need for more or less revolutionary monarchs in the form of dictators, because monarchy admitted, acknowledged and welcomed is now the chief political institution of the United States.

## V

It remains to consider how the American monarchical principle may develop, how monarchical initiative may be extended and fortified. The resistance of legislatures to the pruning of their sovereignty could easily be broken down by the imperative mandate. Candidates for legislative office might be compelled to swear that if elected they would support measures curtailing parliamentary, and extending monarchical, initiative. In this way the executive budget laws could be made increasingly drastic. When financial initiative had thus been secured to the monarch, the same principle might be extended to all legislation.

The monarch is already charged with the duty of presenting at the opening of each legislative session a message outlining the legislative changes he thinks desirable. Constitutional amendments might enlarge this traditional function so as to make it his duty to draw up a formal programme or budget of legislation, and might then compel the legislature to say aye or no to each item of this programme before embarking upon any new proposals of its own. In normal cases public opinion could then be counted upon to compel the legislature to adjourn and leave the community in peace until the beginning of the next session. There would remain the right of the legislative body to discuss public affairs, to criticize the elective monarch and to veto such new departures of his as it might think unwise.

It is when we pass from the relations between monarchy and legislatures to the future form of American monarchy itself that uncertainties appear. Especially is this true of the presidency, the apex of the whole political pyramid. Changes like the executive budget, deriving most of their force from moral sources rather than from statute law, may creep in gradually like a change in pronunciation involving no change in spelling. The political office can thus be transformed without change in its written symbol. But even to give the President a longer term or to disregard the very strong tradition handed down from Washington against a third term for any individual President would be too sharp and noticeable a change to be masked by any form of words. Hence, although most elective monarchies of the past have been for life, all such questions in the case of the United States must be left to the future to decide.

Another uncertainty, and one which may require more immediate answer, is that of the method of election. The presidency has retained and enlarged its national scope because of the two major national political parties. It remains to be seen what would happen to it under a multi-party system. Party tradition is still so strong, and the expense of organizing a new party so great, that no strong third party seems likely soon to appear. Nevertheless, even a weak third party carrying a few States might deadlock a close contest between the major parties by denying to both leading candidates an absolute majority of presidential electors. The House of Representatives would then have to elect a President, voting not by individuals but by States, each having but one vote, a State with a deadlocked delegation no vote at all, and a majority of all of them being necessary to a choice. Under such conditions it is abundantly possible that no majority of all the States would be forthcoming.

The last resort would then be the new Vice-President elected by the Senate, a majority of the whole number of Senators, voting individually, being necessary to a choice. But by that time, even if the present lame duck system had been abolished, all pretense of an election dependent on popular will would have vanished: one-third of the Senators voting would have been elected over four years before—under the lame duck system six years before.

Doubtless, the towering prestige of the presidency would uphold whoever was elected no matter how, and would enable him to begin building up a party of his own. But note well that, with more than two parties, these drawn-out farces might become the rule in presidential elections. Perhaps not even a majority of the Senate could be obtained, in which case presumably the Secretary of State then in office would become President. Certainly the political cohesiveness of the United States could stand a great deal. The point is that the presidency has grown great under the two-party system. That system has already been gravely weakened by the direct primary, which has made legislative nominations local, leaving the presidential convention and the strong Speaker of the otherwise unwieldy House the only relics of the old national parties. Should the present weakening of the two-party system go only a little further, then the presidency itself, at once our symbol of unity and the active power in government, would become the football of faction. The two master passions of American politics, the elective principle and the desire for discipline and coherence, would then collide head on. One need not be an alarmist to suggest that the rapidity with which such a development might come makes it desirable that all possible lines of action in such cases should at least be considered.

Government is order. In the increasing indiscipline and disorder of the United States, our fool laws, our coddling of labor, and our rising crime rate, the presidency stands as the chief fixed point. To keep it fixed almost any sacrifice would be worth while. Indeed, a very little general public disorder, coinciding perhaps with a disputed election for President under a multi-party system, might make popular any device that promised political stability even at the expense of popular election. Further than this we cannot go. The statesman must stick to immediate realities; if he begin looking too fixedly at the horizon he will stumble over the next pebble.

It is therefore well to glance for a moment at the general experience of mankind in the matter of election. The longest and on the whole most stable system thus maintained has been that of the Popes and Bishops of the Catholic Church. Originally, their elections were wide-open popular affairs. As time went on, however, the disorder and corruption of popular elections became too much of a good thing, so the electing body was restricted, in the case of a Bishop to the chapter, *i.e.*, the clergy attached to the cathedral, and in the case of the Popes to the Cardinals, *i.e.*, the chief ecclesiastics of the Roman See. A vivid picture of the early stage of the transition has been preserved in the letters of Sidonius Apollinaris, a Fifth-Century noble living in the district which afterward became the French province of Auvergne. The bishopric of Sidonius' town, now Clermont Ferrand, being vacant, two candidates appeared. Each encouraged his supporters by promising them big slices of church property if successful, so that Sidonius and some wealthy friends had to run a "good government" candidate, who just succeeded in nosing the others out. The last instance of popular interference with the election of a Pope, in 1378, was so disastrous that nothing of the sort has since been tried.

It is true that an election limited to a special body is by no means a guaranty against corruption. Until the Holy Roman Empire became virtually hereditary in the Hapsburg family, the seven electors were bribed right and left—a more than usually shocking instance being the election of 1519. For all that it is obvious that the direct and indirect bribery involved in limited elections can hardly reach such destructive proportions as in popular elections. The "legitimate" expenses of popular elections may reach anything.

But these doubts as to the length of the presidential term and the manner of election, however important in themselves, are subordinate to the enormous actual prestige of the presidential office. That prestige seems a fixed point, impregnable and permanent. Whatever form the American political system may take, whatever functions the legislatures and the Supreme Court may retain, the presidency seems certain both to remain and to increase in power. Politically, the presidency is America and America is the presidency. Just how that office may develop we need not now determine. It is enough for us to realize that it is our typical and central institution, that should it fall we would fall with it, and that if it remain we may remain great.

# WISCONSIN NOTE BOOK

### BY ZONA GALE

## *A Democratic Lady*

Mrs. Ella Diamond had known the great American romance. Her life had spanned the dark of poverty and the daylight of riches. At sixteen she had lived in two rooms over a grocery store, had longed for some society where she should take a brilliant part, should be with those of whom as yet she knew nothing, should feel at home with fineness and cleverness. Now at forty, a widow, she no longer wished for anything. She lived in a great house on a hill on the edge of the town, in the midst of a park. She herself said "park" or "the grounds," but nearly everyone else spoke of Mrs. Diamond's beautiful large yard. It was not that they minded her saying "park," but they were shy of saying it themselves. Everyone liked her, and when her gray car, with its chauffeur in gray livery, brought her into town to do her marketing, everyone said: "Mrs. Diamond is so democratic."

She knew them all, spoke familiarly with everyone, smiled broadly, had no reserves, no dignities. When she had house guests, one of her innocent pastimes was to drive through the town saluting everyone whom she met and being in turn saluted. The white-aproned grocer, the girl in the vitaphone ticket box, the dog-wagon man, the principal banker, she lifted a hand to them all. And on entering a shop, with a guest, she always inquired, now for the baby, now for the ailing mother, now for the broken arm. And she met no friend of her own without inquiring for this family, that movement, or the other malady. She brought down flowers from her greenhouse and gave them to shop girls and telephone girls. She distributed patterns, plants, recipes, worn clothing, and made constant occasions to offer little gifts. She invited her sewing woman to her house, and asked the radio installation man to have lunch in the kitchen. Everyone kept repeating: "Mrs. Diamond is so democratic."

But her principal democracy was with her great gray car. Every afternoon in Summer it sparkled out on the country roads, with five or six happy inmates. And these were not usually from among Mrs. Diamond's intimates. They were chosen from those who had no cars, no large homes, and no parks. Wives of the humble, of newcomers to the town, those who had few pleasures, who worked hard, dressed simply, entertained not at all—these were Mrs. Diamond's most frequent guests. Sometimes she gave the car for a whole afternoon to her two maids, Mena and Chrissie.

When the house on the hill had been remodeled and she was settled there, she gave a party and invited all the workmen who had been employed at the task, and also their families—masons, carpenters, plasterers. Dressed quietly in expensive black lace, she moved among them, saying: "And how are you? Really! Now, isn't it fine to see you."

She did not patronize them; she was simple, without reserves or dignities. Her laughter was frank and hearty. And everyone said: "Mrs. Diamond is so democratic."

It was when she was in the midst of organizing a garden club that she received an invitation from a school friend, Mrs.

Margaret Bowen, to visit her for a week-end in town. She told the garden club about the invitation, when it held its initial meeting with her.

"Really," she said, "I'm so interested in what we're doing here that I don't like to leave even for a week-end. But I know that I shouldn't miss going. The house is simply gorgeous—and there is to be a dinner party on Saturday—and there are sure to be clever people there . . ."

They urged her to go. Mrs. Pittigrew, Mrs. Tait, Mrs. Smalley, Mrs. Mann—all the women who lived in the trim houses in the town, who had small garden plots and many children—sat organizing the garden club, looking at Mrs. Diamond's furniture, and saying that she should go up to town for this week-end. Mrs. Diamond appeared more interested in the membership.

"Maybe I oughtn't to join the garden club," Mrs. Smalley said. "Ours is only potatoes."

"Nonsense," Mrs. Diamond assured her heartily. "Of course you must join. We are going to meet women in this club whom we wouldn't know in any other way."

This they digested in silence.

"Potatoes are an excellent foundation for a garden," Mrs. Diamond explained. "What grows, grows."

"She has such brilliant common sense," they told one another. They were served to a delicious tea, listened to an account of Mrs. Diamond's last year's trip to South America, looked at the post cards and went home, saying among themselves: "Isn't Mrs. Diamond democratic?"

Mrs. Diamond went up to town for the house party. She had charming clothes. She was "still a beautiful woman." She had looked forward with delight to this week-end party. Margaret Bowen, her friend, had spent Winters in London, in Paris, had had an apartment in Rome. Not infrequently she had out friends from New York; she was "in touch." Even with money and leisure, Mrs. Diamond's own society had always remained that of the provinces. Her husband had been ill, affairs at home had not allowed his absences—and she had been a widow but a year. Never yet had she entered that bright world of which in her youth she had been wont to dream.

Seated at dinner at Mrs. Bowen's table, she saw that here at last was the group for which she had longed. A statesman, a diplomat, a big business man, a college scientist, a brilliant attorney, and their wives, gentle or *staccato*, and exquisitely gowned. Also, the man who took her down was a novelist. She looked along the table in a pleased daze. This was the company of which she had dreamed—the wise, the caustic, the mellow. But she too must play a part . . .

"As you came in," the novelist said, "we were speaking of the literature of the Continent. Do you feel that already it is superior to that of England?"

"Unquestionably," said Ella Diamond. "The Russians . . ."

"Ah, but the Russians themselves are out-distanced!"

"Doubtless," she murmured.

He reviewed the literature of the nations. It was only by decoying him to his own novels—of which her hostess had told her something—that Mrs. Diamond escaped alive. For she had not read widely the fiction of the Continent.

At her other hand the diplomat sat, talking of Einstein. Opposite the scientist sat, deep in Nicaragua and Haiti. The attorney was speaking of folk music, the business man of a new play; and every woman seemed to be informed, and even experienced in these things, and eager to talk.

"They may be frightfully stupid, and wrong-headed," Ella Diamond thought resentfully, "but I haven't the sense to know it, if they are."

However, she could listen—but such participation, though sufficiently intent and alive, did not serve to nourish her satisfaction. The novelist grew restless, the diplomat talked to his own dinner partner, and Ella Diamond sat silent, eager, outside.

Here was the society for which she had longed. Or, as she tried to tell herself, restoring her balance by irritability, here was some semblance of that society. But she lacked the power to be stimulated by either Einstein or Continental literature, or anything else that she heard. She began to feel querulous, abused, bored.

On Sunday it was the same. At the box party at the symphony she was receiving a definite sensuous enjoyment from her small power to listen when she was made miserable by overhearing one guest observe to another: "There's an interesting progression."

What on earth did that mean? She sat in the front of the box and felt a definite dislike for the whole audience.

"I believe," she thought again, bringing forward her compensatory batteries, "they are all just pretending to like it."

There was to be a supper party at the diplomat's house, but Mrs. Diamond explained that she must be at home early on Monday for an important meeting, and Margaret Bowen drove her to her train.

"Do you like living in the country?" her hostess asked.

"I adore it," Ella Diamond told her.

"You won't be coming to town to live?"

"No, really, I couldn't imagine myself away from my small town."

As soon as she reached home Mrs. Diamond remembered that she had been planning a party for Mena and Chrissie, her two maids. She told them to invite a dozen of their friends, and to serve in the dining-room. On the evening of this event a committee from the garden club held a meeting in her library. This committee included two whom, even in that small town, Mrs. Diamond had not met, and Mrs. Smalley, of the potato garden.

From library to dining-room Mrs. Diamond trailed her net flounces, greeting all, inquiring about others, making everyone welcome. Her committee she sent home in her gray car, deprecating their thanks.

"To live among simple, real people," she was heard to say to her intimates, "that is what I shall always choose."

The garden club members, the friends of Mena and Chrissie, and all the town continued to say to one another: "Isn't Mrs. Diamond democratic?"

## II

### *The Rippletons*

Margate's father had been a hard man, reaping where he had not sown or planted or plowed. Reaping, in fact, where he had not even owned. When he died he had done an inordinate amount of harvesting in bonds and buildings, stocks and stones; and all these were inherited by his son Philip. Averse to profiting by the hardships of others, young Margate at once determined to compensate at least one person for all that he had suffered at his father's hands.

This was Rippleton. Rippleton lived in the town in which Margate lived—Hickorywood—and there had been interested in a little factory making wooden type. Later Margate had established a factory for the same product, and Margate's factory had grown, had absorbed all the little wooden type factories in the country, save only Rippleton's. Rippleton had been at school with the elder Margate. They had skated and done sums, clerked and courted together, and Margate had compunction about swallowing Rippleton's little factory as he had swallowed the others. For some years he desisted. Then in his great hunger to be the only and supreme wooden type man in the world, he lowered his prices to a scale with which Rippleton could not compete, and Rippleton succumbed. He steadily refused a position in Margate's factory—refused, in fact, to see Margate again. When the elder Margate died, ten years later, at sixty-two, Rippleton, of the same age, was employed in a furniture store. But he was still living in his trim two-story frame house on the main street, and driving out with his wife, evenings and Sundays, in an old coupé. The next year they sold their house and moved into an upper flat.

When he heard of this sale, young Philip Margate suffered an acute pang. He was a man of sensitive regard for art, natural beauty and certain ethical values, and by all these easily affected. He had been a boy in college when Rippleton had bought that house—he recalled an evening at home when Rippleton had dropped in to tell his father that he had closed the transaction, and he remembered Rippleton's naïve pleasure in planning to remodel the bath-room in a few years. He was a little man, with wandering hands and wide gelatinous eyes. They had meant to travel—Europe and Egypt they had wanted, Rippleton had said wistfully; but a home came first. On his return to college young Margate had turned in a theme on "The Pleasure of Owning a Home," based on his researches in Rippleton, and had received a B. And now Rippleton had sold his home and, as they were childless, they would doubtless live in a flat to the end.

Young Margate himself lived in the ugly and imposing Margate home, in wide grounds. He had a pretty wife, with a sweet contralto voice, a weak heart and a demanding nature; and they had two sons already at college. College was expensive, but Margate resolved, as soon as the sons were graduated, to make up everything to Rippleton, who he hoped might then be able to re-purchase his old home.

But when the two sons were graduated, Margate's pretty wife burst from her long-controlled patience and insisted that their house be re-modeled and re-decorated. This proved a long and expensive business, involving a music-room and additional bath-rooms, and Margate could afford nothing more that year. As the two Sienna marble bath-rooms were installed, Margate remembered Rippleton's hope on that evening when he had just bought his own house: "In a year or two we'll tile the bath-room, but not yet."

Margate happened to know that when he sold the house, Rippleton had not yet been able even to change the hardwood floor and the marked-off-in-squares plaster of that bath-room.

"Next year," Margate told his wife, "I'm going to do something for Rippleton."

She replied: "Well, do let's have a new car, whatever you do. Ours is a sight."

Margate paid for the re-modeling and bought the new car. And then Mrs. Margate told her husband that she was not well and needed a sea-voyage. When Margate heard this word, out of the grave of his neglect rose Rippleton, sitting beside the elder Margate, and saying: "Now here are all the foreign travel maps. You know the ropes, and I don't. You tell me what we ought to see. In another five years, when the place is paid for, we can manage it, and meanwhile we want the fun of planning." He recalled that his father had stressed the Mediterranean trip, and it was this trip that his wife now chose.

The Margates made the Mediterranean trip and stayed on for three months on the Riviera. They bought expensive furniture, were surprised at the duty, and required a year for a financial recovery from their vacation.

However, when Margate had returned to Hickorywood, and to his office, one of the first persons he had seen was Rippleton, whom he overtook as both were walking down town.

"Walking for your health?" Margate asked.

"No," Rippleton said. "I sold the coop. It was out of repair day and night."

"What make are you going to buy?"

"I don't figure," said Rippleton, "on owning a car, now. You folks had a pleasant trip, did you?"

This question Margate hardly heard. He was shocked to see Rippleton looking gray and ill. Seven years had passed since his father's death, and another must elapse before Margate could do anything for Rippleton. Rippleton would then be sixty-eight.

"How's your wife these days?" Margate asked nervously.

"Not so good," Rippleton said, without expression. "Come 'round some evening—you and your wife."

Margate had gone around one evening, alone. It was an upper flat, in a two-story house. This pinched little place, with its worn furniture, wrung him. Rippleton wrung him, in his shiny clothes and unpolished boots, and with his air of laxness and abstraction, out of all keeping with his still-expectant eyes. Mrs. Rippleton sat with her head against the back of her high-backed chair, her mouth drooping and forcing its smile, her eyes uninterested, slow-moving, slow-winking. But once she asked if Mrs. Margate sang any more.

"*I* used to sing," she said, "but somehow music don't mean to me what it did."

"Not radio music?" Margate asked.

"We've never had a radio," she said, as a matter of record.

They were two who had owned their own home and a thriving little business. Now they were clinging to the edge of living, as they understood living. They were silent and resigned—like two caught in a trap and looking up and blaming no man.

"Good God," Margate thought, "I really must do something right away."

He did buy a good radio, and sent it to them with his compliments. Then came the two years of Margate's financial losses—the receivership of a company in which he was interested, and the re-organization of a bank, with a double-liability to him as stockholder. He was two years more in recovering, and then his younger son, who had been caught in the same crisis, needed his help to keep on his feet and maintain his growing family. Meanwhile Margate had seen Rippleton but rarely. But often he would plan about all that he intended to do for him as soon as he possibly could. He would make it easy for him to buy back his own home, he would give Rippleton and his wife a little trip abroad—on some good but cheaply conducted tour, second class—and perhaps he could make it worth Rippleton's while to come into the Margate wooden type factory, in some small capacity. Rippleton really had been pig-headed about refusing his father's offer, Margate defended.

Then came a lucky deal in stocks, and Margate found himself with several thousand dollars to spare. Now he turned away with high resolve from opportunities to invest this idle money, and he made his way, one Winter afternoon, to the Rippletons' flat. But he learned that they had moved two years before. It must, then, have been two years and more since he had seen Rippleton. He drove to the new address. It was on the extreme edge of the town. It was an isolated three-room house, close to a marsh, now flooded as a skating pond.

At a summons called from within in answer to his knocking, Margate entered a small hot room, cluttered with furniture. By a window Mrs. Rippleton sat, in that motionless, mortised attitude of the rheumatic. In the half light, she did not recognize him, but at his name she was all pleasant and repetitive greeting. She was glad to see him, as if she had almost forgotten who he was and were trying to make amends. Margate touched her soft pulpy hand, with its stonelike bones.

Rippleton came in. He wore a gray scarf wound many times about his throat, and he carried an armful of wood for the small roaring stove.

"Hello, Phil," he said heartily. "I'm glad you're around yourself. Bad weather for colds."

His bright impersonality nonplussed Margate, who asked awkwardly: "How are things with you?"

"Nothing to complain of," Rippleton assured him. "Things moving even."

A terror seized upon Margate. He looked at Mrs. Rippleton. Surely she, with her malady, would seem more individuated, more humanly bitter.

"I'm sorry to see you ill," he ventured, but she interrupted him: "Not ill. Just inactive. And it's real nice to rest."

"You don't—don't get out at all?" Margate asked, desperately.

"No. But then I'd gone so many places I didn't want to go," she assured him.

Margate cried: "Well, I've come to tell you about going to some places where you *will* want to go!"

Haltingly, and with an old sense of moral inferiority in their presence, Margate told them that he had always regretted his father's action—he was certain that his father himself had regretted it, at the last. Now things had come about so that he himself could reimburse him out of the profits of Rippleton's own factory, Margate rushed on; there was enough to buy back their old home, to take the Mediterranean trip, to have a car . . .

"Land," said Mrs. Rippleton, "you couldn't get me on to the water—now."

"I guess we're better off ashore," Rippleton said, laughing heartily.

"But Europe . . ."

"I wouldn't want to go over there now," Rippleton announced with decision.

"Catching diseases—no, indeed," his wife agreed.

"At least," Margate cried, "you can get back into your old home. It's for sale."

There was a silence. Then Rippleton said: "It'd be too much for her to take care of, now."

"I'm glad you see that," his wife said, in open relief. "Twenty-seven windows to clean—all those stairs for me to hobble up—no, no, I couldn't do it. I guess we'll stay right where we are."

Margate faced this. It was the reasonable, the inevitable, the irrevocable.

"The car," he said at last. "You could have a fine car . . ."

"I couldn't drive it," Rippleton said, and chuckled at the idea. "And I'm certainly not going to keep a man." He laughed outright. "No—there's too many accidents for us to take much comfort in a car, any more. We're both kind of nervous."

Before this abyss Margate sat silent. They had lost the power to enjoy. His eye ran around the room, and he saw, on the top of a chest of drawers, the radio that he had bought for them.

"You'll sit here, then," he said, thinking aloud, "alone with that radio."

Rippleton interrupted. "I've been going to see you about that radio," he said. "It never was just easy for me to find the right things on it. And now it hurts her head. We don't use it any—haven't for months. We thought maybe you could take it back and get your money on it—much obliged, just the same."

Margate's voice had another pitch, lower, slower: "You can't stand it—just to stay here, like this . . ."

"There's lots to do about this place," Rippleton cried warmly.

And Mrs. Rippleton told Margate: "Just you look out this window here. I can watch the skaters, all day long. It's a very pleasant corner."

# THE BANKS GO CHAIN-STORE

### BY VIRGIL WILLIT

One of the distinctive features of the American banking system is the multiplicity of banking institutions. There are in the United States some 25,000 commercial banks, of which approximately 7,000 are national banks and the remainder State institutions. This situation is in striking contrast with that of England, where, in 1924, there were only thirteen joint stock banks and two private banks doing a commercial business, and of these fifteen banks the so-called Big Five controlled 90% of the resources. These banks, however, carried on their business through more than 8,000 branches. A similar condition exists in Canada, where there are only ten banks, which operate through nearly 4,000 branches. Many of the problems and practices that are peculiar to American banking arise from this multiplicity of independent banks.

In recent years however, three important movements have been gaining force and momentum in this country which raise serious questions as to whether our system of banks is going to retain its traditional unitary form. These three movements are, first, mergers between one or more banks in the same city, which have become epidemic in the past two years; second, the establishment of branches by existing banks; and third, and the most recent development, the formation of groups of existing independent unit banks, which continue to maintain their separate corporate identities but which are subject in some manner and in some degree to centralized management and control. It is with the second and third of these movements that this article is concerned.

Perhaps a further word should be said to make clear the distinction between the terms branch and group banking. In branch banking a parent bank possesses subsidiary offices which carry on all the usual banking functions but which have no separate capitalization, and which are managed by a manager appointed by the parent bank. In group banking the banks which form the group maintain their independent corporate existence and nominally are managed by their own boards of directors. However, the majority of the stock of the banks comprising the group is owned either by one person, a group of persons, a bank or a holding company, and in the hands of this central owner rests the actual control and management. Branch and group banking are both phases of the same phenomenon and one cannot be adequately considered without the other. Branch banking emerged first, however, as a distinct movement and so to it our attention must first be directed.

## II

In its present aspects, branch banking is a development of the present century and has become of significance only in the past ten years. In 1900 there were only sixty branch banks in operation; in 1910 there were slightly more than 1,000, while at the present time there are approximately 3,500.

It may be noted in passing that while the present interest in and extent of branch banking is of recent origin, it is by no means without precedent in earlier American banking history. The first and second Banks of the United States both made use of branches, the latter having twenty-five in various cities of the country. The State Bank of Indiana and the State Bank of Ohio, two of the most successful institutions of pre-Civil War days, also operated through branches.

But the adoption of the national banking system during the Civil War changed the course of bank development in regard to branches, as it did in many other particulars. The imposition of the 10% tax on notes issued by State banks practically drove such banks out of existence for a considerable number of years and left the field of banking to the national banks, which were not allowed to establish branches. By the time it was found that banks could operate very well without issuing notes, which discovery led to the reëstablishment of State banks, the policy of unit banking was so firmly fixed that very few State institutions desired branches and in many States they were prohibited from having them.

However, as already noted, after 1900 and especially after 1910 branches of State banks became increasingly numerous, and branch banking became an important problem and the subject of a vigorous controversy. This controversy has had two aspects. Within the States there has been the question as to whether the State banks should be allowed to have branches and if so, to what extent. In the national banking system the issue has been whether the national law should be changed so as to enable the national banks to establish branches in order to compete with the State banks.

As the situation stands at present in the States, nine of them and the District of Columbia permit State-wide branch banking, although in one of these, Wyoming, there are no branch banks. Eleven States permit banks to establish branches within the town or city in which the parent banks are located or within contiguous territory. Twenty-three States prohibit the establishment of branches but in nine of these branch banks are in operation which existed before the prohibitory legislation was enacted. The laws of five States make no provision in regard to branch banking, although in none of these do branch banks exist.

The National Bank Act passed in 1863 did not expressly permit or prohibit branch banking, but one of its provisions was interpreted as denying to national banks the right to establish branches. The provision referred to required national banks to state in their organization certificate "the place" where their operations were to be carried on, and this was held to mean that the bank could carry on its operations only at the place so specified, so that national banks were not, until recently, permitted to establish branches even within their home cities. By rulings of the Attorney-General, in 1911 and again in 1923, national banks gained permission to establish offices within the same city for the purpose of performing such routine administrative functions as the receiving of deposits and the cashing of checks, but such branches could not carry on any work which required the exercise of any considerable amount of discretion, such as the granting of loans. It is not profitable for banks to establish branches with such limited powers and very few, if any, banks took advantage of this permission. State banks which possessed branches could retain them when they took out a national charter or when they were absorbed by a national bank, so in this way some few national banks possessed branches before they were permitted by law directly to establish them.

The right to establish branches, coupled with various other more liberal privileges which they possessed, gave the State banks such great competitive advantages that they gained rapidly in importance in comparison with the national banks. Many national banks took out State charters in order to gain these privileges, which were denied them under the national law. In 1884 the national banks possessed 75% of the total commercial banking resources of the country; in 1926 that proportion had dropped to 46% and today it is less than 40%. These changes began to raise serious questions as to the future of the national banking system. And as the national banks form the basis of the Federal Reserve system, the matter had serious implications for that system.

It gradually became clear that either the national banks must be granted branch privileges or that the right of State banks to have branches must be curtailed. Bankers themselves were sharply divided upon the question. In 1923 the Federal Reserve Board attempted to place the national and the State member banks upon a more equal basis. It declared that "as a general principle, State banks with branches or additional offices outside the corporate limits of the city or town in which the parent banks are located or territory contiguous thereto, ought not be admitted to the Federal Reserve system except upon condition that they relinquish such branches or additional offices," and further, "that, as a general principle, State banks which are members of the Federal Reserve system ought not be permitted to establish or maintain branches or additional offices outside the corporate limits of the city or town in which the bank is located or territory contiguous thereto."

This action of the Board, however, was not sufficient to settle the matter and an appeal was made to Congress to come to the aid of the national banks. After a prolonged and bitter fight the McFadden Act of 1927 was passed. This act contains a number of provisions designed to place the national banks on a more equal competitive plane with the State banks, but we are concerned here only with those which relate to the matter of branch banking. By this measure national banks for the first time were given the right to establish branches directly, but under important restrictions. No branches are permitted in towns of less than 25,000 population; one branch is allowed in towns with populations up to 50,000, two branches if the population is between 50 and 100,000. In all larger cities the number of branches that may be established is at the discretion of the Comptroller of the Currency.

The McFadden Act modified the resolutions of the Federal Reserve Board noted above by providing that State banks possessing branches outside the home city could become member banks and still retain such branches, provided they were established prior to the approval of the act. While the act was a compromise it was generally regarded, because of the limitations imposed upon branches, as a victory for the opponents of branch banking.

It has signally failed to settle the branch bank question and to check the desertion of national banks to the ranks of State banks. In 1929 national banks with resources of approximately $3,000,000,000 surrendered their charters. The number of national banks operating branches is very small, only 164 on June 30 last. This is but nineteen more than at the time the McFadden Act was passed. These banks have 99 branches. The question of branches for national banks is more of an issue than ever. Before considering the fundamental factors involved in the problem it is best to turn to a consideration of the more recent development in the field, namely, group banking.

## III

For many years single individuals or groups of individuals have owned the majority of stock of more than one bank but such cases were not numerous enough to have any great significance. But within the past two years group banking, as it is now termed, has developed with startling rapidity. It is now the all-absorbing topic at almost every bankers' conference. It constitutes a new and unforeseen attack upon the unit banking system. And it is apparently a more dangerous attack than that of branch banking for there has not been developed as yet any adequate legal means of checking it. Group banking is threatening to sweep the country and its opponents are endeavoring frantically and vainly to find measures to check its progress.

The development of groups has been so rapid that it has been impossible to collect complete statistics as to their number. Two studies have been made within the past year. The first was made by the Federal Reserve Board and the reports are as of June 30, 1929. The board reported that it had found 230 banking groups comprising 1,561 banks, of which 596 were national and 965 State banks. These banks were located in thirty-five States. The greatest development was found in Minnesota, where there were thirty-four groups involving 279 banks. New York was second, with seventeen groups involving 111 banks.

A study made somewhat later by the Economic Policy Commission of the American Bankers Association reported 272 groups with 1,784 members, with aggregate resources of $12,500,000,000. Thus approximately 7% of the total number of banks and 17% of the total banking resources of the country are owned and controlled by these groups. According to this study, seventy-seven of the groups are controlled directly or indirectly by a single bank, twenty-eight by a non-banking holding company not subsidiary to any particular bank, and 177 by individual persons or groups of persons. The largest group reported by the Federal Reserve Board consisted of but thirty-nine banks, but the Economic Policy Commission reported that some of the groups which it found contained from 50 to 100 banks.

The growth of the Northwest Bancorporation well illustrates the rapidity with which these groups have expanded. The group was organized in January, 1929, with five member banks. Ten months later it controlled eighty-two banks, located in sixty-nine cities in eight States, with resources of $462,000,000. This one group controls 9% of the banking resources in these eight States. In Minnesota, where it is most powerful, it controls 23% of the bank resources.

When one considers that group banking is still in its early infancy, its growth is thus seen to be startling. Three years ago unnoticed and unremarked, today controlling one-fifth of the nation's banking resources! What have been the causes which have produced this movement which is sweeping the country with apparently irresistible force?

Like most fundamental economic changes, it cannot be attributed to any one single cause. Its genesis must be traced to a variety of causal factors. In seeking to discover these factors we may distinguish between the direct and immediate incentives which impel men to form these combinations and the more fundamental causes and conditions which make them feasible and perhaps justifiable. The immediate incentives are very similar to those which have produced periods of mergers in other lines of business.

If an industry that is already suffering from over-development is hit by a general business depression those within the industry who weather the storm are likely to lend a willing ear to the artful suggestions of a promoter of a combination. Such, very lately, was the state of mind of bankers in many sections of the country. This was especially true in the Northwest, where the development of group banking has been especially rapid. The sponsors of these groups have declared themselves to be actuated solely by a desire to improve the banking and general business conditions of their district. One of them has said, speaking of his own group:

> The only motive that has been discussed and that has brought about the formation of this group has been what was the best way to facilitate and advance the present business and future growth of this district. . . . This territory has been retarded in its progress and development because of unsettled and unsatisfactory general banking conditions, brought about chiefly through economic conditions, and . . . we have come to believe that . . . there could be no question as to the benefits that would accrue to the banks in the group and to the territory as a whole.

While recognizing that oftentimes there

may be a considerable difference between declared motives and actual motives in transactions of this sort, we can reasonably believe that this statement does explain in large part the formation of bank branches in this territory. The abler and more far-seeing bankers appreciate the fact that the undoubtedly bad banking conditions which surround them react unfavorably upon the growth and success of their own institutions. Rather naturally, they believe that if they could give these other banks the benefit of their own experience and ability, conditions would be considerably improved. Generally they have experienced little difficulty in inducing other banks to come into the combination. The same conditions which induced the promoters to form the group are an incentive to the other banks to become members. One banker, speaking on this point, has said, "I doubt whether there is a single group organization of any importance that does not have a waiting list of independent banks that are willing to negotiate a trade or sale of their controlling stock. Only recently it was stated that one of these organizations had a list of 100 waiting banks."

But while the desire to remedy fundamentally bad banking conditions as a measure of self-defense has been the compelling motive in forming some groups, it obviously has not been in the case of others. The formation of such groups as the gigantic Transamerica Corporation must be attributed to other causes. Undoubtedly the reason for the organization of many groups has been the desire on the part of the promoters for power and profits. The holding company offers the aggressive and ambitious banker the same opportunity to extend his power and domination that it does to leaders in other fields of business. The strange thing is not so much that bankers are making extensive use of the device now but that they have delayed thus long in doing so.

Another factor of significance in explaining the formation of groups has been the increase in value of the stocks involved that has usually resulted. The Bancohio Corporation, which controls a small group operated in Ohio, affords a nice illustration of this point. The central bank in this group is the First Citizens Trust Company of Columbus. For some time before the formation of the corporation the stock of the First Citizens was selling around 217. Then the rumor began to spread that a combination was being formed and the price began to rise. As a result the price stood at 230 when the formation of the Bancohio was publicly announced. The terms of the combination provided that 7½ shares of stock of the Bancohio would be exchanged for one share of First Citizens stock, and the flotation price of the Bancohio stock was 43. Thus one share of First Citizens, which shortly before was selling for 217, was exchangeable for stock which had a market value of 322½, an increase of 105½ points. It may be noted in passing that even now, after the great decline in stock prices, Bancohio stock is selling at 36, so that what was one share of First Citizens worth 217 is now represented by stock having a value of 270. As long as such things are possible, need one ask why bank groups are formed?

The fact that the market values the stock of the holding company more highly than it did that of the constituent companies indicates that it expects that the operating profits of the banks will be greater as a result of the merger. Upon what is this expectation based? Is it a reasonable one? In some cases it probably is; in other cases it is very questionable. If a higher degree of managerial ability is furnished the banks, it may be that profits can be increased by reducing losses, by making investment more intelligently, and by increasing the volume of business by aggressive competition, and by offering facilities which independent banks may not be able to offer.

The experience of the great English banks, however, leads us to doubt if this will be the general result. Sykes, in his admirable study of bank amalgamations in England, found that the ratio of profits to total resources decreased as a result of the mergers and the establishment of branches. He attributed this to two causes: first, a proportionate increase in expenses, as the expenses of the smaller absorbed banks and of the branches are relatively higher than those of the parent bank; second, a decrease in gross earnings, as a result of the keen competition which the amalgamations engendered.

This matter of competition suggests another cause leading to the formation of branches and groups. Once started, the formation of a few branches leads to the formation of still others, partly as a matter of pride and partly as a means of self-protection. An English example well illustrates the extent to which this competition may go when it becomes well-developed. In April, 1914, when Lloyd's Bank of London announced that it had acquired another bank with an extensive system of branches, one of its chief rivals, the London City and Midland, within twenty-four hours made preparations to open immediately no fewer than seventeen new branches in the same area. The experience of other businesses shows us that competition is keener between large organizations than between small ones. Chain stores compete more directly than do small independent merchants. We may expect that the same vigorous competition that exists at present between large banks in large cities will be extended to the small banks and the small towns with the growth of bank chains and groups.

But if group and branch banking are to be enduring and increasingly important features of our banking system it must be because they are better fitted to serve the needs of the business world than are unit banks. Each type of banking, group, branch, and unit, has its staunch supporters. Let us inquire, now, what are the advantages claimed for group and branch banking as contrasted with those of unit banking.

## IV

In the first place, it is maintained that group and branch banking eliminates the dangers inherent in small banks. Among these dangers are poor management, due to the fact that small banks cannot afford to employ competent and experienced managers; the undue influence of local and personal considerations in making loans; lack of adequate capital; and lack of diversification in the making of loans and investments, due to the small amount of funds available for use.

The small country town bank constitutes the greatest point of weakness and of danger in our banking system. From 1921 to 1928 inclusive, about 5,000 banks closed their doors and tied up deposits of more than $1,500,000,000. In four States from 40% to 53% of all the banks in existence in 1920 failed by 1928; from 20% to 40% in six States; and from 10% to 20% in ten other States. In other words, one-sixth of the banks in existence in 1920 failed by 1928. And the significant thing is that 80% of these failures occurred in towns of less than 3,000 population and that about 70% of the failed banks were capitalized at $50,000 or less. As the Comptroller of the Currency has said, this record "is a serious indictment against the system of banking in the rural communities of the United States." If either group or branch banking offers a remedy for this condition, as it is asserted that they do, it is sufficient excuse for their existence.

Further, chain banks are supposed to be able to offer better and more extensive service to customers than can independent banks. The customers of a group bank, and to a less extent of a branch bank, have available to them all the services performed by the parent institution. Chain banks are usually in a better position than small unit banks to offer experienced investment advice and service, to perform trust services and to finance foreign trade transactions. They can also better and more safely take care of large borrowers.

A third advantage of chain banking, it is maintained, is the increase in the mobility of bank funds. Through the medium of branches or members of the group, funds can be easily and quickly transferred from regions of plenty to regions of scarcity. The economic utility of such a service is obvious. This is an argument, however, that is susceptible of being used on both sides. The opponents of chain banking assert that this means that local enterprises will be denied credit for the benefit of speculators and other large borrowers in distant cities.

Finally, and what is perhaps the most fundamental argument of all, it is asserted that larger banking units are needed because of mergers and chains in other lines of business. The banking system exists to serve the needs of commerce and industry. As the organization of commerce and industry changes, banking must also change to adapt itself to the new conditions. Consider, for example, the effect of the chain store upon the business of the local independent banks. The problem of the chain-store account is an irritating one with many a banker. Some chains maintain a policy of keeping accounts with the local banks which are sufficient to compensate them for the services which they secure from them. Other chains keep their local accounts down to the minimum. But very rarely does a large chain organization borrow from a small local bank. So the chain store not only deprives the bank of a part of its deposits but also of a still larger part of its loans. And it is on its loans that a bank makes its profits. It is to such changes as this that our banking system must adjust itself and group and branch banking offer two possible methods of making the adjustment.

The great amount of opposition to chain banking indicates that all the advantages are not on one side of the question, however. So we may now turn to a consideration of the objections that have been urged against chain banking and of the merits of unit banking.

The most frequently used and the most heavily stressed criticism against chain and branch banking is that it destroys the individual initiative and the personal element in banking. Chain banking necessarily means routine and red-tape banking. The manager of a chain bank is bound by rules, regulations, and current instructions issued by the parent institution. His power of discretion in granting loans is greatly limited. The worthy young farmer or business man who possesses character and ability but little capital would find much greater difficulty in securing credit from a chain bank than from an independent one, so it is claimed. The rapid commercial and industrial development of the United States, the advocates of unit banking point out, have been due in large part to the fact that the interests of our bankers have been tied up with the interests of the communities in which they live. They have been willing to finance industries and businesses which might never have had a chance if they had been dependent upon chain banks.

In this connection Canada is often pointed to as a warning. It is alleged that the more tardy economic development of that country has been due to its chain banking system, that the individual initiative and enterprise which has been so characteristic of the United States has been stifled in our Northern neighbor because of the difficulty of obtaining credit by any except well-established businesses. While undoubtedly the banking policy of the United States has contributed to the rapid development of the country, the question may well be raised as to whether the price we have paid in the form of over-developed industries, business and bank failures has not been too high.

In a similar vein run the criticisms that the chain banks discriminate against the small borrower; that they drain funds away from the small communities and local borrowers to lend them out to speculators and large corporations. The traditional American argument against centralization of power, and especially of financial power, is frequently brought forth. One banker in an alarmed state of mind inquires, "Are we to drift into financial middle-age feudalism, where we are economic vassals either of the Federal government or of a few big city corporations who know us not and whom we may never see?" A former Comptroller of the Currency has said, "To say that if a large proportion of the banking interests of a State are centralized in the hands of five or six or a dozen branch banking institutions these institutions will not combine, is to ignore the fundamental basis of human action."

A special problem in connection with chain banking that has troubled government banking department officials is that of their proper examination. Bank examinations by government officials are unknown in many countries, but in the United States we have long regarded them as being essential to a sound banking system. The branches of a branch bank or the members of a group of banks are closely interdependent and in order to learn their true condition a simultaneous examination of all is necessary. Beside the technical problems involved, which are difficult but not insurmountable, there is the problem of divided jurisdiction in making the examinations. Some of the banking groups are composed of both national and State banks scattered in a number of States. Their examinations are thus in the hands of a number of different banking departments, with little or no coöperation between them. It may be suggested that such coöperation is not impossible but a knowledge of the work of some of our State banking departments leads one to doubt if it would be satisfactory.

## V

The growth of chain banking raises serious questions as to the effect of such banks upon the Federal reserve system. That system was organized and constructed to fit into a system of independent banks. Presumably if the basic structure of our banking system changes, this will necessitate important changes in the policies and methods of the Federal reserve banks. This opens up a wide field for interesting speculation. Only one or two of the possible changes involved will be suggested here. Chain banking renders the banks concerned less dependent upon the Federal reserve bank for discounts and loans. The Federal reserve bank draws into a common pool the reserve funds of its member banks. From this pool the members are privileged to draw in order to meet unusually large occasional and seasonal demands of their borrowers. But a widespread system of branch or group banks can eliminate the necessity for drawing upon this pool. In such a system it is not probable that all the banks will experience their heaviest demands at the same time, so that the needs of banks which are experiencing large withdrawals can be met by drawing from banks which have relative surpluses.

This would remove or at least weaken one of the great advantages of membership in the Federal reserve system. In fact, it might mean that the costs of membership might outweigh the benefits and so lead to extensive withdrawals from the system. That branch banking does result in a lessened dependence upon the central bank is well shown by the case of the Bank of England. In October, 1929, the amount of discounts and advances made by the bank was approximately, in terms of dollars, $29,000,000. Contrast this with the $960,000,000 of discounts made by the Federal reserve banks at the same time. The problem of credit control, which has so baffled the Federal reserve authorities, threatens to become an even more difficult one with the extension of chain banking.

In England the relationship between the large joint stock banks with their thousands of branches and the Bank of England has become a matter of serious concern. In 1918 Sir Charles Addis declared: "It may be questioned whether the gigantic size that they have already attained does not constitute a menace to the predominant position which the Bank of England has hitherto enjoyed as the Bankers' Bank. How will the Bank of England be able to maintain its supremacy surrounded by banks individually greater and more powerful than itself?" Sykes, writing several years later, said, "There is no doubt that, from the point of view of the preservation of the status and authority of the Bank, further combinations are undesirable."

The question as to the relative merits of group and branch banking is another interesting matter that cannot be entered upon here. It is sometimes assumed that group banking is simply the result of the restrictions upon branch banking and that if these restrictions were removed the group banks would be converted into branches of a parent institution. In some cases this undoubtedly is true. The head of one group of banks has publicly stated, "Were the restriction against branches removed today, the directors of my corporation would undoubtedly take steps immediately to convert its ownership of banks into a branch banking system." But that this is not true of all groups is shown by the fact that in a number of States which place no restrictions upon branches, notably California, there are several groups of banks.

The chief contention in favor of group banking as against branch banking is that it preserves a greater measure of local control and independence and so is less subject to the criticisms that it discriminates against small borrowers, that it refuses to make loans based on character and ability, and that it deprives local businesses of loan funds.

On the other hand, it is maintained that branch banking is a simpler and more direct method of accomplishing the same objectives aimed at in group banking. Comptroller of the Currency Pole stated at the recent convention of the American Bankers Association that "the group can never be operated with the economy, the flexibility and the singleness of policy which is possible under a branch system." Better protection is afforded to depositors in that the entire capital and surplus of the bank is back of each branch. The diversification of risks and the spreading of losses is more directly accomplished by branch banking. If the group of banks is owned by a holding company the significance of double liability upon the bank stock is lost unless the holding company has an actual capital and surplus that is twice the par value of the bank stock held.

## VI

What does the future hold forth as to the nature of our banking system? Is chain banking a mere passing financial fad or does it portend fundamental changes in our banking organization? The history and development of other industries and of banking in other countries leads one to suspect that the growth of chain and branch banking, in some form or other, is inevitable. Banking in England has experienced the same evolution that seems to be beginning in the United States. It is interesting to note that in 1814–16 in England 240 country banks failed as a result of unwise lending on farm mortgages, and that as a result of such conditions, the present system of joint stock banks was created.

The attitude of Comptroller of the Currency Pole toward the probable trend of events is of significance. He has recommended that national banks be allowed to establish branches within certain large areas, perhaps including several States, the size and boundaries of which would have to be determined by careful study of financial and business needs. Already three States, New Jersey, West Virginia and Wisconsin, have attempted by legislation to restrict the development of group banking. A ruling by the Attorney-General of Missouri practically prohibits holding companies incorporated in that State from gaining control of banks. But can any such opposition stay the progress of fundamental economic forces? Not being an economic determinist, I conclude that possibly it can, but I don't think it will.

# EDITORIALS

## *The Delights of Pathology*

A large part of the irritation produced by such crude chiropractors of statecraft as the last four Presidents of the United States is probably grounded upon the delusion that good government is really possible in this world, and may be obtained by the proper incantations. There is, in truth, no support for that delusion in the known facts. In every government, whatever its form, there is an irrepressible conflict between the interests of the governors and those of the governed, just as there is a conflict in interest in every factory between the boss and his slaves, and in every church between the rev. clergy and their dupes. That conflict, on occasion, may be concealed by beautiful words, but it is there all the same. Almost daily every ruler on earth has to choose between serving his lieges and serving himself. If he is a poet, as the late Dr. Wilson was, he gets 'round the dilemma by convincing himself that whatever butters his own parsnips is to the welfare, honor and glory of the people. But if he is a practical man, like MM. Coolidge and Hoover, he simply goes ahead along his own line. The one and only aim of American national policy, at this moment, is to get Dr. Hoover over the jumps in 1932.

The truth is that government, at its best, is no more than an unpleasant compromise with human necessities. The business of governing is disagreeable to the better sort of men, and so it has to be resigned to quacks and worse. The most we can hope for is to keep its inescapable evils at a reasonable minimum. If we can't bar the Jim Watsons, Old Joe Grundys and Tom Heflins out of the Senate, then we can at least try to bar the Vares. If a Charlie Curtis looks appalling as Vice-President, with one leg over the White House fence, then let us rejoice that the job didn't go to Borah or Henry J. Allen. Here, as in other departments, the hope for a perfect cure is vain. All the major human ills, indeed, are probably incurable, now, henceforth and forever. More than once the Lord God Jehovah Himself has tried to cure them—and with no more success than Henry George, Dwight L. Moody, or William Jennings Bryan. We seem to be doomed to suffer the whole repertory of miseries, political, theological, social and economic, until the end of the chapter.

But that is surely no reason for keeping eyes and hands off them, and trying to prove idiotically that they do not exist. Pathology would remain a lovely science, even if there were no therapeutics, just as seismology is a lovely science, though no one knows how to stop earthquakes. Some of the most interesting and instructive work of the pathologists, in fact, has been done in the incurable diseases. They often present charming and even thrilling pictures, and so the study of them engages very able men, and what has been found out about them is just as important as what has been found out about maladies that may be cured. So in politics. The true connoisseur of such things, observing the gyrations of Dr. Hoover, will not be unduly agitated. On the contrary, he will be amused, warmed, stimulated, entertained. After all, a Great Engineer trying to hold his job by hugging Methodist bishops is at least as respectable a spectacle as a coccus in labor under a glass. Let us, then, enjoy that spectacle in good humor. The cure, if there is ever to be one, we may prudently leave to God, as we may leave the belief in it to fools.

## *The Embattled Literati*

One of the pleasant signs of the time in the United States is the revival of literary controversy. It went on at a great rate in Poe's day and there was a fresh outbreak in Whitman's, but while Howells flourished there was a descent to a *pianissimo* tone, and nothing was said that could wound a true Christian. But with the entrance of such bellicose persons as Amy Lowell and Stuart P. Sherman into criticism the old war-cries began to resound again, and now they echo from every crag. Even the literary college tutors, for long so responsive to the Howells shhhhhhh, have begun to emerge from their class-rooms and yell for gore.

The effect, it seems to me, is bound to be good, for the arts are always benefited by free discussion, riotously carried on. The fact that men and women are willing to sweat and howl about them makes them look important, and the public attention is directed to them. No one, after reading a book review by Howells, could imaginably conclude that the work reviewed was important; at the best, it seemed simply virtuous. But when a critic works himself into a genuine lather, either of enthusiasm or of indignation, the impression is bound to get about that what inflames him is worth looking into. Thus it has always been in periods of great literary fecundity, and thus it will be, I hope, in this sublime Republic. Indeed, I look confidently for the day when college boys will ride a professor on a rail for praising the wrong book. If that day ever comes, it will be easier to write books than it has been in the past, and better ones will be written.

The other arts would be helped by the same medicine, especially music. True enough, there is a certain amount of controversy, even now, over the new music of the Stravinsky-Schoenberg kind, but in the main it is carried on too politely. Some time ago, when a Philadelphia Orchestra audience ventured to hiss a composition that seemed to it to be unbearably unprecedented, Dr. Stokowski, the conductor, is reported to have rebuked it in stinging terms. If that report is true, then Dr. Stokowski deserves to be stood in the corner as a dunce. For the ideal aim of all music is to arouse feelings, and feelings demand utterance. If an audience has a clear right, when pleased, to applaud, then it has an equally clear right, when disgusted, to hiss. I shall believe that music is a living thing in Philadelphia, and not a mere diversion for after dinner, when I hear that some irate Philadelphian, suffering beyond endurance, has heaved a Gideon Bible at Dr. Stokowski, or pulled him down and completed the parietal depilation that God hath so wickedly begun.

The primacy of Paris in painting is probably due very largely to the fact that the criticism of painting has always been carried on there in an earnest and violent manner. Certainly the climate of the town is not responsible, for it is bad two-thirds of the year, nor the excellent French cuisine, for painters seldom eat. But inasmuch as they can't work save by clear daylight, they have plenty of time to talk, and out of that talk flows the rich stream of French æsthetic criticism. A new painting that is really new is not merely gaped at; it is quarrelled over, and in a high, incandescent manner. Men become enemies for life over the drawing of an ear. Women leave A for B because A shut his mind to the new evangel in 1928, whereas B is up to date. The thing even gets into politics. More than once the police have had to take a hand.

It will be centuries, of course, before the American police become aware of literature, but in the political direction there is a better hope. Until the Hoover landslide washed out Senator Bruce, there were two United States Senators who had actually written books. Now there is only one, but several of the others are said to read. As for Dr. Hoover, he once translated a mining treatise from the Latin, and is reputed to admire the editorial writers of the New York *Herald Tribune*. What I look for is a gradual increase of public, and hence of official interest in the literary controversies which now rage. Let the Senate begin business by investigating the Humanists' charge that Sinclair Lewis, Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson and company are in the pay of the Bolsheviki. Or the countercharge, which I herewith make formally, that Dr. Paul Elmer More is in receipt of bribes from the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals.

## *Peace on Earth, etc.*

All nations, as nations, have two things in common: they are all devoid of anything even remotely resembling a sense of humor, and they are all scoundrels. I can think of no exception in history. Even the young Republic of 1783, though its mandate was as plainly divine as that of the Twelve Apostles, was engaged in sharp practises against the French, the Spaniards and the Indians before it was ten years old. But in addition, of course, it was developing characters of its own, and it is by such special characters that nations are differentiated. Every foreigner is aware, for example, of the peculiar English capacity for moral indignation. And of the infernal German libido to teach unpleasant things that no one wants to learn. And of the Irish gift for dissension, treachery, and disunion. And of the idiotic mooniness of the Russians, both on the ghostly plane and on the earthly. And of the complete incompetence of the Spaniards.

As for the French, it seems to be generally believed that their special weakness is vanity, and here, I am inclined to think, a general belief, perhaps somewhat miraculously, is sound. No other modern nation is so thoroughly self-satisfied, so beautifully inflated, so exquisitely complacent. The late war, to a Frenchman, does not appear as a disaster from which English, Belgian, Italian, Russian and Japanese bayonets and American gold rescued him; it appears as a disaster from which he rescued Englishmen, Belgians, Italians, Japanese and Americans, and from which he must rescue the Russians on some near tomorrow. Of all his late allies he has a low opinion, and that low opinion does not stop with their mental capacities but also extends to their manly virtues. He puts the Germans above all of them, but even so the place of the Germans, compared to his own, is certainly not high.

This vanity of the French is the essential factor in the present European situation, and should be remembered diligently by all who presume to discuss *haute politique*. It was at the bottom of all the buffooneries that lately went on in London under the name of a Naval Conference. The brethren from Paris simply could not resist the temptation to scare the English. It was done gaily, and even boyishly, with no apparent thought of the consequences. Or, if they were thought of, they were dismissed as trivial. England, if the need should come, could be handled easily. England could be blockaded by sea, bombed from the air, and brought to heel.

The effect of all this, of course, was to throw England into the arms of Japan and the United States, sweating but hopeful. That is the massive fact beneath all the witless and hypocritical gabble about parities, global tonnages and regional pacts that issues from diplomats. The French again face a coalition, with formidable recruits waiting in the offing—Italy, Germany, maybe even Russia. But they do not care. They believe that they will be able to beat it, when the time comes, as facilely as they beat the German monster the last time, with England, Belgium, Italy, Russia, Japan and the United States hanging on their flanks, incommoding them. They lay their national head on the block, and defy anyone to chop it off. And they will keep on shouting their defiance until the ax has gone through and come out on the other side. H. L. M.

# THE STORY OF THE *SEVEN ARTS*

### BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

Although I was in my mid-thirties at the time, I was still shockingly idealistic. I believed that that lost soul among the nations, America, could be regenerated by art, and that the artist was always a Jean-Christophe with the power to do the job. I even had a definite idea as to how America was to become more human. It was the dream so many have had: a magazine, *the* magazine which should evoke and mobilize all our native talent, both creative and critical, give it freedom of expression and so scatter broadcast the new Americanism which would naturally have the response of America. I do not want to belittle my motives: I only want to expose them.

Nor were they "pure." I was inanely jealous of the gang of fellows who had shot the *New Republic* into existence, a "journal of opinion," mind you, when the real thing would be a journal of art. Perhaps, too, I wanted a job and a certain eminence. Motives do get mixed, however noble we try to be.

At any rate, there was my dream, and I was sick and tired of earning a living at popular fiction. I happened to be a poet, and fiction was an aside.

At the time I speak of I was more or less "popular" as a writer. In fact, a literary agent told me recently that if I had only stuck to my fiction I would today "be sitting pretty on top of the world."

It was not to be. One evening, at a small party, I was introduced to a young man who had been sitting in sullen silence and eyeing me with distrust. His name turned out to be Waldo Frank. He admitted later that, being an unknown, he expected that a known writer like myself would ignore him blatantly. By now he knows that most known writers at parties feel just as miserable as unknown ones. At any rate, we merged our misery in a talk and soon Waldo was coming down to see me in Washington Square.

One thing led to another, and one evening he and I had dinner with a voluptuous, but still unknown, lover of music, Paul Rosenfeld. We were in a deploring mood, as who shouldn't be in 1916? Europe was cutting her own throat with new mechanical devices, and this land was fat with loot, and down with fatty degeneracy of the heart and a sleazy spirit. All of us had lived through the cigar-store Indian period, wooden and dead, when nice people went in for "social work," when Howells was dean of American letters, and when stiff white collars held your chin up.

But we had also experienced a shock of joy in 1914, and after, when simultaneously, and from various unconnected quarters, rockets of poetry went up and burst in the sky over the heads of an amazed people. A renaissance! "The Spoon River Anthology," "Chicago Poems," "North of Boston," "Imagism," "Songs for the New Age," "Challenge" and "The Congo." Total strangers, say Amy of the Lowells and Scandinavian Carl Sandburg, looked at each other as if they were kin. Dreiser shuffled on the scene, the *Smart Set* was covertly selling bombs wrapped up in sweetmeats, and suddenly everything that was young, obstreperous, delightfully mad, colt-like and only partially twisted by American civilization became a local habitat and a name. It was situated south of

Fourteenth street, took in Washington Square and then went west where the streets, so decorous and square to the north, rioted—where, indeed, Eleventh street collided with Fourth. Yes, of course, Greenwich Village.

The *Masses* used Karl Marx as an excuse for exploding in Greenwich avenue, the Provincetown Players were in MacDougall street, and Freud was in the air. Everyone was cooking up some sort of revolution, even Art Young. Socialism, sex, poetry, conversation, dawn-greeting—anything, so long as it was taboo in the Middle West. Just for a few years it looked as if the artist in America had at last got his chance.

Well, Waldo, Paul and I were wild enough to believe that the artists and critics could dominate America. But how? I shyly dragged out my dream of the magazine. Ecstasy! All we needed was money—something like $50,000. Since the three of us were unburdened, and since Crœsus and mad Ludwig of Bavaria were dead, it looked as if we had drawn a blank. You could get money in America for libraries but not for those who wrote their books.

Nevertheless, I went scouting, and finally was introduced to a lady who had a collection of Whistlers and was bored looking at them. Well, believe it or not, she sold them, signed a contract with me that the business department was to take orders from the editorial department, instead of *vice versa*, (*i.e.*, art dominating business), and she herself was to hold down a small clerical job just to cope with her boredom. So I signed up Waldo as Assistant Editor and we got to work.

We then proceeded to get seven prominent people to sit as an Advisory Board, which never sat, but made the magazine look authoritative. And then there was the call to arms; an impressive-looking circular. I quote from it:

> It is our faith and the faith of many that we are living in the first days of a renascent period, a time which means for America the coming of that national self-consciousness which is the beginning of greatness. In all such epochs the arts cease to be private matters; they become not only the expression of the national life but a means to its enhancement.
>
> Our arts show signs of this change. It is the aim of the *Seven Arts* to become a channel for the flow of these new tendencies: an expression of our American arts that shall be fundamentally an expression of our American life.
>
> We have no tradition to continue; we have no school of style to build up. What we ask of the writer is simply self-expression without regard to current magazine standards. We should prefer that portion of his work which is done through a joyous necessity of the writer himself.
>
> The *Seven Arts* will publish stories, short plays, poems, essays and brief editorials. Such arts as cannot be directly set forth in a magazine will receive expression through critical writing, which, it is hoped, will be no less creative than the fiction and poetry.
>
> In short, the *Seven Arts* is not a magazine for artists, but an expression of artists for the community.

## II

If the reader has not skipped the above, he will notice that we were committed to something colossal enough to scare the two editors during an agonizing Summer and a worse Autumn, with some form of neurosis appearing when the first number was handed nakedly to the world for its vulgar scrutiny. No, we weren't aiming at any "little" magazine, anything in an ivory tower. The tower we had in mind was more like the Woolworth.

It began with a shower of manuscripts that stunned us. We conscripted Paul Rosenfeld, who soon held the field of music, Louis Untermeyer for the poetry, and anyone else handy, and it did not occur to us that we were, as it now appears in the camp of the Humanists, a bunch of "foreigners." I never felt less foreign in my life. Van Wyck Brooks was fond of quoting Emerson to the effect that Americans were "infinitely repellent particles," but Emerson felt it in the very sanctum of the Lowells, the Cabots, the Lodges and the Adamses, in pure unadulterated Colonial America.

All that I can say is that for a year our different national strains in the world of art and criticism somehow coalesced, came to a focal glow in the *Seven Arts*, though wise Van Wyck shook his head from the start and said it couldn't last. Actually, too, Brooks later became an associate editor, thus relieving us of the onus of being non-Anglo-Saxon. But, then, what could one expect if the magazine were to be really American? We stemmed from Walt Whitman, as the new poetry showed, as well as from Emerson, and we gave our blood a chance even if it had been imported, a few generations back, from Scandinavia, Germany, Russia, Italy, Ireland or France. The Dutch are honest folk, and their blood, through Whitman, gave us this chance for a start.

When I re-read our manifestoes, I am reminded of the *Sturm und Drang* period in Germany, when the young Germans threw out the French and went Teutonic; only this *Sturm und Drang* was soon silenced by a machine-war which took off the lid and showed us, naked and unashamed of itself, our machine-civilization. We had ousted Prof. Irving Babbitt only to be confronted with George F. Babbitt, realtor; we had exchanged Emerson and Longfellow for Ford and Hoover. But I anticipate.

The *Seven Arts* was duly installed in intimate unbusinesslike offices in Madison avenue, and Waldo guided a young interior decorator to decorate us. She did. I came in one day to find the artiest feeble and fragile furniture, all in gaudy colors, I have ever laid eyes on. All that was missing to make the place a tea-room was tea and cakes. *Sturm und Drang*—and this? I had a hot temper in those days and almost burst a blood-vessel. I went out and got some man-stuff to hide the originals as much as possible.

All was not well in those editorial offices. Here was I, a poet trying to rule the business department, write the ads, scare the printer, besieged by "native talent" until I almost refused to believe my eyes at some of the strange specimens that hissed, dared me, insulted me, or simply smelt to heaven so that I had to open the window after their departure and wash my hands; and here was Waldo (he was young then and has changed) telling me that in a hundred years from then people would make pilgrimages to his model-tenement apartment just to see the place where he had lived; and interlarding such audacities with an eloquence of persuasion over editorial policy, printing his stuff, and whatnot, so that I was left exhausted or cruel.

It just couldn't be. Waldo had steeped himself in France for some years and was so French himself that I was sorry I couldn't converse with him in that language. He needed to discover America, as later he re-discovered her; and I needed a balance wheel and a suit of armor. It was then that Van Wyck Brooks was invited in, and the fight was on.

Van Wyck was a temperate, shy little man, with eyes of an innocent blue only matched by those of Randolph Bourne. He was American in the old sense, as American, say, as George Edward Woodberry; with the difference that he had rebelled and gone over to Whitman. That was an issue in those days, however dim it seems now. It took no little courage for him to write what Lippmann called a "gallant" book, "America's Coming-of-Age"; and in the *Seven Arts* he proceeded to help put the Humanists on that dusty shelf where they lay until their corpses were exhumed just the other day.

Both he and Waldo were vicious workers. I mean they put in a day's work, and sometimes more. Waldo arose at 5 A.M., wrote a chapter on a novel, and then came commutation to the city, with a day ahead of him. Van Wyck was equally faithful. My temperament was more primitive. I loved to work furiously and then loaf miserably (you can't loaf happily in a land where everyone else is working). So I put off all the work I could on these faithful associates, and also on Rosenfeld and Untermeyer, the latter of whom read enough amateur poetry to cook a goose;

and then I'd overwork, and get so hot under the collar that later on I discovered, to my amazement, that I was regarded as a tyrant; me, whom Lee Simonson called the kindest man in New York and whom Paul Rosenfeld dubbed fatherly. I hope to goodness the truth lay somewhere between.

At any rate, Van Wyck soon had us all shadowing America, not only to see what she was up to, but to find out if she came of noble lineage. I am referring to his attempt to find a "usable past," so that we might have a real tradition on which to nurture our new talent. Well, we had Walt Whitman, loud as a locomotive to overly sensitive ears; we couldn't string along much on Poe; Emerson was watery; Waldo found that Dreiser belonged to our pre-cultural period, hence making him a part of the usable past; but much further we didn't get, though "Moby Dick" was in the offing.

I should say roughly that between editors and contributors we had practically all the forces which were let loose on what the Humanists jeeringly call the 'twenties. There was the just-emerging Sherwood Anderson, there were Dreiser, Amy Lowell, Lee Simonson, Bourne, Bodenheim, Padraic Colum, Dos Passos, Jack Reed, Van Loon, DeCasseres, Dewey, Eugene O'Neill, Carl Van Vechten, and stacks of others, to say nothing of all the poets from Frost to Sandburg. Aye, and Professor Spingarn was with us, too, stirring up a hornet's nest.

## III

Now for some red-letter days, some of them so red that I actually saw the color. If the reader has never been an editor, let him read the following, and have compassion on the tribe. I was innocently doing nothing at my window-desk one day, when there came, to use Poe's words, a tapping at my door. I called "Come in!" The door opened slightly, then shut again. Silence. Then another tapping. "Come in!" I shouted. The door opened wider and I had a glimpse of a tousled red head. It immediately disappeared and the door shut again. I felt helpless. Then came a rap. I shouted "Come in!" on a rise to my feet. A figure immediately appeared, hand clutching the door. I have met every variety of bum, including the kind I have at times represented; but this one was new; an on-purpose bum reeking of Art. In all faith, his shoes were broken enough, his attire shoddy enough; such things may be due to poverty; but not the rest of his get-up, which could be both seen and smelt.

He was scowling at me. "I don't see," he said venomously, "why in hell I should come here. You fellows pretend to encourage Art. You're a bunch of fakers. You don't know Real Art when you see it. You wouldn't even give a new man a chance."

I began to see the drift.

"You have a poem in your pocket," I said. "Well, fetch it out."

After roundly abusing the staff and myself, he sat down, and pulled out the poem. Then he had stage-fright and became timid. For as I glanced at the poem I thought I was looking at printer's pi.

"You see," he said, "it's a new kind of poetry. The poem describes the sensations one has when climbing a mountain; so you must begin reading it from the bottom, from left to right, then the line above it from right to left, and so on; so that as you read it you have the sensation of climbing yourself."

I tried the experiment, but words would unexpectedly pop out in sorry isolation, say, the word bush, or the word cave. I asked for help. He said of course when I came to the word bush it meant that a bush was in my way, and when I reached cave, I could stop to peer into its hollow depths.

Even with this guidance I was stupefied.

"What did you write this for," I asked, "an audience or just for yourself? If for an audience, you have us completely stopped; if for yourself alone, why didn't you go out into the wilderness and howl?"

He rose in wrath and departed; undoubtedly pigeon-holing me with all those benighted sots who don't get a kick out of Gertrude Stein and (gosh, I'm hopelessly aged) James Joyce. There is such a thing as defiling the English, and even the American language.

Speaking of which, there was a well-known woman writer who came in one day in a fury because of the grammar and style of our writers.

"You pretend to be leading cultural America," she said in effect. "You should be a model of English. And yet you allow faulty syntax, bad spelling and improper words. I have been a teacher of English and know the standard."

"What standard?" I asked.

"The standard of English by which every English writer is judged."

"But we don't write in English; we write in American," I said.

She turned pale.

"Do you mean to tell me that the English spoken by most people in this country is anything more than a corrupt dialect?"

"Well," I said, "I suppose if you had lived in Dante's time, you would have told him to stick to Latin and not write in Italian."

She was as infuriated at our being "improper" as the red-haired poet at our being "proper."

An editor is between the devil and the deep sea both as to policy and performance. But to get on:

There was the day when Amy Lowell breezed, burst or derricked herself in; a ton of woman, to misquote the Bard. Never shall I forget it. But I had been warned in advance and was primed. You see, first there was the name Lowell, second there was the bulk, and third the Manila cigars she smoked. Every editor in town had been terrorized by her. It was her custom to bark in, shrink the editor with her magnificent girth, her eyes and her powerful speech, and before he had recovered poise, she read a poem (and it might run to a dozen pages) out loud to him. Naturally, he bought it on the spot, and didn't come to until he saw it in print.

So the great Amy bore down on me. I lit a cigar myself. When the smoke cleared she had a bulky manuscript of verse spread in her hands and was beginning to read.

"Not much," I said sternly. "I won't listen."

She was apparently shocked.

"But, don't you see," she said, "if I read it to you, I will bring out all its values and you'll know what you're getting."

"No," I said firmly, though I trembled a little, "I am a poet myself, and I've made some pretty punk stuff sound beautiful. Any actor can do it. Besides that, our readers will have to read it in cold type, and I guess I had better read it that way myself, so I can get it the way they do. They won't have the advantage of your voice and your presence; so neither shall I."

She glowered a little, and later the staff put thumbs down on the poem. It wasn't a very good poem. She took it sportingly, and sent us some more, which we liked immensely.

Amy was one of the best of them. Her terrific energy, her will to experiment, her help to obscure poets, her fighting for poetry all over the United States, all these things helped make an era. Then she was so executive withal, with so much common sense. As she told me, she rose at noon, attended to business on her estate up Boston-way until evening, was sociable till midnight, and then locked herself in her study fronting the garden and composed till dawn. An heroic woman, surrounded by great dogs, I believe, mastiffs. Which was one reason why Randolph Bourne, a hunchback and physically weak, took a dislike to her. For he visited her, and the dogs set on him, and he was terrified until rescued.

She loathed Bourne in turn. After the *Seven Arts* days, and during the A.E.F. days, she came to see me down in Ninth street. She spoke of her loathing of Bourne. She said:

"His writing shows he is a cripple."

I answered, I am ashamed to say, in these noble words: "Aren't we all cripples?"

And instead of flaying me alive, she surveyed her monstrous girth and said simply: "Yes, I'm as much of a cripple as he. Look at this. I'm a disease."

Although she differed with me about our entrance into the war, she spoke of the *Seven Arts* as having something "warm" and "vivid" about it, and regretted its passing.

## IV

Then there was the strange day when Edgar Lee Masters and I had our first and last talk. I was down in my room in Washington Square, and Masters telephoned that he was stopping at a hotel in the square, five minutes away: he'd be right over. I waited about forty minutes, and then happened to gaze down from my window. Leaning against the park rail opposite the house stood a stockish man, a little resembling William Jennings Bryan, with a broad felt hat, his gaze on me. I took a chance and nodded. He nodded back.

So I left the house and joined him. We took turns about the park, and I felt oddly up against a mixture of Thomas Paine, Ingersoll, Bryan, and the Middle West, with flashes of poetry stabbing the doughy substance. He was, on that very afternoon, out on a hunt for the meaning of life and we talked a balderdash of philosophy. Finally the evitable happened. 'Ware the approach of poets! They always have a pocketful.

I must say, though, as we sat down on a park bench, that Masters, if memory serves me right, handed me but one poem. Its title, I believe, was "Sloppy Sue"; but even if the title wasn't, the poem was—sloppy. I was in a tight corner. I greatly admired, and, for a time, a little imitated the work of Masters, and I wanted some of his best in the *Seven Arts*. But to tell a poet his work is sloppy isn't the best way to advance such a cause. So I said:

"We want your best work, Masters, and this isn't quite."

I haven't seen him since, and his opinion of me probably isn't fit to print.

No less astonishing was the first meeting with Sherwood Anderson. His "Winesburg, Ohio," stories had impressed me deeply. The *Seven Arts* made him. And after a bit he came down from Chicago and paid Waldo and Van Wyck a visit, ending with the trio coming into my room. I had built an Anderson out of the stories, a shy sort of fellow, a little mussed, slipping against the wall so as not to occupy too much space. Instead of that I looked straight at an up-and-coming ad man, with a stiff collar, and a bit of the super-salesman air. He had been, indeed, earning his living in the advertising game; and it was only later that I saw things in his face that don't go with advertising.

It so happened that we were paying him more than our other contributors, because his work was so good and because he needed it. But he came with an ultimatum that unless we raised the rate, he'd quit. I've been both an author and an editor, and I know very well that an author has a right to get what he can, just as an editor has a right to give as little as he must.

"But," I said, though my colleagues frowned a bit, "we're your only paying market. What magazine in this country will take your stuff—the somewhat Russian note, the somewhat frank sexuality? Will the *Post* take it? *Harper's*? The *Atlantic*?"

The idea was so preposterous—at that time—that we all laughed. Anderson in his day was as appalling to the respectable as Dreiser.

Seeing that we were spending money like drunken sailors, as Lippmann had advised us to do at the start, I had to be a meanie; a nice position for a poet to be placed in!

This narrative wouldn't be complete without a word or two about Louis Untermeyer. Louis, who used to look like a reduced replica of another Louis, the sixteenth Louis of France, had as much to do with setting up modern poetry in America as anyone else. He was witty and had almost a dapper mind. His home was a sort of *salon* for artists and intellectuals; although he was in the business of manufacturing jewelry in Newark. I used to visit his factory, and he showed me how he worked on his poems without arousing suspicion. He always kept the one he was working on in the center drawer of his desk, which drawer he pulled out when no one was present and snapped shut on the approach of footsteps.

Louis had a genius for spotting the young men and women who were about to take the limelight, but still were in the shadow of obscurity. He set up a correspondence with them, became to some extent their impresario, wrote criticism of them in the papers, and soon had turned the American trick of making oneself an authority on a subject, simply by hanging out a sign to that effect and refusing to take it down. O'Brien did that in the short story field; Louis in poetry.

The result was that all the poets, from Frost and Robinson down to the already forgotten, flocked to Louis just as down-and-outers used to make for the free-lunch counter. For poets can sing their greatness, but find it difficult to sell it. They sing; they don't speak.

One day Robinson, Frost, Jean Starr Untermeyer, Louis and myself had a poet's lunch at the Untermeyer apartment. Four of us were mute (Jean being a poet also). Socially at that time Robinson was a clam with haunted eyes. (I see the defect of that statement, but can't seem to change it.) Frost, though warmer than his name implies, was as silent as the snow on a New Hampshire hill. Jean was heavily morose. I was sunk.

I can imagine the frightful attempts we would have made if Louis had not been present. We would have attempted, first, to talk, failing that to eat, and failing that, even more dreadful, to go away. You just can't go away without saying something natural. But Louis simply sparkled with wit, with questions, with sallies, and whatnot. So soon all of us were comparing our methods of composing poetry. Jean's was the accretion method, Louis' the polishing method, and unless I am much mistaken the rest of us used the explosive method: that is, you bore into yourself until you disappear from view, there is an explosion and you find yourself in the world again, with a completed poem and a disordered stomach.

So much for touches of local color: I must be getting on.

## V

Looking back on it, I believe I wasn't "culturally" there with my colleagues. Not that I was a low-brow, but I certainly wasn't a high-brow. I believe with Goethe, one look in a book and one in life. Living and fighting were as essential to me as art, so I could never make the grade with the *intelligentsia*, who must have looked on me as a bit of a savage. Unfortunately, this savage ruled the roost, wherefore they were, until near the last, polite about it. But hang it, a man isn't his occupation, though he may be tanned to his trade.

I remember a musicale at Paul Rosenfeld's, the room packed with soulful-looking people who listened to a rendition of some brand-new music with a sort of reverence that made my own feelings something like laughing aloud in church. Asked at the end whether I liked it, I said I didn't, and I remember the look of pain that spread about the room. But then Spitteler, the great Swiss poet, has said very aptly that one shouldn't spend time with a work of art unless one enjoys it, since art is not a duty, but a delight.

This notion of my being somewhat of a tyrant probably began to circulate in the middle of our year. For by that time I had learned something about editing. Good editing is a one-man job, just like good art. A board of editors creates an institution; an editor creates a living, changing, varied magazine. I took hold of the blessed thing and each month studied our available material carefully, composing the next number somewhat as if I were composing a symphony or painting a picture: there had to be balance, homogeneity, a something that united the whole, an ensemble effect that was pleasurable. Naturally, if Waldo had done the composing he would have done it differently; if Van Wyck, still differently. Since all three couldn't do it, and since I was the editor, I did it myself. There was no help for it. Of course I had expert aid.

At any rate, at just about this time the gallant figure of Randolph Bourne appeared, and I became the editor in good earnest. I shall never forget how I had first to overcome my repugnance when I saw that child's body, the humped back, the longish, almost medieval, face, with a sewed-up mouth, and an ear gone awry. But he wore a cape, carried himself with an air, and then you listened to marvelous speech, often brilliant, holding you spellbound, and looked into blue eyes as young as a Spring dawn. His coming was the greatest thing that happened to the *Seven Arts*, though in the end it was the main cause of our shutting down.

He was a pupil of Dewey's, but soon outpaced the master, especially when that master, pragmatically, went over to the war party in those terrible hectic days of 1917. The intellectuals, the reader may remember, claimed that they pulled our entrance to the war to make the world safe, etc. (The very words today are nauseating.)

Now, Randolph Bourne was the real leader, I take it, of what brains and creativeness we had at the time, and had he lived the 'twenties might have sparkled much more than they did. Mind you, this young man not only was a cripple, but wheezed in breathing, and was mortally physically afraid most of the time. More than that, he had one fear greater than any other. That was the fear of prison. He could hardly bear the thought of it.

Yet one day he came to me, possibly shortly after we entered the war. After a bit of talk, I asked him to write for us. He smiled.

"You wouldn't allow me to say what I want."

"Try us," I said.

And then he came back with an article which showed the supreme type of courage, and which quite possibly meant prison. It was called "The War and the Intellectuals" and we published it in June, 1917. It opened up with this salvo:

> To those of us who still retain an irreconcilable animus against war, it has been a bitter experience to see the unanimity with which the American intellectuals have thrown their support to the use of war-technique in the crisis in which America found herself. Socialists, college professors, publicists, new-republicans, practitioners of literature, have vied with each other in conforming with their intellectual faith the collapse of neutrality and the riveting of the war-mind on a hundred million more of the world's people. And the intellectuals are not content with confirming our belligerent gesture. They are now complacently asserting that it was they who effectively willed it, against the hesitation and dim perceptions of the American democratic masses. . . . An intellectual class, gently guiding a nation through sheer force of ideas into what other nations entered only through predatory craft or popular hysteria or militarist madness! A war free from any taint of self-seeking, a war that will secure the triumph of democracy and internationalize the world. . . .

Randolph Bourne had found himself. He told me that in his previous writings for the *New Republic* he had been "institutionalized" and that we had removed the gag from his mouth.

He wrote six articles on the war, all of which were published in the *Seven Arts*—that is, until we closed shop. He saw the war as the end of the period of art and criticism, the end of that renaissance which so briefly had its day. It threatened of course to doom the *Seven Arts*, which had brought American talent together, evoking it from hidden places and the varied racial strains; so it seemed incumbent to back Bourne to the last ditch.

But the air began to get hot, pro and con, mainly pro. Jack Reed, that romantic adventurer, who fought in Mexico and later went to Russia to join the Bolsheviks, flung us an article, "This Unpopular War," which almost sent us to jail. Later he had lunch with me and asked me to join an underground revolutionary movement to turn America upside-down. I didn't join, though by that time I was writing editorials in free verse (my colleagues told me I didn't know how to write prose, even if I was an editor) that were rather hot.

The illusion of a "free country" in which I had grown up simply exploded. It was something in those days to know one was shadowed, spied upon, trailed by snoopers, that one must whisper what one thought in a restaurant and even then be sure one's friend wasn't going to hand one over to the police. Prohibition is merely the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole process. The lying propaganda had something foul and degrading in it. The exultation of the timorous stay-at-homes was rotten and debased.

"Enemies Within," shrieked the old New York *Tribune* and spat snake's venom at Bourne and the rest of us.

As the Fall loomed, with the ending of our first year, friends fell away right and left, though the circulation was climbing. Then the inevitable happened. The contract stipulated that there should be no interference from the business side. However, our backer, clerking still, was mortally terrified not only by the danger we found ourselves in, but by the word treason. She was of good old American stock, and besides, relatives of her's owned a great food industry. They pressed her hard. She came to me and said we would have to lay off the war, or there would be no more subsidy.

There was no more subsidy.

In a letter at the time, I wrote:

> Our financial backer has withdrawn on account of our war-policy, and the dastardly attacks upon us. Besides this our business manager is getting out: our advertising man has resigned: my secretary is called away, and Waldo Frank is in the hospital recovering from an operation.

In short, we were sinking with our flag nailed to the mast. And then the staff—Van Wyck was against our policy, Bourne was misled—cleared out, after Waldo tried to raise money from his friends to take over control (he actually offered to make me his assistant editor!), and we waded on with the help of some East Side young men who worked gratis. Ben Huebsch, too, lent a hand. With our last number we sent out an appeal to readers and received an astonishing response; but it was too late.

One fine day, with our furniture and staff gone, I locked up the office and went home to start reading a history of the world in order to learn that man has always been in trouble. I managed to calm down, but Randolph Bourne remained a grieving lone wolf. He'd come and sit with me before my coal-fire on the dark Winter days, and we speculated much. But the blow which had been struck him was more than he could bear. He came down with pneumonia in December, and Huebsch called me up to say that Randolph Bourne was dead. I lifted the sheet from his face in a front room in Eighth street. He seemed to mean all that had been stopped.

After a silence of twelve and a half years, perhaps it is good to speak. That we should have thought that the arts and the criticisms could rule business appears so ludicrous now as to be beyond laughter; and that we should have tried to stop a war (and I don't think it was the intellectuals who started it) was a *beau geste* simply because of Randolph Bourne.

But I wouldn't have missed that year for kingdom come.

# SEEN AND HEARD IN MEXICO

### BY HARVEY FERGUSSON

We sat on the long open veranda of the Hotel Aleman at Cuernavaca. Before us a wide lawn, bordered by flower beds and set with a bright blue jewel of a swimming pool, spread to the edge of a deep narrow gully, filled like a bowl with tropical foliage. On the other side of it the ancient town climbed the steep hill in tiers of pale stone walls and red tile roofs. A few tall palms lifted their long stems and drooping tufted tops above the houses. An ancient, square-built structure of red stone crowned the slope. It was the municipal headquarters, built by Cortez in the Sixteenth Century and little changed since then.

Beyond roofs and trees the sierras loomed immense and blue and above them all stood a tall ghost of a snowclad peak, cutting a white triangle on a pale and cloudless sky.

It was a typical Mexican scene, almost flawlessly beautiful. In Mexico everything seems to find a place in a pattern perfectly composed. Except where foreign energy and money have had free play, there is hardly any of the incongruity that goes with rapid change. Everything gently decays in a lovely natural setting. There is dirt but little ugliness. In some of the narrow by-ways of Cuernavaca you step carefully, dodging filth, beggars and recumbent swine. But though these streets offend the nose they do not offend the eye. Steeply cobbled between old, softly-tinted walls, they are infallibly picturesque and the ragged beggars seem as much a part of them as their footworn stones.

All Mexico is littered with beggars. To a visitor stepping into a Mexican plaza on a bright morning it sometimes seems as though about half the population is engaged in soliciting alms, while most of the others are trying to make a living by shining each other's shoes. Nowhere else have I seen such a profusion of itinerant bootblacks, nor such importunate ones.

Mexico, in fact, is a land of parasites. Considered as a social and economic organization, that is its most striking characteristic. An aspiration to live without working, or at least without producing, runs from the top of society to the bottom. Every well-born youth aims either at a political job or at the army, and most office-holders are grafters, and most soldiers are loafers, more or less. Among the mass of the people, beggary, robbery and prostitution must be three of the largest occupations. Beggars are regularly trained and posted wherever a stray coin may fall. Larceny thrives in all its varieties, from the organized banditry which is the resource of every soldier out of a job to the pettiest kind of sneak thievery.

Anything left accessible in Mexico will be stolen as a matter of course. There are no open gates or doors in the country. You walk everywhere between high walls topped with iron spikes or broken glass. Property is guarded by armed men and savage dogs. Yet stealing goes on everywhere and that it achieves a sort of social tolerance is evidenced by the thieves' market in Mexico City, which was established in the heart of the town as a recognized outlet for stolen goods and still functions as such, although it has become a kind of general bazaar as well.

As for the female parasitism of prostitution, its extent is almost incredible. Gruening says that near the end of the Diaz régime 12% of Mexican women were registered prostitutes, a proportion ten times as great as that in Paris.

Street-walkers solicit everywhere and girls are to be had in every cabaret. There are regularly constituted brothels, and innumerable *casas de sita*, or houses of assignation, which seem to be the typically Mexican institution. It is said that all sorts of women go to them, including married women of good class in need of a little pin money and girls in search of adventure. The presiding madames are skilled procuresses who will undertake to get almost anything in the way of feminine company for a remunerative customer. Politicians, rising to power and therefore to wealth, gather mistresses as a savage chieftain gathers wives, and these expensive kept-ladies live in all the hotels, waiting the visits of their protectors.

In fact, the Mexican male pursues the business of love with a single-minded diligence that he brings to no other activity. Living may often be hard for ladies in Mexico, but loving comes easy. The shrill and frantic product of male neglect, which is such a striking product of our own society, is almost unknown there. Mexican women are soft-voiced, full-bosomed and placid. They are also, for the most part, ignorant, lazy, disingenuous and excessively inclined to be fat.

There is just beginning to grow up a class of women in Mexico City who make their own livings in offices and schoolrooms. The condition of the rest of them is essentially medieval.

## II

The man from South Carolina, staring at the mountains, said he wondered if there was any hunting in those hills. Back home he used to hunt coons and partridges.

He had been in Mexico a year or more as an employé of the United States Department of Agriculture, studying the fruit flies which devour the Mexican mango. During that time he had not learned a dozen words of the language nor made a dozen Mexican acquaintances. He left his laboratory only to go to town on necessary errands. His attitude toward Mexico was one of mingled disgust and bewilderment. The only positive thing he got out of it was a deep conviction of his own superiority to the Mexican people. He could look down upon them with perfect confidence and he had no desire to see them from any other point of view.

A casual visit disclosed to me only two kinds of Americans in Mexico, and they are certainly the prevalent types. This young man represents the commonest one —the kind that holds completely aloof from Mexican life, viewing it without curiosity and without sympathy. There is another kind of American who learns the language and mingles with the people, yet he too almost always retains his feeling of alienism and contempt. I met a man who had spent most of twenty years in Mexico and made much money there, but remained more self-consciously and proudly American than ever. For some of his Mexican friends he had a real affection, if not an unqualified respect, but for Mexican character and morality he had nothing but righteous aversion.

The sad thing about him, and about many like him, was that he had almost unconsciously acquired many of the vices he despised. He had a truly Mexican indolence and a Mexican unpunctuality. His attitude toward women, at least toward Mexican women, was wholly Mexican. He had the Mexican habit of expecting much service for little money and of doing almost nothing for himself. He had never become a part of Mexico, nor accepted its standards, and yet he had completely disqualified himself for life in the United States and he knew it and admitted it. Nearly all of those who have been in Mexico for many years are loath to go back to a land of hard Winters and hard competition, of bootleg liquor, expensive servants and women who are accustomed to rule.

The most illuminating contrast to the Americans in Mexico is afforded by the Germans. I am told there are about five thousand of them in the country. Almost all of them learn the language and become a permanent part of Mexican society. Many of them marry Mexicans. The Hotel Aleman in Cuernavaca is run by a German and its guests are almost all Germans, Mexicans and German-Mexican hybrids. No English is spoken there and few Americans visit the place.

The Mexican laziness and unpunctuality must be a sore trial for the German immigrant at first, but certain it is that he finally learns to accept these things. He adapts himself completely. If German immigration were large enough, it would doubtless in time produce an interesting and probably valuable Teutonic-Mexican hybrid culture, but as it is the Germans are not enough to leaven the primitive lump. They sink into Mexican society and are lost.

The German influence is thus small and all other European influences seem to be on the wane in Mexico. Strangely enough, despite the lack of mutual understanding between Americans and Mexicans, all the indications are that the American has become the dominant foreign influence in Mexico. The evidences of this are unmistakable and the tendency runs through all classes of society. The Mexican workmen and servants look to America and Americans more and more for economic salvation. A job with an American concern is a good job and working for a Mexican is a bad job. Servants who have worked for American families will not work for Mexicans any more if they can help it. "Mexicans are cruel to each other," a man told me who had spent most of his life in Mexico. Mexican laborers, at the rate of about 50,000 a year, pour across the international bridges looking for jobs in the United States and come back home to tell of easy money and good living conditions.

American movies are said to be a potent influence, especially on the women. In the American films they see women enjoying a freedom and a power over men such as they never dreamed of. Dolores Del Rio and other Mexican girls who have achieved success in Hollywood are Mexican national heroines. The small but growing class of Mexican women who make their own livings consciously take the emancipated American girl as their model.

Mexico has never had a real middle class —only an aristocracy and a mass of poor. Calles made a deliberate effort to create a *bourgeoisie* by encouraging the natives in business and the professions, and what there is of this nascent Mexican Babbittry is largely on the American model. Doubtless the fact that the American in Mexico remains so unchangeably American makes him the more effective as an example.

What remains of the Mexican aristocracy that ruled under Diaz has been pro-American ever since the revolutions began. This is not much realized in the United States because politicians in Mexico are always fulminating against American imperialism. But the aristocracy still hopes for a return to power—a restoration of something like the Diaz régime—and it looks to help from the United States as the only possible way of attaining this.

Apparently the only implacable anti-American element in Mexico is that of the professional politicians who make a fat living out of the government. Some part of the general population is under their influence, but the anti-American feeling they generate tends to disappear when it comes into contact with the American dollar.

Formerly the culture of the upper classes was wholly European. It was to France and Spain that they sent their sons and daughters to be educated, and what literature and art they had was a feeble and rootless imitation of French models. Now all this is changed. Most of the girls are sent to American convents and finishing schools and the boys to American military schools and colleges. I was told by a Mexican of the upper class that they all try to send their boys to American schools at the age of fifteen or sixteen in order to save them from the corrupting influences of Mexico City.

These young people, returning, are thoroughly Americanized. The girls especially, when they have spent several years in the United States, are completely in revolt against the restrictions of aristocratic life in Mexico City, which is still for them one of the closest kind of surveillance, with nothing to do but sit under the eye of a chaperon and wait for marriage. I was told by a girl of an old Mexican family, long resident in Chihuahua, that in that city a large proportion of the boys and girls of the better families had been educated in the United States. Constituting a compact group, they had successfully revolted against the ancient customs and established a social set on the American plan, with free association between the sexes, free choice of mates and duennas in the discard.

Mexican girls often show a strong interest in American men, realizing their superior qualifications as husbands, but marriages between Americans and Mexicans seem to be still comparatively rare and not very successful. A woman long a member of the American colony in Mexico City assured me that such marriages were almost invariably disastrous, tending to isolate the couple between two societies with no assured acceptance by either.

I witnessed a budding international romance and its blight. A young man, on his way to take charge of an American commercial agency in Mexico City, traveled on the same ship I did, and he became deeply and obviously interested in a very pretty Mexican girl, returning from three years of school in New York. She spoke English as well as he did, perhaps a little better. They played many games of shuffleboard together, foxtrotted intimately and occupied obscure corners in the saloon. I saw him a little later in Mexico City and ventured to ask if he had seen anything more of the beautiful señorita. Yes, he had called upon her, but a watchful aunt had presided over the interview, so that he was tongue-tied, and he had taken her to a movie, but an elder sister had gone along. It seemed to him that the conversational and amorous preliminaries to a real attachment were impossible. He had given up, regretful and disgusted.

Plainly, there are serious barriers to international intimacy and it is equally plain that they are breaking down. Ten years ago it is very unlikely that a young man such as this one would have been able to talk with a Mexican girl of good family in his own language. The time may well come when he will be able to pet her on the parlor sofa in the American fashion.

One thing that will tend as much as any to expedite this Americanization of Mexico is the highway which the Mexican government is building from Laredo to Mexico City. It is already complete as far as Monterey and many American autoists go that far, while a few have bumped over the cowpaths to the capital. When this road is completed, as it seems sure to be in a short time, a steady procession of American cars will go to Mexico City. The present Mexican policy is to encourage American tourists in every possible way. Crossing the border becomes easier every year. On the other side lies a picturesque field for sightseers, a happy hunting ground for seekers after antiques and curios, and above all a cheap and unlimited supply of liquor.

At present the American tourist is somewhat uncomfortable in Mexico. The climate is chilly even in Summer and most of the hotels are unheated. Little English is spoken. Food is often bad. But all of this will swiftly change. Everything the tourist needs will spring up beside the road, as it always does. With a horde of hungry peons pouring across the border in one direction and a horde of thirsty American tourists pouring across it in the other, it seems probable that the Mexican border will come to be little more of a social and economic barrier than the Canadian border is. Nothing can keep Mexico for the Mexicans except incessant revolution and there is every evidence that the revolutionary habit is dying out.

Whether this process is to be regarded as a triumph or a catastrophe I do not know. It is increasingly evident that Mexico has a real cultural contribution to make to civilization. Her new post-revolutionary painters and cartoonists are making a great stir in the world and their work is absolutely indigenous and distinctive—nothing like the academic imitations of French models which the painters of the Diaz régime produced. Several novelists of real ability have appeared in Mexico in recent years and Mexican popular music is winning recognition everywhere.

Mexican cultural life is self-sufficient, and doubtless, like any other creative impulse, it needs above all to be let alone. But Mexican economic and political life needs brains and money from other countries, and they are evidently coming from the United States. The important question would seem to be whether Mexico can be Hooverized without the destruction of its budding culture.

## III

I jumped at the suggestion of the South Carolinian that we might organize a hunt. I did not feel especially blood-thirsty but I wanted some excuse to get outside the towns and to catch at least a glimpse of the wilderness and of the villages beside the road. This is not easy to do in Mexico, where bandits are still a menace and nobody seems to know anything about anything.

The South Carolinian had a modest pull by reason of his government connections. It procured for us the loan of a couple of guns, the assurance of a local official that it would be all right for us to break a few laws by using them, and the promise of a guide.

The first time we made an appointment our guides simply failed to appear. It was a disappointment of a kind very common in Mexico. A Mexican almost never says no. He agrees to anything you propose and then keeps his part of the bargain only if he finds it convenient. I am told that when one lives for years in the country one acquires a canny facility in guessing which appointments are made to be kept and which are merely polite gestures, but to the American newly arrived this complete lack of reliability seems the most hopeless of Mexican characteristics.

The Mexican, I believe, is not more dishonest in any general sense than are other men. He is simply a primitive, and like all primitives he is not conscious of time in the way that a man disciplined by industrial civilization is conscious of it, just as he lacks also the strong sense of property that all Americans have. Time and property are our gods. We are all in some sense time-keepers and book-keepers. Our civilization, on its formal side, is summarized in the slogan, time is money.

To a Mexican that sentence would be meaningless. He is not aware of time as a precious fleeting thing. He is an Indian and not far in consciousness from the savage who can wait two days for his quarry just as well as two hours. He counts neither the minutes of his day nor the years of his life. When a Mexican says he will meet you tomorrow at noon, he means maybe. He wastes time, and he gives and takes money without the compunctions, without the reverence for it as a symbol, which mark our own dealings. At heart he is a timeless primitive and a primitive communist. I believe this failure of the Mexican to grasp the sacred importance of time and money, more than anything else, makes him incomprehensible to the rest of the industrial civilization of which he is supposed to be a part, and his country, in political and economic life, a sort of travesty upon it.

Our second attempt had better luck and we started for the mountains one Sunday in a Ford car, accompanied by a Mexican about forty years old, who was on week days a clerk in a drug-store. He was a little weedy-looking, narrow-shouldered man, in color a pale yellow—a slightly faded and shopworn Indian, dressed in an ancient shiny blue serge suit and tan oxfords. His expression in repose, like that of so many Mexicans, was sad but resigned.

For my part I felt that it was an imposition to let him go. He was not dressed for such a jaunt, he didn't look strong enough to stand it and, above all, he looked as though he didn't want to go. As a matter of fact, it would have been grossly exaggerating his emotions to say either that he wanted to go or that he didn't. I came gradually to understand that his real attitude was one of profound indifference. He was a complete fatalist, as are most Mexicans, and enthusiasm was foreign to his nature. A Mexican may become passionately excited in the event, but his attitude toward chance is stoical. Life to him is simply a more or less devious way to the grave. He has that destination always in view and he does not worry much about the minor turnings in the road.

This fatalistic resignation, a thing half savage and half Catholic, lies all over Mexico like the sunshine. You feel it as you feel the strange quality of the air. Mexico is a place where life is passionate, yet always unconcerned. That tension of anxiety, which sometimes seems to be the dominant quality of our own life, is largely lacking there. In Mexico life is accepted as tragedy and with resignation. Even the popular balladry has a tragic note.

We drove about ten miles through a hill country in which a low dense jungle alternated with natural open savannahs. Some of the open places were cultivated but the jungle was almost untouched. It had a queer pale look, due to the fact that the trunks of many of the trees were almost white, and great branching organ cactus, often forty feet high, lifted above it like the arms of drowning men in a surf.

We followed one of the new federal highways and men were working beside it, digging a black crumbly earth and piling it on the crown of the road. The South Carolinian, a scientific farmer, remarked that it was one of the richest soils on earth, a mixture of volcanic ash and the compost of decaying jungle. Cleared and planted, these lands would feed millions, but almost nothing was being done with them. In this country man has hardly begun to conquer the earth.

Presently we reached higher hills where the growth was sparse and scattered and there were no farms. Our guide proposed that we leave the car and go into the bush. Just over the hill, he assured us, was a valley where deer and wild pigs abounded.

The hill was crowned with a dense low growth that looked impenetrable. And to me it was almost impenetrable but not to our guide. I realized now that I had seriously underestimated his powers. He shed his coat and slipped through the bush like a wild cat, while we panted and perspired behind him, leaving bits of our shirts and even of our skins on the thorny growth. Now and then he stopped and looked back and his expression, though still grave, was alert and interested, and it contained also, I thought, a faint tinge of disdain for our own floundering ineptitude. I was all for staying with him as long as I could lift a foot, but the South Carolinian soon had a blister on his heel. He was drenched in sweat and thirsty. He was done. That jungle might contain deer and wild pigs. It might contain elephants for all he knew. They could stay there. He was going back—and back we went.

We had seen nothing on the way over, but coming back a flock of some kind of tropical partridges whirred out of the grass. I dropped a bird and followed the rest into a patch of scrubby growth. Out of the tree tops flew a band of large blue wild pigeons with white markings. The woods seemed suddenly full of game. I ran after the pigeons, up the hill, trying to get near enough for a shot. I longed to kill one, if only to get a good look at it.

But I stumbled over broken lava rock and scratched myself on thorny bushes. The thin dry air made my lungs work frantically and my throat was dry as dust. The great pigeons flew away and perched on tree tops far above me.

I left them there. It was the most impenetrable, punishing kind of country I had ever encountered. As I stood staring up at the solid wall of resistant wilderness before me I thought I understood better how it is that this country remains so obstinately primitive. Mostly jungle, desert and impassable sierra, it tolerates man in favored spots, but it does not lend itself to his conquests nor nourish his illusions of power. It reminds him always of his small and feeble impermanence.

When we got back to the car we were all painfully thirsty. Several miles away we could see a church steeple rising above the trees. Wherever you see a church in Mexico, you may be sure you can get beer nearby. And it was beer we wanted, for the water in Mexico is often bad but the beer is generally excellent, being brewed by Germans in model breweries.

## IV

I have forgotten the name of that little town but it was one of the prettiest I saw. Old stone buildings with wide *portales* fronted a park where the trees stood tall and the grass and flowers were perfectly tended. Everything else in a Mexican town may be dirty or in bad repair, but always the parks are orderly and often they are beautiful. Doubtless this is partly because a Mexican has great respect for anything connected with beauty and leisure, just as he seems always to treat business with a sort of negligent contempt. Then too, the workers in parks are all on government payrolls, and the politicians have many henchmen to care for.

This town was also graced by a beautiful stream of deep blue water with great stones shining in the sun. It ran close beside the plaza, rippling and curving under an old stone bridge. Near where we crossed it a woman was washing her long black hair, sousing it in the current and throwing it back over her shoulders with a fine upward fling of her body. About thirty feet upstream a great black sow lay in the water on her side, snuffling and snorting in beatific coolness.

We ate greasy beans in a little café decorated with a large framed portrait of Zapata, who is still the greatest of revolutionary heroes to the common people of the South. Afterward we sat on a wide cool veranda, drinking beer, watching the lazy movement of life in the plaza, where bootblacks gambled with coppers, a youth made ardent and public love to a very pretty girl, a woman who looked a hundred years old tried to sell us lottery tickets, and a man without legs begged for alms.

From somewhere far away came a tune—one of those melodious popular songs, full of that same mixture of tragic resignation and sensual intensity which seems to be in every expression of the Mexican spirit. I think all the essential difference between our own country and Mexico is expressed in the contrast between our jazz, with its jarring rhythms, its mechanical speed and gayety, and the melodious wail of the Mexican popular ballad.

We had intended to hunt some more, but it soon became apparent that by common consent we would not. The beer was good and here in the shade was peace. Why go? Why do anything? Until evening we sat, drinking, smoking, saying little, filled with a large peaceful indifference, as though we too had been completely possessed by the spirit of that unhurried country, where death is always remembered and time is forgotten.

# AMERICANA

## ARKANSAS

Public announcement of the Hon. Harvey McGehee, candidate for District Attorney in Crawford county:

> As for myself, I am an Arkansas Hill Billy, born and raised in the Boston Mountains north of Ozark; outran the dogs on Sunday morning to keep from having my face washed; did my sparking barefooted and on foot; never saw a train until I was fifteen years old and was almost grown before I learned that Republicans were human like other people.
>
> I have farmed with a double shovel and Georgia stock and plowed an old mule nineteen years old in new ground without cussing—have taught school—preached and practised law and am a first class mechanic, having worked right smart around a sorghum mill.
>
> I came to Crawford county five years ago and have since been elected to the Legislature twice and been operated on for appendicitis.
>
> Last year I married the finest little girl in Oklahoma and we are living together happily in Van Buren. I want the office because I think I can make a living out of it and will promise if elected to make things so warm for crooks and law violators of all kinds that they will think that Hell ain't forty feet from the Court House.
>
> I expect to spend the time between now and election kissing the babies, bragging on the women's cooking, complimenting the farmers on their crops and warming things up for my opponents.

## CALIFORNIA

The business card of a Hollywood immortal:

> INTRODUCING
>
> GAETANO MAZZAGLIA
> DEI CONTI CUTELLI
>
> *Born in Catania, Italy, 1889. Educated at Florence. Africa and World War Veteran. Italian stage, vaudeville and screen star. Author and director of "Titus," "Il Destino d'una Corona," "Le Due Vie," "Lupo" and others. Toured Italy, Europe and America with his own company of artists, and received the highest praise from international press-critics. Composer of the Sicilian "Unknown Soldier," music and words, also "March of Fiume." Honorary member of five hundred Italian clubs. One of the greatest box office attractions in Italy, known in every part of the country. Official member and correspondent of Italian Press.*
>
> COUNT CUTELLI
>
> THE SOUND MAN OF THE SOUND PICTURES
>
> OLympia 5566
>
> Animals—Frog (any kind), cricket (7 species), flies of all kinds, bee, mosquitoes, crow (any kind), pelican, sea gull, ducks, cuckoo, eagle, deer, horse, donkey, mule, pigeon, dove, rooster (domestic and wild), chicken, hens and chicks, goat, nanny goat, sheep, ram, cow and bull, monkey, calf, cat (cats in love), parrot (English, French, Spanish, Italian, German), wolf, dogs (of any kind), Alaska dog-teams, bear, lion, giraffe, turkey, goose, pig, sow, seal of all kinds, horse hoofs, peacock, vulture, etc., etc., etc.
>
> Surging and Breaking of River and Sea Waves.
>
> Mechanical—Motorboat, steamboat, whistle, siren, airplane, *hurricane*, *wind*, fireworks, automobile. *Trains:* English, French, Swiss and Italian. *All sounds produced in natural way without any help of props.*
>
> Specialties—Sound and imitations for animated cartoons (see Pathé).
>
> Baby Crying; scientific coughing by age and illness; snoring; screams.
>
> Special Character Impersonations—75 characterizations of lunatic, idiot, *blind, open or closed eyes*, hunchback, paralytic, drunkard.
>
> Music—Italian zither soloist; Italian popular folk songs.
>
> Dancing—Italian folk dances and ballroom, from 1850 to date.
>
> Fencing—Knife, stiletto, cane, Italian underworld life.
>
> Technical—Italian Alps village, islands, army, navy, fisherman, all dialects.
>
> Sound Made in:
>
> "The Trespasser" (United Artists), "The Cock-Eyed World" (Fox), "Three Sisters"

(Fox), "Big Time" (Fox), "The Love Parade" (Paramount), "Divorce" (M. G. M.), "The Golden Calf" (Fox), "His Country" (Pathé), "Devil's Island," "Condemned" (United Artists), and many others.

*Fox Movietone News Short Subjects—Exclusive Artist, Columbia Record, N. Y.*

10 YEARS' STAGE AND 12 YEARS' MOTION PICTURE EXPERIENCE. SPECIAL RADIO TALENT IN 40 RADIO STATIONS IN AMERICA AND EUROPE. ON A GOOD-WILL TOUR CONTINENT TO CONTINENT.

COUNT CUTELLI
P. O. Box 447, Hollywood, California,
U. S. A.

OLympia 5566, if number does not answer, leave message with Miss Robinson: WEstmore 3967 or MOrningside 15008. Please keep this in sight, you need it; Props may help you in producing sounds, but do not sound natural. Hear me and be convinced.

Business card of another California scientist in the celebrated *Nautilus Magazine*:

> Learn to Work Miracles
>
> The Neglected Teachings of Moses and Jesus Show How to Turn Sickness, Poverty, Failure, to Health and glorious Success. Write Dr. C. S. Durand, Spring Valley, California.

How the once glorious town of San Francisco, as reported by the eminent *News* thereof, has succumbed to the Los Angeles *Kultur*:

> MAN JAILED FOR IGNORING FLAG
>
> SIX MONTHS IN JAIL PENALTY FOR REFUSING TO SALUTE NATIONAL BANNER
>
> Refusal of Henry Keister, 23, to salute the American flag today netted him a county jail sentence of six months. Keister not only refused obeisance to the national emblem, but declared that the country "was no good." In announcing sentence for contempt of court Police Judge George J. Steiger said he was sorry there was no greater penalty. Keister is said by the police to be a radical. He was arrested on a charge of vagrancy.

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Jocose passage in a pamphlet entitled "The Method of Training [Prohibition] Enforcement Personnel Upon Their Duties and Limitations Under the Law," issued for the information of Christian people by the Treasury:

> Enforcement officers . . . are taught the methods of manufacturing the various kinds of alcoholic liquor, such as whiskey, brandy, gin, and alcohol. The regulations pertaining to the aging, bottling, labeling, and packing of liquor are also studied. The process of manufacturing intoxicating liquor containing a lower alcoholic content such as wine and beer, is described. The methods used in fermentation, fortification, and preservation are also explained. When officers have completed this course of instruction, they . . . have learned that more is required of them as a Prohibition officer than wearing a badge and carrying a pistol.

## GEORGIA

Incident in the life of the Hon. W. B. Townsend, editor of the celebrated Dahlonega *Nugget*:

> Recently we bought us a new cheap shirt but found the trade very unsatisfactory, because when it was washed the garment drew up so we had to tie the collar as close together as possible with a string, and we could not meet any company with the proper politeness because when making a bow the tail of our shirt flew up out over our pants behind. So we sent it to the chicken house, hoping that there is enough cloth in it for a hen's nest. We trust none of the ladies will get hold of a dress made of cloth that will draw up like our shirt did.

## ILLINOIS

Circular projected into the mails from 163 West Washington street, Chicago:

> I am directed to invite you to membership in the Civil Legion.
>
> For those who during the World War served in the non-uniformed brigades—the Selective Service Organization, the War Preparedness Boards, Four Minute men, Councils of Defense, and other authorized Civil activities—there is just ONE ORGANIZATION—THE CIVIL LEGION.
>
> To its members, THE CIVIL LEGION is what the American Legion is to the ex-service men. It gives to the National Preparedness Policy an organization as essential to it as is the organized Reserve to the Army. *Furnishes authorized Silk American Flag for draping the caskets of deceased members*. . . .
>
> Chapters are being organized in every City and County throughout this Country.
>
> Application blank enclosed and will be honored by your enrolling as a Charter Member.
>
> Sincerely yours,
> John P. Tansey,
> *Secretary*

## INDIANA

The rise of æsthetic passion at Purdue University, as revealed by a letter to "members of the faculty and staff" from the Hon. J. E. Walters, vice-chairman of the "university art committee":

> Your special attention is called to the *Hoosier Art Banquet* at 6:00 P.M. Tuesday. Chic Jackson, cartoonist of the Indianapolis *Star*, will be the principal speaker. He will give a very interesting talk and demonstration of the art of the comics.

## KANSAS

Sermon-subject at the Baptist Church of Cherryvale:

> CAN A BOBBED HAIRED WOMAN GO TO HEAVEN?

## MARYLAND

Progress of the Higher Learning at the Johns Hopkins University, as set forth in the *Johns Hopkins Y News:*

> Dr. Curry is from the Union Theological Seminary, New York City, and has been one of the most popular leaders of student conferences for the past five years. On Saturday evening he talked to the students on the topic, "Prayer as a Resource for Living." There were four principal points which he stressed in this speech; that, if prayer is to be a resource for living, then
>
> 1—Prayer must not be a sentimental substitute for Christian life.
>
> 2—Prayer must not be used as a short cut to our desires.
>
> 3—The language of prayer must not be pitched above our desire.
>
> 4—Our presuppositions of God must seem possible.
>
> In the latter part of his speech Dr. Curry impressed the students with the necessity of prayer and its probability of releasing an unknown dynamic in our lives.

## MASSACHUSETTS

The state of Christian worship in the former home of William Ellery Channing, Theodore Parker and Phillips Brooks, as revealed by an announcement of the Ruggles Street Baptist Church of Boston:

> RUGGLES STREET BAPTIST CHURCH
>
> Sunday at 7:30 P.M.
>
> —An Unusual Service—
>
> 1. Believer's Baptism.
> 2. One Minute Talks by Twice-born Men.
>     a. What Christ means to an Optometrist.
>     b. What Christ means to a Transportation Man.
>     c. What Christ means to a Business Man.
>     d. What Christ means to a Cabinet-maker.
>     e. What Christ means to a Telegraph Operator.
>     f. What Christ means to a Physician.
> 3. Excellent music by the Senior Choir, Mme. Wilhelmina Calvert, Concorde Male Quartette and Carle W. Malley, Organist.
> 4. Message by the Pastor, the Rev. J. T. Rider: "Back Bone or Wish Bone."

Courses of study on tap at the Metaphysical Center, 50 Hill Street, New Bedford:

> 1. *The Science of Concentration, Meditation and Contemplation.*—The New Awakening. How to contact the Inner Voice. The postures that lead to union with the soul. When and where to concentrate. How to visualize wisely and sanely, and become gods in human form.
> 2. *The Science and Philosophy of Colors and Their Vibration with the Cosmic Consciousness.*—What colors to vibrate prosperity and health. What colors to wear to harmonize with the Unseen Force of the universe. What colors that vibrate love and peacefulness. What colors that attract the unfoldment of the soul. Live with the universal colors and be alive.
> 3. *The Awakening of the Third Eye.*—The pineal gland—The pituitary body—and its value to you. The thyroid gland and its relationship to man's spiritual awakening. Why these powers within ought to be known and contacted. Awaken the spiritual vision and become wiser.

## MINNESOTA

Advertisement in the celebrated Minneapolis *Tribune:*

> SILENT SERMONS
>
> Ever since Jesus came down from the cross His business has been to reproduce Himself in others. Tell Him if He will come into your heart, you will obey Him; and when you are born again, let me print your testimony here, and we shall have the greatest revival in history. Help to buy more space. B. Lowen, So. 5799, 3240 Oakland Ave., Minneapolis.

Business card of a favorite Minnesota scientist:

> VYRON ROSSITER
> *Rev. Dr. of Infinite Science*
> *Psychic Healer and Aſtrologer*
> *Teacher of Occult Sciences*
> 9 East First Street
> TEL. PROCTOR 238-J PROCTOR, MINN.

It is God's holy will that everyone should be well. There is no Incurable Disease. There are no Hopeless Cases, God, the Father, will not disappoint your faith. Personal Advice and Healing by appointment at any hour.

## MISSISSIPPI

A 100% American of Greenville gives warning of a new calamity:

> ARE YOU AN AMERICAN AND A MISSISSIPPIAN?
>
> IF SO, DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE DELTA, AND GREENVILLE? DO YOU WANT TO SEE PROSPERITY AND GOOD TIMES, WITH BUSINESS OWNED AND CONTROLLED BY AMERICANS?
>
> or would you rather see this business interest owned and controlled by Chinese, with our good American dollars being sent back to China, to bring more of this race of people into our country, and to the Mississippi Delta, until the American will be out of business, and all business interest owned and controlled by these Chinese?
>
> If American interest is your interest, and I believe it is, then are you Americans going to stand by while the following conditions exist right here in Greenville:
>
> Chinaman recently married to young white girl.
>
> Chinamen married to Negro women. Raising families.
>
> Chinese securing lodging in both White and Negro hotels and rooming houses.
>
> Chinese eating in both White and Negro restaurants.
>
> Chinese patronizing both White and Negro barber shops.
>
> Chinese visiting our theatres and sitting in both White and Negro sections?
>
> All this after the Supreme Court of Mississippi ruled that Chinese were not White, and could not attend White schools.
>
> Chinese are now in control and operating over 50% of the retail grocery stores in the city of Greenville, and opening two more retail stores this week. Also wholesale house.
>
> If something is not done and done quick, the American merchant is doomed, and better get busy looking for other fields, as the Delta will not be a fit place to live and raise our children with the Chinese in control of the business interest, and setting snares to trap American girls into marrying them.
>
> Wake up Americans and Mississippians, before it is too late. Do something—do it now—rid our fair state of this yellow menace, quit patronizing them. Quit making them feel they are our equal. This is how it can be done.
>
> If our business men, mill owners, railroad men, farmers, and heads of all industry throughout the Delta will let those working for you and under your supervision, know that they are being paid good American dollars by good American interests, and that these dollars should and must be spent with American merchants, white or colored, and not with these Chinese to be sent back to China and create a sinking fund to be used to bring more of this race into our country.
>
> If something is not done about it, in a few years we will have a race of people in our Delta, a mixture of White, Chinese and Negro, that will be about the worst race we have ever had to contend with.
>
> Any merchant, farmer, citizen or others, that are interested with me in this fight for this good cause, and the protection of white womanhood which we love and put above everything else here in our sunny Southland, let me hear from you, meet with you, and prove all assertions made.
>
> I now want to make a personal appeal to the colored people both in Greenville and surrounding country, you wake up—realize that the white man is your real friend, that will help you in trouble and sickness, give you employment, and enable you to care for your families and educate your children. Trade with white or colored merchants, that you may live and prosper in the South as you have always done, not with these Chinese, that are doing nothing for you, but cutting down your chances of making a living for your wives and families, and while your blood is colored try and keep it pure, not mixed with Chinese.
>
> This article was refused publication by the *Democrat-Times* of Greenville, after my offer to pay them full price for full page publication.
>
> W. H. Lamas,
> *Wholesale Fruits,*
> *Greenville, Miss.*

Advertisement in the Scooba *Times*:

> Annie Smith does all kinds of healing work. She is a *Spirit Healer*, with wonderful power from God. I can heal anything you were not born with. Give me a trial—Call around and have a talk with me. I live south of Scooba, near the M. & O. R. R.
>
> My address is Annie Smith,
> Scooba, Miss.

## NEW JERSEY

News of the spiritual life in Lebanon, as reported by the eminent Newark *Evening News*:

That the Reformed Church prayer meeting goers may hear the Amos 'n' Andy broadcast Wednesday nights and attend the church's prayer meeting, too, the hour for the service has been changed, effective tomorrow night, from 7 until 7:30 P.M.

Van R. S. Lowe, church sexton, has been instructed to ring the church bell accordingly, he stated yesterday. In announcing the change, the Rev. Benjamin F. White said that different ones, himself included, wanted to hear the broadcast.

## NEW YORK

Fostering the Higher Drama in Marvellous Manhattan:

THE IBSEN MEMORIAL COMMITTEE
requests the pleasure of your attendance at a
Dinner and Dance
for the benefit of the Ibsen Memorial Fund
on board the new de luxe Motorliner
*Kungsholm*
of the Swedish American line
at Pier 97, North River,
foot of 57th Street.
Subscription is Five Dollars per Person
Dinner will be served at seven o'clock
Since the number of guests is limited to five hundred it is advisable to order tickets early. Please send order for tickets and make checks for same payable to Baroness Alma Dahlerup, 135 Remington Place, New Rochelle, N. Y.

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## OKLAHOMA

Write-up of a solid citizen of Grandfield in the *Enterprise* thereof:

Stanley Mohr

Owner, general manager and high cockalorum of the Mohr Undertaking Parlor of this city. A young man possessed of as many peculiarities as possible to assemble in one person. He should have been a reporter for he can get his nose into more things than is healthy for the average man. While he isn't anything to stand off and admire, he has traits that make him pleasing and worthwhile. When he gets it into his system that a thing should be done, he's like a goat... keeps buttin' until he makes a hole or gets it over. His latest hobby is sponsoring the community band. Every night the musicians are supposed to practise, each member can look forward to a personal visit from him a short time before they start their blowing exercises, and excuses simply don't go. If you are going to belong to the band you've got to practise or get a good sized chunk of his mind addressed at the world in general and you in particular. He's trying his best to have something worthwhile here this Summer to entertain us. He's doing it without pay... backing his band with money from his own pocket if necessary. He is always ready, day or night, to do something for this community, sometimes fulfilling the prophecy in the Good Book, concerning the lambs lying beside the lions. He may go on the warpath when he should be handing out cubes of sugar, frothing at the mouth when he should be feeding taffy, but he usually gets back to earth in time to see his work take form and go over with a bang. Mohr, as we said before, is not the handsomest man in the world, yet he's a real honest-to-goodness booster. Long live the House of Mohr in the Big Pasture.

## PENNSYLVANIA

Personal news item in the *Jewish Criterion*, one of the glories of Pittsburgh:

Business man, aged 29, with means, will marry refined girl who has a brother that will marry his sister who is young, attractive and intelligent. All replies strictly confidential. Write "W." *Criterion*.

## SOUTH CAROLINA

Senator Cole Blease on book censorship in the Cincinnati *Post*:

Perhaps I am extreme, but if I had my way I would jail any man who ever wrote a book in which there was anything denying the divinity of Jesus Christ.

## TENNESSEE

AFRAMERICAN society note in the death column of the eminent Nashville *Tennessean*:

GUNN—Friday morning at 5:15, at the state prison, Carey Gunn, died in the electric chair. He is survived by the Rev. Zema Hill and his church, and many other friends. The funeral will be (this) Monday night at 8 o'clock at the Hills Tabernacle Baptist Church, on corner of Overton and Division streets, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Zema Hill, Rev. Mrs. Lena Boberson, Rev. Henry Hocket and Rev. W. Turner. The pastor will ask the congregation both white and colored, to contribute. Interment at Olive Branch. Remains cannot be seen until tonight. The pastor will appreciate a design of flowers. Zema Hill, undertaker, 1306 South st.

## VIRGINIA

NOTICE sent to persons who have been snatched from Hell in the lovely old town of Charlottesville:

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
*(Organized 1831)*
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA
HENRY ALFORD PORTER, PASTOR

*Dear Friend:* We are so glad that you are to follow Christ in baptism. There will be baptism next Sunday evening at 7:45. We earnestly hope that you will be ready for the sacred ordinance.

Please bring with you an extra pair of stockings, suit of underwear, heavy white petticoat, pair of bloomers, handkerchiefs, towels, comb and brush. We have robes here which we are glad to have the ladies use if they wish to.

If you are to be baptized Sunday evening, kindly report at the church office on the Second street side of the church by 7:30, where you will be met by those who will assist you. Please do this without fail.

Rejoicing that you are to be numbered with us in the great work of the First Baptist Church,

*Yours in the Master's service,*
EDITH SITWELL,
*Secretary.*

## WISCONSIN

FROM the Sheboygan *Press*:

The Military Order of Serpents, Luzon Lair No. 5, held election and installation of officers recently and the following persons were chosen:

Gu Gu—William J. Kirst.
Datte—Walter Bauer.
Thrice Infamous Inferior Gu Gu—Otto S. Schraut.
Lord High Keeper of the Sacred Amphera—Edward Eiles.
Slick and Slimy Keepers of the Ophidian—Jack L. Ochs, August Gruenke, John Stranberg and Geo. Barber.

The past grand Gu Gu Grandissimo, Jack L. Ochs, had the honor of installing the officers.

After discussing future activities, the Snaix enjoyed a social.

## IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

THE wisdom of the East, as revealed by the want ad columns of the Calcutta *Statesman*, the leading English paper in India:

---

MARVELLOUS CURES: NO KNIFE:
Adenoid; Tonsil; Lymphangitis; Polypus; Goitre; Gravel; Leucoderma; "Ugly" Fat; Hydrocele; Hernia; Cataract; Glaucoma; "Brain Fag"; Weak Heart and Kidney; Wart, Pimple; Tumor; Ricket; Eczema; etc. DR. NAREN, 13, Haris Mukerji Rd., Cal.

---

SPECIFIC FOR CONSUMPTION
It is wonderfully efficacious in tuberculosis of the lungs or any other part of the body even in cases where tuberculin injection, change of climate, sanatorium and every other treatment fail. Price Rs. 20 per box to last 45 days. Elaborate booklet by S. C. ROY B.A., manufacturing chemist, the inventor sent free. S. C. ROY & Co., 36 Dhurrumtollah street or 167.3 Cornwallis street, Calcutta.

---

DR. W. C. ROY'S (L.M.S.)
*Specific for Insanity*
(Established over last 50 years.)
Also useful in Epilepsy, Hysteria, Insomnia and Neurasthenia. Elaborate booklets sent free.

"I personally know of 2 cases cured by Dr. W. C. Roy's Specific for Insanity." (Sd.) the late Sir Romesh Chandra Mitter, Kt., offg. Chief Justice of Bengal. "Acted as a charm completely cured."—Dr. Srinath Ghosh, B. Bundelkhand.

Price Rs. 5 per phial.

S. C. ROY & Co., Manufacturing Chemists, 167.3 Cornwallis st., or 36 Dhurrumtollah street, Calcutta.

# THE MAN WHO SAVED CHICAGO

## BY LESLIE LLEWELLYN LEWIS

The first time I saw Samuel Powers Thrasher he was roaring at a judge who had just acquitted a prostitute in the Chicago Municipal Court; and he so strongly suggested an infuriated bull that never thereafter did he thrust his way into a courtroom without that likeness coming to my mind. Four inches above six feet in height, his stooped broad shoulders carried habitually several inches ahead of his body, and his massive head and heavy-jowled face, with its shaggy walrus mustache, thrust ahead of him like the figurehead of a caravel, he would push his way through a crowd of lesser mortals in the street or in a courtroom with the ease and manner of a revenue gunboat cutting through a fleet of rum-running fishing smacks. His voice, which arose from the region of his umbilicus, was the same bellow with which he had, in his harpooner days, shouted, "Thar she blows!"

In many respects the most picturesque of all American vice crusaders, the late superintendent of the Committee of Fifteen of Chicago has thus far been neglected shamefully by connoisseurs. Pap Thrasher, as he was known by rival reformers—and nowhere is rivalry more bitter than between professional reformers!—was a man than whom few were better known in Chicago in his day. His presence, indeed, could not be easily overlooked, for there was nothing restrained or circumspect about Pap! He was none of your pink-tea parlor reformers, but a virile, stogy-puffing, oath-uttering dynamo of energy; which metaphor is no more mixed than were the characteristics which made up the man. When he thought, he spoke, and when he spoke, he bellowed. His sledge-like fist, used to emphasize many a point in his sempiternal arguments, would crash down on the arm of his chair with force enough to crush a hickory nut; and once, in the heat of controversy in the chambers of a judge of the Municipal Court, he brought his fist down on the plate-glass top of the judge's desk, cracking it in half. Pap gazed ruefully at it an instant, and then went on with his contention.

Aggressive, with a stubborn courage of his convictions and an absolute contempt for any differing opinions; utterly devoid of any but the most primitive sense of humor; imbued with an amazingly paradoxical mixture of *Weltschmerz* and provincial optimism; an extrovert of the most complete type, and possessing an ability to rationalize that was little short of miraculous—these were the heterogeneous elements which together made up the man.

Born in 1858 in the tiny village of Cornish, on the Connecticut river near the center of New Hampshire, of a mason-bridge-builder father and a gentle Puritan mother, Samuel attended the village school to the age of fourteen. Shortly thereafter his father died. The limited income of his justice-of-the-peace grandfather and lawyer oldest brother proved insufficient for the needs of Samuel and his seventeen brothers and sisters, so, after a few months of working in the flats about Cornish, and a short period as a wheelwright's apprentice, he ran away to sea. For six years he sailed before the mast on a whaler in the pursuit of the denizens of the deep—excellent preparation for his life-work of pursuing the denizens of the underworld ashore. Starting as cabin-boy, then rising to apprentice seaman, Sam, tall for his age, of massive frame and with the shoulders and throat of a bull, was soon entrusted with a harpoon and became an expert harpooner before he was out of his teens.

This life was a rough and hardy one. Once, in a storm off the Grand Banks, he was caught in the midriff by a run-away boom, and lifted bodily into the sea. For twenty minutes he struggled in the icy waters and was at last hauled in on his own harpoon-rope, to collapse on deck. And then, one day, in the quiet harbor of New Haven where his fleet was riding at anchor, he met and fell in love with a quiet, prim little miss, hardly sixteen, who was captivated by the dynamic manhood of this rough young sailor. After a short courtship, they were married and Sam forsook the sea to become resident secretary (*i.e.*, attendant and porter) of the Seaman's Refuge, a lodging-house for sailors conducted by the Ladies' Seaman's Aid Society of New Haven.

In learning the harpooner's trade, Sam must also have learned of other activities of the sailor, for he was yet in his early twenties when he decided that altogether too many of his former shipmates were falling into the ways of evil. Perhaps his revolt against the natural, longshore recreations of his brother sailors may be accounted for by the fact that his father-in-law, as pastor of the local Congregational church, approved of nice young men and found jobs for them; or it may have been his Puritanical rearing and early marriage, combined with some forever-lost psychic factor. Whatever the cause, Sam turned to uplifting as a career.

While still conducting the Seaman's Refuge, he interested the ladies of the Seaman's Aid Society in the need for protecting the purity of the whalers. Several indignation meetings were held in the church parlors, and then the Seaman's Protective League was organized, with Sam as chief protector. The League was planned as a vigilance committee for the discouragement of the ladies who dwelt along the water front, and Sam's first militant crusading experience was gained in attempting to clean up their abodes of vice. But public opinion on the subject was not aroused to the hysterical pitch which it was to reach in the next decade, and Sam soon found himself involved in several lawsuits and a good deal of unpleasant notoriety—he was not yet the seasoned reformer who thrives on notoriety—, so he took a few years off to sell life insurance and to perfect several inventions of which he had been thinking.

During this hiatus in his professional life, he invented and sold a checking device to a local telegraph company, and a swivel-cleat to a shipbuilder, and worked to perfect an electrically operated clock, which reported the time by means of numbered metal discs. After publishing a sixteen-page booklet on the superior features of his clock, and establishing sales headquarters at the Iroquois Hotel in Buffalo, he found himself in difficulties over some patent rights, so he went back to insurance.

Then came the war with Spain. On hearing of Roosevelt's plan to organize the First Volunteer Cavalry, he wrote to the then Assistant Secretary of the Navy and offered his services. In reply, he received a note from Roosevelt in which Teddy was very sorry to say that his regiment was already over-enlisted, and he could not take another man. Sam made no further attempts to enlist; but he never forgave Roosevelt for his rejection, referring to him in later years as a blowhard. Later, when his old New Haven neighbor, William Howard Taft, ran against Roosevelt for the Presidency, Sam became for a time active in politics, canvassing for Taft and selling life insurance on the side.

But the urge to reform the world and stamp out sin was too strong to be satisfied by the mild form of persecution practiced by insurance salesmen. When the Good People of New Haven organized the Connecticut Law and Order League, Samuel

Powers Thrasher was called to become its secretary and general manager. He answered the call, and threw himself into the work with much greater fervor than had ever characterized his commercial ventures. During the first year of his administration as Dictator of Decency, he smote the arm of Evil with such valor that he received a letter of congratulation from the great jurist, Taft, himself.

For eleven years he scourged the harlots with great vigor, burning down shady resorts, driving shameless Jezebels from pillar to post, and relentlessly pursuing that hydra-headed devourer of innocents, Vice, wherever it hid itself. Whereas, before the advent of the League, painted daughters of sin stood in their doorways and called to the passersby who innocently chose their street for thoroughfare, now the amorous youth of the town were forced to ask the corner policeman to direct them to the nearest bordello. As a privately-appointed constable, Sam himself led groups of doughty vigilantes in magnificent armed raids against the fortifications of fornication; and, says the memorandum published by the Committee of Fifteen, "it was this eleven-year record that led to his selection as our superintendent."

## II

And so Samuel Thrasher came to Chicago to superintend the Committee of Fifteen, incorporated not for profit, but "to aid the public authorities in the enforcement of laws against pandering and to take measures calculated to prevent the traffic in women."

The Committee was engaged in a struggle to prevent the recently extinguished red lights from being relighted in that section of the city which President Taft, in one letter to Thrasher, had called a "sink of iniquity." A number of the rescued White Slaves refused to remain emancipated, and so Sam found himself in the thick of a bitter fight between the Army of the Lord and the Army of the Devil. After taking a brief estimate of the situation, he issued a series of pamphlets—"On the Firing Line of Vice," "Organized Righteousness versus Organized Viciousness," "For Your Daughter and Mine" and similar titles calculated to arouse the interest and to bring in the cash contributions of the righteous. In defense, a group of hotel and saloon men formed themselves into a group which they called the Hotel-Keepers' Protective League. This group published several pamphlets on the evils of "scatteration," and at last printed large broadsides addressed to the people of Chicago, in which it was declared that the reformers were ruining the fair name of the city, turning away visitors and hurting business for everyone by charging that immorality was rampant. Pap secured one of these broadsides, wrote "LIES!" across the face of it, had it framed and hung it above his desk, that all the world might see his defiance and derision of the enemy.

Pap never lost his adolescent love for strong and rhetorical phraseology. A great favorite was "lewd, libidinous, licentious and lascivious." On special occasions, "lustful" was added. An expression saved from his sea-going days he used invariably when he spoke of confessions obtained from evildoers: "We got him right, and he puked up his guts." The fact that many lady social-workers shuddered at this expression encouraged Pap in the use of it. Another favorite, invariably used in reports and in conversation when referring to the closing of dancehalls or saloons, was "Stygian darkness now reigns where once bacchanalian revels made the night hideous." Above his desk hung a framed blue-and-gold motto: "Break thou the arm of the wicked man; seek out his wickedness until thou find none." Pap was fond of quoting this motto both to his employés and to the lawyers and landlords who came before him. In his reports, commercialized vice "scurried to cover," prostitution was no longer "brazenly defiant," the "nefarious trade of the loathsome white-slavers" was destroyed, and those "heinous conditions which pander to the demoralization of our young innocents" were corrected.

But not all of Pap's time was spent in writing reports. He supervised the activities of his half-dozen investigators, attended Rotary lunches and social service meetings, talked to Ladies' Aid Societies and at church suppers—he was one of the pillars of the South Congregational Church—, and attended trials and court sessions in the Morals Court with the same fervor and punctiliousness with which a Senior Warden attends his Blue Lodge meetings.

And then along came the Volstead Act. Pap, with his ready power of rationalizing, decided at once that the Committee could best help to combat Vice through aiding in the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. Liquor and prostitution had always been inseparable companions, so to strike a blow at one was to hit at the other. So special liquor sleuths were put on the investigating staff of the Committee, and Pap became a familiar figure in the offices of Yellowley, the district enforcement chief. An orgy of padlocking followed, saloons, roadhouses and cabarets closing their doors under the Prohibition Act on evidence secured by Thrasher's men and presented in the Federal courts. Pap took great pride in the efficiency of the United States courts. Where hardly a resort a year was padlocked under the Illinois morals laws, as many as twenty places could be closed in a month under the Volstead Act. Colosimo's, Valentino's, the Entertainers' Café, the Green Mill—one after another they closed their doors on the testimony of Pap's investigators, often aided by government agents. Thrasher once boasted that he had succeeded in closing up nearly a million dollars' worth of property which had been dedicated to sin.

Of course, he himself did no actual investigating. The field work of the Committee was left to a staff of investigators. These men were recruited from among three types: nice appearing crooks who could see greater money and less risk in the reform racket; men who would do any kind of work requiring no labor; and those sexually perverted individuals whose *voyeur* and sadist desires could be gratified through the type of work required of a vice investigator. Several of Pap's investigators were hired solely on the fact that they had been buddies of Pap's only son, killed in action in France.

The majority of the men who worked for the Committee were of the first two types, including a number of ex-soldiers, ex-sailors, ex-salesmen, private detectives, and the like. More than one was disqualified in court when his past history was brought to light. But Pap would never believe that any of his spies could do a dishonorable act nor utter an untrue word, and always suffered keenly when his men, one after another, through the coöperative efforts of the police and the underworld, were caught accepting marked money.

When Charlie Domm shot a Negro during an argument, Pap was successful in securing his acquittal; when his chief investigator was caught redhanded accepting money from a keeper, and when Al Schwaren was caught with a roll of marked bills in his pocket, and when Bill Payne walked out of a hotel into the arms of waiting policemen—in each case Pap convinced the courts that it was a frameup. After Pap's death, two of these men set up business for themselves, one organizing his own little reform racket on the South Side, and the other acting as special agent for other reform agencies in order to sell information to the vice racketeers. But unorganized racketeering doesn't pay. Without the cloak of Organized Righteousness to protect them, Al Schwaren went up to fourteen years in the pen and Bill Payne is doing his stretch in Leavenworth.

The *modus operandi* of Pap's investigators was simple: Acting on complaints, usually anonymous, or wandering along the streets at random, accosting likely-looking ladies, an investigator would visit the suspected premises, or would accompany the street-girl to her apartment. In the latter instance, securing evidence was a simple matter, and the young lady was at once reported on the man's return to the squad room. In the case of anonymous complaints, however, the procedure was not quite so easy. If a lead had been given in the complaint, as, for example, the name of the girl for whom to ask, the operative would have an easy "in"; if, on the other hand, no lead were given, the agent would ask, in a confidential whisper, "Are any of the girls home?" If it were a hit, he would be invited in and would "secure a solicitation"; if, however, it were a dud, and he interrupted a busy *Hausfrau* in her morning's duties, her reply to the dapper gentleman's request to see the girls would become, in the agent's daily report, the laconic euphemism, "No evidence."

Occasionally, some Amazonian keeper would recognize the investigator as a stool, and invite him out in no uncertain manner. One too-well-known agent returned from such an interview with broom-handle marks on one end and foot-prints on the other. Some of these men, after several years of testifying in court, became so well known that they were admitted only by the newest comers among the hustlers. This fact, however, in no way detracted from their usefulness, for once evidence had been secured against a girl, her mere presence in any place stigmatized that place as a disorderly house to the investigator, and the girl was promptly reported.

When business elsewhere was poor, a favorite stratagem of the investigator was to jump over to the Black Belt. Walking or driving leisurely down a street, he would note the address of any building in which a Negress was seen sitting in a window, and, returning to the office, would report, "While passing 4999 S. State street, was solicited by a light-complected Negress on the second floor, who asked me to indulge in prostitution with her for the sum of three dollars. I told her I would return later, and gave her fifty cents for good faith." Sometimes, for variety's sake, she would be a dark-complected Negress and the sum two dollars. The fifty cents, of course, was returned to the investigator by Pap on the agent's expense account. This procedure, which could be repeated innumerable times in the congested slums of the Black Belt, would give the investigator a high percentage of "evidences secured."

After securing his solicitation, the investigator would report back to headquarters, and another man would be sent out with him to return and "confirm" the evidence. If the lady in question were a newcomer, number two would be introduced by agent number one as "one of the boys that's selling insurance along with me." If, however, she were an old timer, the time necessary for calling on her could be saved, and number two might just report an imaginary interview, ending in "confirming evidence." After the first confirmation, number two would take a third agent, and the second confirmation would be reported, whereon the wheels of the law would start to revolve.

Pap would first secure a certificate of ownership from a real estate index company, and then send a letter to the owner of record, informing him that he was harboring a nuisance and that the Committee would prosecute if conditions were not at once corrected. Immediately after the sending of this letter, investigator number three and a fourth man would go out to pay a visit to the offenders. If they found "further evidence," or were satisfied that they could find it, they reported back "still operating" and the owner would be sent a formal notice, signed jointly by Pap and the assistant state's attorney assigned to such cases, in which the owner would be given ten days to put the wicked women out, or correct their behavior; otherwise his property would be "enjoined against its use for any purpose whatever for the period of one year, as provided for by the law covering public nuisances under the Injunction and Abatement Act of July, 1915."

Most owners—ninety-five out of a hundred—acted promptly upon being served by an officer with this official-looking document, and the girls were told to hunt new quarters at once. The girls would move not infrequently across the street, and, in several cases, across the hall, until found again and moved again and found again and moved again. Pap believed that this marching and countermarching must eventually break the fallen women's hearts, and that they would give up their evil ways and go back home to the old farm. If, on occasion, they refused to repent and moved on to practice their trade in Detroit, Cleveland or Albany, at least Chicago was rid of them.

Sometimes an unsophisticated sister, being new to the game, tried to fight the apartment owner by daring to protest her innocence, whereupon "forcible entry and detainer" proceedings were instituted before a civil court judge, the investigators would give their testimony, the young lady would deny all—and the young lady would move. Pap pointed with pride to the fact that, of several hundred such proceedings instituted, the Committee had not lost one.

Very rarely a property owner would protest that he would rent to whom he chose. Pap would summon such rebels to his office, where they would usually change their minds and conform. In those few cases where the owner was also the keeper, and frankly fought the Committee on its own ground, Pap had a run for his money. Usually, the Illinois courts being congested, it was a good long run, some cases dragging along to an inconclusive finish over a period of years. Several of the largest and most prosperous resorts, against which Pap had started action early in his Chicago career, were still doing a flourishing business at the old stand when he died.

However, there was plenty of small fry to keep the Committee busy, without worrying over much about the big fish, and so, for a dozen years, Pap kept the girls in circulation and each month read to his board of directors bulletins of the successful War on Vice. Every report was accepted without question, and Pap gloried in the fact that his board was one hundred per cent behind him. But Pap reckoned without his Nemesis, a sister reformer.

## III

The fifty directors of the Committee of Fifteen were men and women drawn from all walks of life—provided they were successful walks, for the largest part of the Committee's $50,000 annual income came from the contributions of these directors. Professional philanthropists, garment manufacturers, ministers, society women, public utilities officials, attorneys, bankers, publishers and merchants listened monthly in polite boredom to reports which never varied in form and but little in substance: "During the month just passed, your investigators have made 112 calls on 56 premises suspected of immorality. Thirty-eight of these were on the South Side, 8 on the West and 10 on the North. In 37 instances, evidence was secured involving 35 girls, of which number 24 had been dealt with previously by the Committee. Thirty-seven informal notices were sent and 12 formal notices issued. Forcible entry and detainer action was instituted in 5 cases," and so on to the end of the report, where, "through the combined efforts of the Committee, the State's Attorney and the Chief of Police," prostitution was shown to be closer to utter extinction than ever before. One of the directors would then move that the report be approved as read, another moved for adjournment, and fifty successful vice fighters would retire to the lounge of the Union League Club with the comfortable sense of civic duty well performed.

Louise DeKoven Bowen, a recently-elected director, was a reformer of no little prestige in her own right, having conceived, borne and nurtured the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago. In performing one of its principal functions, that of protecting the children of Chicago from conditions perversive to their moral welfare, her own organization reported that conditions were just simply terrible. The Iron Pansy, as she was called by some of her fellow lady board members, decided she would take the word of her lady investigators as against the word of Pap's men; so she quietly imported several professional vice investigators from the East, —men who had had experience during the war in protecting our gallant boys.

These men confirmed the reports of Louise DeKoven's ladies, and reported vast acres of vice, apparently cultivated neither by Big Bill Thompson's Vice Squad (which worked under Pap's direction) nor by Pap's own investigators. Armed with these reports, Louise DeKoven dared to challenge the figures in one of Pap's reports. The result of this was as catastrophic as though a canon were to rise in a cathedral and challenge the bishop's reading of the Apostle's Creed. Some of the board members hastened to Pap's defense, and denounced the little lady as a trouble maker. Others, including most of the women on the board, were convinced that Louise DeKoven was right. Pap, on his part, doggedly and furiously defended not only his investigators, but the police as well, bellowing defiance at his challengers.

And then, unfortunately for Pap, the fact somehow leaked out that he had accepted several thousand dollars from the Chief of Police, Fitzmorris, to be used by the Committee in helping the police cope with the vice situation. "No wonder Mr. Thrasher praised the Chief!" cried Louise triumphantly, and proceeded to spill beans all over the front pages of the Chicago newspapers. In vain Pap and the Chief protested that this donation was made purely in the interest of vice control. A grand jury investigation was called, and a number of the directors of the Committee tendered their resignations. This grand jury investigation, like most other Chicago investigations before and since, petered out into nothingness; but Pap suffered a loss of public confidence from which he never recovered. He seldom afterward alluded to the affair, and when he did, it was derisively as "that Bowen woman's brainstorm."

Pap felt keenly the blow of appearing in the wrong light, however, and his health, none too good at that time, failed rapidly. In 1918, his only son, Dana, had been among the marines who fell at Soissons. This event had dealt the old man a severe blow, and from that date his previously amazing memory began to become erratic, and his tremendous self-confidence was strangely shaken. As the years went by, he seemed more and more dazed by the fact that, after he had given the best years of his own life in the Lord's service, the Lord could play him such a scurvy trick as to take his only son. Then, shortly after the grand jury investigation in 1922, a stroke of apoplexy left his hand, leg and speech impaired. Doggedly he returned to his office, issuing orders at his investigators, while exercising his limp hand with an electrical device and puffing furiously on his beloved White Owls; attending church meetings and occasional court sessions; spending his week-ends at the Hinsdale Sanitorium, confident that his full faculties would soon be restored to him.

Toward the end, his visits to the sanitorium became more frequent, and, in the late Summer of 1925, while giving telephonic orders to one of his investigators, he died.

# FROM THE OKLAHOMA SAGA

BY GEORGE MILBURN

## *The Nigger-Lover*

It used to be that a stranger in our town was never asked why he had left the place he had been before or how he happened to come to Oklahoma. That was in the early days. After a while it got so that it was just the other way 'round. A new man in town was expected to get about introducing himself to people. Then they could talk over local conditions and where he had been located before and how much better he liked our town.

John Parnell didn't do that, and that was why people were suspicious of him from the beginning. They began to wonder what his game was the moment they saw him hanging his attorney's shingle out by the First National Bank Building stairway.

He was the only lawyer in town with a college degree. The men who helped carry up the boxes of law books that came by freight a week after he had set up in town saw his diploma, written in Latin, hanging on the wall. He roomed and boarded at the Widow Warburton's, and the widow did some spying on him, but she never did get anything worth telling.

The first year he lived in our town he didn't do anything but sit up in his office reading books. Mable McKindricks, the day telephone central, could look across from her switchboard and see him, with his feet up on his desk, reading.

The next year was election year and John Parnell came out as a Republican and became an active party worker. Everyone supposed then that he was for the county attorney nomination. But he didn't ask the county central committee to be put on the ticket, which was all the nomination amounted to. Instead, he antagonized the organization by going around urging niggers to register and vote.

Parnell began to work up a practice among the niggers. He would defend them in the J. P. court and the county court. People were surprised to find that he was a good lawyer. He began to get acquittals for nigger Choctaw beer-makers and gamblers. Before that they had always pleaded guilty and paid their fines.

People knew then that John Parnell was a nigger-lover and after that no one had anything to do with him. But the niggers kept going in a steady stream up to his office and he had a big practice among them. The ones who could afford to, the beer-makers, paid him well.

One day Lawyer Parnell came into the Economy Drug-Store. He bought all his cigars at the Economy, and Doc Bascombe was polite to him because he was a good customer. Doc Bascombe was over behind the soda fountain when the lawyer came in.

"May I have a glass of ice water?" said John Parnell.

"Yes, sir!" said Doc.

Doc didn't see the little nigger boy who had come in with the lawyer until the nigger-lover turned and handed the glass of water down. Doc was so flabbergasted he didn't say a word. But after Parnell and the pickaninny had gone out, Doc took the empty glass back of the prescription partition and smashed it. He was so mad he stood in the back of his drug-store for a half an hour calling Lawyer Parnell everything he could lay his tongue to.

There was a Republican landslide that

year, but John Parnell didn't even make a bid for the postoffice. People couldn't understand what the man hoped to gain, coddling the niggers like that. He was making some money defending nigger bootleggers and gamblers, it was true, but he didn't have any standing in the community and no white person would speak to him.

Meanwhile, the effects of his advice to the niggers were becoming noticeable. Instead of grinning when a white person swore at them they were beginning to be surly about it. One day some small white boys down by Devro's grist-mill threw corn cobs at some little nigger boys, and the nigger boys didn't run as they had always done before. They threw cobs back at the white boys. Trouble was in the air. All kinds of rumors were afloat.

Everyone knew that the nigger-lover was the cause. One day he came into the Economy Drug-Store and had a prescription filled. A few minutes later he came back again. Doc Bascombe was standing over by the cigar counter rolling dice for cigars with some customers. John Parnell pulled a paper out of his pocket.

"Mr. Bascombe," he said, "I have here a letter from the Ku Klux Klan advising me to leave town while I am able. It is written on Klan stationery, but the typewriter used was the same one you use to type your prescription labels. Now, the Klan can do as it sees fit about this, but I'm telling *you* now that if I am subjected to any outrage, if I even so much as get another threatening letter, I'm going to kill you like I would a mad dog."

Doc Bascombe had been standing there all the time rattling the dice slowly back and forth in the leather cup. His face was very white. He moved his mouth and said, "Uh-uh-uh." Lawyer Parnell walked out.

The following Saturday there was a medicine show at the corner of Broadway and Main. The sidewalk was so crowded people couldn't get through. Emory Givens came walking up Broadway with his sweetheart, Lois Schaefer. As they were passing a half-witted nigger boy named Sherman Pruitt jostled into Lois. The boy mouthed something and tried to back away, but a white farmer grabbed his arms and held him while Emory Givens began smashing his black face. About that time Jud Spafford, the city marshal, came elbowing through the crowd. He waited until he thought the nigger boy had enough. Then he took him up the street to jail.

Sunday morning Black Mamie Pruitt came around to the back door at the Widow Warburton's and asked to speak to Mr. John. Black Mamie was a nigger wench who sold Choctaw beer and ran a bawdy house over on the other side of the M. K. & T. tracks.

"Mr. John," said Black Mamie, "they's got my boy in the cooler and his face is all smash up and they won't let him see nobody. Mr. Jud Spafford run me away from the window. My boy says he ain't had no water since Sad'dy noon and he's all het up with a fever. Mr. John, suh, caint you do nothin about hit?"

The nigger-lover got his hat and went with Black Mamie to hunt up the city marshal. When they found him, Lawyer Parnell said, "What're you holding this boy for?"

"Now don't you go tryin' to get hard with me," said the city marshal. "I told Mamie and told Mamie that she had to keep that black idiot of hern off the streets. Hell, I ain't holdin' him. I don't want him in my jail. They ain't no one to wait on him, and I ain't going to run no errands for a goddam nigger. If ole Mamie will take him home I'll turn him out now."

Jud went on around to let the boy out. Mamie followed along behind. On the way Lawyer Parnell turned in and went upstairs to his office. He stood at his window looking out over the alley back of the First National Bank Building. It was Sunday morning and everything was very quiet after the big Saturday.

John Parnell looked down and saw Jud Spafford unlock the jail and lead out Sherman Pruitt. The marshal locked the jail again, said something to Black Mamie, and walked off. Black Mamie and Sherman stood looking after him. Then Mamie grabbed her son and tried to hold him, but he broke away. The half-wit ran, pigeon-toed, a little way after Jud and shouted something after him. Jud turned around and the youth crouched, stuck out his swollen bloody face and pushed out his tongue. Jud came back with swift strides. He shouted, "What did you call me, you ——?"

The nigger half-wit stood there looking down. Jud whipped out his pistol and shot him. The boy fell. Old Black Mamie Pruitt was too fat to run. She came waddling up and grabbed the pistol.

Lawyer Parnell, who had been looking at all this from his office window, ran down the building's back steps. Before he got there Jud had wrenched his gun out of the nigger wench's hand and had cold-cracked her with the butt. A nigger cook named Mac Carmer propped open the back door of the Broadway Café and took careful aim with an automatic. Jud Spafford stood there pumping bullets into the two niggers. Nigger-lover Parnell came running up at the same moment Mac Carmer, the nigger cook, began shooting. Lawyer Parnell stopped three bullets and lurched forward. Jud Spafford ran for cover.

That was the way the race riot started in our town. It went on all that Sunday. Four white men and sixteen niggers were killed. Those who picked up the bodies that afternoon found John Parnell lying face down with his lips against the cheek of Black Mamie, the nigger harlot.

## II

## *The Critic*

Major Mark A. Bollinger would have made a good United States Senator if he hadn't been such a good auctioneer. He had the grand manner and the broad expanse of stomach.

No one ever came to town who could cry a sale quite as well as Major Bollinger. The only time he had any real competition was when it got out about him that he was one of the organizers of the local Ku Klux Klan. That made him some enemies, and turned part of his business to a young upstart from the auctioneering school at Trenton, Mo. The major never let on. He knew that no whipper-snapper could call a sale as well as he could, and that the farmers would be sorry as soon as they saw how little their sales were bringing. Beside, he had the business of both the banks, and the mortgage sales he had from them every Fall were enough to keep him busy.

Major Bollinger was a big man in the community. His name was one of the few that always got spelled correctly in the *Weekly Recorder*. He brought the *Recorder* all his public sale advertising and hand-bill printing, and the *Recorder* mentioned the major and each member of his family in its personal items almost as often as it mentioned the editor and his family.

In the Fall of the year, when the cotton farmers saw that their crops weren't going to bring enough to repay what they had borrowed from the banks in the Spring, they would have public sales to raise money. They would sell at auction their milch cows, farm implements and household furnishings. And if the year happened to be an unusual one, and prosperous, there would be a large number of public sales just the same, because then the farmers would sell out and move to California. Major Bollinger's name on a farm sale advertisement was as inevitable as the announcement that lunch would be served on the grounds by the M. E. Church South Ladies Aid.

On Saturday afternoons, when the streets were crowded, an automobile would drive slowly around the Court-house square with Major Bollinger standing up in the back seat. His black silk tie would be flapping in the breeze, his broad-brimmed Stetson clasped against his chest.

"Ah yes! Ah yes!" he would cry, megaphoning with his free hand. "Fou'teen

Duroc-Juhsey shoats to be sacrificed! Ah yes! Ah yes! On the lots east of the Minnetonka Lumber Company. Ah yes!"

Sometimes at these sales a farmer would claim that the major had skipped a bid, or that he had acknowledged gestures that weren't meant for signals, and then there would be a squabble. "Doan try to make me out a liah, suh! Ah seen yo'," the major would bluster in a dialect that belied his Indiana origin. "Doan try to make me out a liah, or Ah'll have yo' in coa't for slandah, suh!" Usually, though, he got good prices for what he sold, and he had such a manner about him that the farmers didn't like to dispute his word.

The major was at his best when he acted as master of ceremonies at pie and box suppers. Pie and box suppers were important social events. School and church organizations used them as quick means to raise money. The major was always glad to contribute his professional services, because it was on such occasions that he was best able to display his talents. Then he spoke in a humorous vein. He had little trouble in getting the girls who had brought the pies or box-lunches to giggle, and the young farmers who sat over on the other side of the schoolroom were eager to laugh boisterously in order to cover their embarrassment.

"Now, here's a pie like your maw used to try to make and couldn't," Major Bollinger would shout, holding high a big, soft-topped pastry. "Just look at the calf-slobbers on top of this one, boys! And the gal who made it—" (here the major would peep cautiously at the written slip pinned to the paper napkin) "—is the sweetest, purtiest little thing in this part of the State. Now, what am I bid? Why, it's wuth six bits just to look at the gal that made it, much less eat her pie with her. Now, what am I bid? Twenty? Twenty? Who'll say fifty? Fifty! And uh fifty! Ah, there's a boy that ain't got no fish-hooks in his pants. Thank you, suh! And uh seventy-five! Who'll say uh seventy-five? Seventy-five? Whup, whup, whup! Do I hear seventy-five? Sixty, there! And uh seventy-five! Some of you pie-face boys speak up. Last call! Going, going,—gone! Sold to the young man in the rubber collar for sixty."

Major Bollinger was proud of his achievements as an auctioneer, but he liked to speak of himself as a corn critic. He had a State-wide reputation as a corn judge. He received telegrams from distant counties, asking him to come to their agricultural fairs and judge the corn exhibits. He began by judging at our own county fair, and gradually he became one of Oklahoma's authorities on prize corn.

The major's awards were final, and farmers seldom questioned them. His criticisms were so dogmatic that they found it difficult to doubt his authority in making them.

One year at our county fair there was an exhibit that would have tried any corn critic less sure of himself. There were two entries of yellow bantam corn that appeared identical in every respect. Charlie Draper owned one and P. T. Ashburner owned the other. There were six ears in each exhibit. Ear for ear, they weighed the same, measured the same, had the same size cobs, the same number of grains to the row and the same number of rows to the ear. It was as if Nature was out to confute Major Bollinger.

But the major awarded the first prize of five dollars in gold to P. T. Ashburner. "Your yellow bantam is just a lee-tle off-color," he explained to Charlie Draper.

Charlie Draper was mad. "Why, they can't nobody see a bit of difference in the color of them two strings of corn, Major Bollinger."

"Yes, but it's there. Your corn is just a lee-e-tle bit too light a shade. Just a fraction off-shade."

"No, I'll tell you about you," said Charlie; "you're just like some preachers I know. You think you can't make no mistake about nothing. You're just narrer-minded!"

"No, Charlie," said Major Bollinger calmly, "I ain't narrer-minded. I'm right."

## III

### *Earl Abernathy*

That Summer there was a Baptist revival going on in town. At one end of the tent, up over the pulpit, was stretched a long banner with "Where Will You Spend Eternity?" painted on it in big red letters. One day, before services, someone slipped in and painted below this question: "In an Abernathy Casket."

Earl Abernathy was such an up-and-coming undertaker, there were some people spiteful enough to suggest that he had hired it done. Ed Luckenbill, the embalmer at the Green Front Furniture Store, was the one who did the most to keep this rumor going. Other people thought that Ed had the sign painted to hurt Abernathy's business. The two were keen rivals.

Earl Abernathy was the one who had the welfare of the dead at heart, though. He was a ruddy, cheerful little man. He was always on his toes. Every year, during the slack season, he went over to the State college to take an extension course in undertaking and embalming.

During the war Earl was a Minute Man. When he made his short, patriotic talks around at different places he would refer often to the Marine corps, the aviation corps, the engineering corps, and so on. He always pronounced *corps* the way it is spelled. Earl Abernathy kept his undertaking business uppermost in his mind.

After the war he built a $10,000 funeral home in the West Side residential section. "This is just another way in which Earl Abernathy, our fellow townsman, is bettering burial conditions," the *Weekly Recorder* said.

Earl Abernathy didn't stop with building a fine new funeral home. He bought an automobile hearse. The carved wooden sides of the hearse were detachable. When they were taken off they left plate glass sides with a red cross painted on each of them. The whole town shared Earl Abernathy's pride in his new convertible ambulance-hearse.

Then there was the old Odd Fellows' Cemetery. The Odd Fellows didn't take very good care of it. It was always covered with weeds. In the Spring all the graves would be under water, because the ground was low.

Earl Abernathy thought that this was bad. He noticed things like that. He bought a pasture out on the other side of town and started a burial park of his own. He set out some shrubs and gravelled a drive and put up an ornamental iron fence.

At first he had a hard time selling any grave plots in his Rose Hill Burial Park. The Odd Fellows lodge was fighting him. About that time Newt Farnum, who had died of influenza in training camp, was shipped home. As soon as Earl Abernathy heard that Newt's body was going to be sent back, he got busy. He went to Old Man Farnum and told him that he was reserving a place of honor in Rose Hill Burial Park for Newt. He said that he wanted to put up a monument over the grave. Old Man Farnum was pleased.

After the big military funeral Earl Abernathy gave Newt Farnum, it got to be an honor to be buried in the Rose Hill Memorial Park. Some people even had their relatives out in the Odd Fellows graveyard dug up and transplanted to the new cemetery.

One Summer Gerald Norton, who was home for a short vacation, got typhoid fever and died. Gerald Norton was coming right along in the world before his death. He was a young man, but already he had a high-salaried job with a firm of commission brokers in Kansas City. Gerald Norton's old folks were all wrapped up in their boy. They took it hard when he died. They almost went crazy. The old man sat around staring at people without recognising them. The doctors had to work with Mrs. Norton up until the time of the funeral.

It was a big funeral, all right. Earl Abernathy had charge of it. He was everywhere. He didn't forget anything. He issued the pallbearers white cotton gloves. He cautioned them not to tip the casket. He arranged the flowers in a great bank around the coffin. He acted as head usher at the Presbyterian church, where the funeral was held. He calmed Miss Naydine Fritts, who had been Gerald's childhood sweetheart and who was on the programme for a solo. He was at the wheel of the funeral car. At the graveside he collected all the cards from the floral offerings and brought them over to the automobile where Mr. and Mrs. Norton were sitting, very stiff and white.

Earl Abernathy sighed.

He said: "It was a terrible thing that a fine boy like Gerald had to pass on. It certainly was. But I'll say one thing, Mrs. Norton. We give him just as swell a funeral as they could of give him in Kansas City—and maybe a little sweller."

## IV

### *Hail and Farewell*

Nearly always those days David was late to school. It was so hard to get him up in the morning. He was a senior in high-school. He said that a senior in high-school was entitled to some privileges.

That morning he got up early, because it was his birthday. At 8:45 he stood in the back of Fraunhoffer's Purity Bakery eating a sinker and drinking pale brown coffee. He talked to Hank Fraunhoffer as he ate, but all the time he was thinking about how it would be when he had gone out and made a name for himself in the world. Then Hank Fraunhoffer would take his opinions for something and he would come back home in the Summer for a visit in order to give him a few to take.

David wanted to go to Tulsa, after he graduated from high-school, and get a job on a paper writing a column, a humorous column preferably. Not anything deep, like Arthur Brisbane.

David had been a correspondent for the Tulsa *Globe-Telegram* almost a year. He had had four signed news stories printed. Many townspeople had congratulated him.

He was thinking about things like that, gazing out the back door of the Purity Bakery all the time, and not paying much attention to the dirty story Hank Fraunhoffer was telling him. He began to notice the sky. It had changed from the lapis lazuli of an April morning to a dirty grey. The grey was rapidly being overcast by a pall of black. A sudden wind came up out of the west and began to bang the doors.

"Hank, we're going to have a cyclone," David said. He was a little amazed by his own calmness.

"I don't like the color of that there sky," said Hank, "but sac-clones don't start like this. I seen a many a one out in Western Oklahoma."

There came a little flurry of rain. Then the hail began. At first it was nothing more than a few small pats in the street. Then the hailstones began coming down in wagonloads.

"Sounds like the Battle of the Marne," said Hank, shouting above the din.

Hank was beginning to worry about the roof. The roof was metal and the hailstones on it made a terrific uproar. There was a crash, and the plate glass window fell in. A hailstone as big as a teacup rolled through.

David said: "My God, look at that!"

The water began spouting through the tin roof.

It was all over within a half an hour. David went outside. The ground was white with hailstones. They were immense. Some of them were as big as baseballs.

David walked on up North Broadway to the school building. All the windows were broken out there. There wouldn't be any school that day.

During the hailstorm Professor Butler, the superintendent, had been terrified. He had led all the weeping children in prayer. One little boy prayed, "Oh, dear God, I won't do you know what any more if you'll only let me get home to my mamma!"

Nearly all the roofs in town were knocked through, and a large number of plate glass windows had been broken in the business district.

A team of mules hitched back of Hunter's Dry Goods Store had got tangled in their traces. One of them had a broken leg and the other one had got hit in the head with a hailstone and was dead.

David heard a rumor that a nigger named Scott had got hit in the head and killed by a hailstone.

David ran all the way over to the telegraph station at the M. K. & T. depot. He wrote the story in his mind as he ran. He wanted to get it in to the *Globe-Telegram* for the noon edition. He wrote five hundred words. He began, "Hailstones as big as waterbuckets fell here this morning in one of the most phenomenal storms ever witnessed in Eastern Oklahoma. . . ." He sent the wire, marking it carefully, "Day Press Rate Collect."

At noon he had a long-distance telephone call from Mr. Swank, the State editor.

"That was a good story about the hail storm, David."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Swank,I thought it was."

"Any recent developments?"

"Well, no, Mr. Swank. Except the nigger wasn't dead. He was only cold-cocked there for a while."

"He wasn't dead, eh? They resuscitated him, eh? Well, you should have let us know about that as soon as you found it out."

"I kind of hated to tell you, Mr. Swank."

"Well, how about the size of those hailstones?"

"Those hailstones were as big as I said, all right, Mr. Swank."

"Well, I toned them down to the size of baseballs for the noon edition, and I think I'd better make them the size of billiard balls for the next edition. That'd be more like it, wouldn't it?"

"No, no, Mr. Swank. Don't make them any smaller. They were as big as I said, all right. I can get a hundred people here to sign affidavit to that."

"Fine! You do that, David. It'd make a nice little story."

"All right, Mr. Swank."

"Well, give me a ring if you have any more developments."

That afternoon when the *Globe-Telegram* came in on the 5:45 there was a boxed story on the front page. "Freak Hail Storm Terrorizes Town." It had David's by-line.

One Monday, a week after he had graduated from high-school, David got a telegram from the *Globe-Telegram*. It said that they had an opening on the staff for him at $20 a week.

David had ten minutes to get to the M. K. & T. station to catch the 10:50 passenger train.

"Iron my shirts and send them on," he yelled to Hannah, the nigger girl, as he ran out the front door.

The train was moving quickly past the Cherokee Elevator Company, past Chalmers' cotton gin, past the railroad pond, past the tall steel water-tower, spidery sentinel of the town.

A pæan welled up in David's heart.

"Goodbye, home town!" his heart chanted to the increasing tempo of the rail clicks. "I am going out to the cities to be a newspaper man. Goodbye, all you dull, uninteresting people! I am going out in the world to make a name for myself. Goodbye, tenant farmers with hookworm and one-gallused overalls! I'll grow a mustache and carry a cane. The world is mine to do what I please with! Goodbye, little town, goodbye!"

Those were the days before David knew drudgery and defeat. Those were the happy days. He was seventeen.

# ON LIVING IN CITIES

### BY WARREN S. THOMPSON

There is a growing feeling among thoughtful people that the modern large city as an experiment in human association is turning out badly in many respects. As a place to live, people of moderate and small means are finding it well-nigh impossible; indeed, even the well-to-do are encountering increasing difficulty in getting sufficient space—either indoors or out—to be comfortable and to maintain any degree of privacy in their lives.

Then, too, some question is being raised regarding the efficiency of the large city as an economic organization; while there is a growing suspicion that its cultural advantages may have been over-rated in so far as they contribute to the expansion of the lives of 99% of the population. When we find, in addition, that the much advertised health work in large cities still leaves them with death-rates in excess of those of smaller communities having almost no organized health work, it would seem that it was time for us to consider more carefully than has been our wont the whole question of the efficiency and desirability of maintaining large cities as the places of abode and work for a very considerable and ever increasing part of our population.

I shall first consider some of the economic aspects of the large city in an endeavor to find out whether it is the efficient economic machine we have always been told that it is. One cannot hope, with the data now available, to answer definitively the question whether the large city or the small city is the more efficient economically. Perhaps no categorical answer can be made to this question because each type of city may have certain advantages and disadvantages for certain kinds of work. But I believe there are some indications that our general acceptance of the large city as the most efficient type of economic organization for all purposes is not justified and I should like to call attention to them here.

There is some reason to think that the law of diminishing returns, which was formerly believed to apply to agriculture only, also applies to cities and to the factories and offices in which their work is done. It is a well-established fact in agriculture that a point is soon reached where the increased expenditure of human labor and the application of more fertilizer to a given area will not produce a proportional increase in the yield of the land. It seems quite probable that the same general principle, with proper modifications, applies to factories, offices, stores, warehouses and so forth, and even to cities as complete units.

Size alone does place very definite limits to the increase of efficiency in certain types of producing units. It is well known that their multiplication in one plant often leads to a decline in the efficiency of each unit of capital and labor employed. One may probably say with considerable truth that each type of work has its own most efficient unit of organization and that this most efficient unit is by no means always the largest. It may very well be that what is true of factories is also true of cities and we must not take it for granted that the largest cities are necessarily the most efficient.

## II

Without further ado, let us examine some of the facts which indicate that the large city is being found wanting as the most efficient type of economic organization for certain purposes.

In the matter of wages, we find considerable differences between cities. Thus in the shoe industry, the hourly wages in 1924 were $0.709 in New York City and $0.493 in the rest of New York State. The hours were a little longer in the rest of the State—three in the week—so that the weekly earnings ($32.40) were only about one-third larger in New York City than up-State ($24.01). In Boston, on the other hand, wages were lower in this industry than in Lynn, Haverhill, and Brockton. This, however, results from the fact that cheaper and more standardized types of shoes are made in Boston than in these other places. Thus Boston uses less skilled labor in making its shoes and pays what amounts to unskilled rates of wages, while the smaller cities pay skilled rates to more proficient craftsmen.

It is a generally known fact that the shoe industry has been moving West in recent years and most of the manufacturers say very frankly that the motive is cheaper labor and rent in the less densely settled areas, as well as cheaper transportation through getting nearer to supplies of material and to markets. This westward movement is shown by the fact that in 1914 Massachusetts made 39.4% of all the shoes manufactured in the United States, while in 1923 only 25.5% were made there. In the same period, the percentage of the total made in New York State increased from 13.3 to 21.6 (this gain was the result of the increase in up-State production in small cities); and in Missouri from 7.1 to 16.0. Maine was the only New England State which about held its own (falling from 5.4 per cent to 4.9 per cent) during this period. It is significant that Maine is the most rural of the New England States and has the lowest rate of wages.

The movement of the cotton industry into the South is another well-known example of industry going into the relatively open country and getting nearer to sources of materials, power, and cheap labor. The National Industrial Conference Board found that hourly wages in November, 1925, averaged $0.426 in the cotton mills of the North and only $0.313 in those of the South. The average weekly earnings were $19.87 in the North and $15.56 in the South. No doubt part of this difference is due to the more highly skilled labor in many Northern mills, but part of it is due to differences in cost of living. From the standpoint of the cost of living practically all of Southern New England is a city, while there are only two fairly large cities in the South, and they are not mill cities.

The men's clothing industry is also leaving the larger cities for less crowded areas. In 1914 70% of the people employed in this industry were living in seven large cities; but in 1921 only 60.6% were in those cities. To quote from the Bulletin No. 387 of the Department of Labor:

> The agents were told by a number of manufacturers that a considerable number of men's clothing manufacturers had moved their factories or some of their shops from New York City and Philadelphia to near-by cities in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and up-State New York, thus causing a decrease in the number of shops and wage-earners in the industry in New York and Philadelphia. This is especially true of New York City, and is borne out by the United States Census of Manufacturers, which reports 47,311 wage-earners in the industry in New York City in 1919, and 32,571 in 1921, a decrease of 14,740, or 31%. This decrease may not have been due entirely to the moving of factories and shops, as there was a decrease of about 6% in the number of wage-earners in the industry in the country as a whole between 1919 and 1921.
>
> The factories and shops moved out of New York City and Philadelphia, as stated by the manufacturers, on account of labor conditions, increased wage rates, rentals, and other increased costs of manufacture.

The data gathered by the United States Department of Labor thus seem to bear out the statement of the manufacturers. The average hourly earnings of men in the seven clothing manufacturing cities were \$0.931, but in the small cities of Eastern Pennsylvania they were only \$0.470. The average for men in New York and Chicago was \$1 an hour, while in Baltimore it was \$0.813, in Cincinnati \$0.857, and in Rochester \$0.830. Rather strangely, it was only \$0.761 in Philadelphia, which could seem high only in comparison with the rates in the smaller places in Eastern Pennsylvania.

Of course, the fact that piecework is a large part of all work in the men's clothing industry makes it difficult to hazard any statement regarding the amount of work done for a given wage, but it seems reasonable to suppose that the differences in hourly rates reflect the differences in cost of living to a considerable extent, and consequently that the movement of the industry toward low wage areas is, as the manufacturers say, a movement to reduce the costs of manufacture. Apparently the costs of living which must necessarily be reflected in the costs of manufacture are making it more and more difficult for the large cities to compete with cities of smaller size in certain industries. No doubt this is particularly true of industries like clothing where the capital invested in machinery is small and the factory-building needs are not very exacting.

It may be that the lower wages in Rochester and Cincinnati, as well as the still lower ones in the smaller cities of Eastern Pennsylvania, are only possible because of lower standards of living. I do not believe, however, that this is the case. I am inclined to think that the workers in Rochester and Cincinnati, which are both rather large clothing and shoe centers, live better than those in New York and Chicago. I know these four cities quite well. I also know some of the small up-State shoe centers in New York very well and I have spent some time in a number of the smaller manufacturing cities of Eastern Pennsylvania. I am sure that if I were a workman I should prefer life in them to life in New York City and Philadelphia, even at their higher wages. Wages in these cities must be considerably higher to provide even the minimum of decency in housing, to say nothing of reasonable comfort in many other respects.

## III

It will be said that the higher wages of the big cities are largely a reflection of the greater productivity of the workers; that they actually accomplish more work in a given time than the more poorly paid workers in smaller communities. This did not turn out to be the case, however, in a recent study made by the Bureau of Labor Statistics on the productivity of labor in certain building trades. No definite relation was established between wages and productivity in this study; although the Southern cities with lower wages generally showed a larger productivity per hour, so that the unit cost for wages was considerably lower in the South than in other areas. If higher wages in the big cities do not mean faster and better work, then the labor costs of production are certain to be greater in them than in the smaller places.

It is unquestionably the difference in living costs, which is necessarily reflected in wages, that is responsible for this movement of many industries out of large cities into smaller places. Manufacturers are slowly finding out that they do not need to have their factories under their immediate supervision and are beginning to give economic considerations more weight in the location of new plants and branch plants. That offices may be organized in much the same way as manufacturing plants and may be located where personal efficiency is greater and the costs of living are lower does not seem to have occurred to any considerable number of business men as yet. There can be no reasonable doubt, however, that this is the case; for just as wages reflect the cost of living in different communities, so do salaries—although it is possible that this is not so true of the salaries of clerical workers as it is of those of managerial workers. But we are all familiar with instances where men in the larger cities are getting salaries considerably in excess of those paid for the same kind and quality of work in the smaller cities, and there is little doubt that many of these salary differentials are fully justified by the differentials in living costs. Of course, these higher salaries in large cities enter into the costs of doing business in them and unless offset by the increased efficiency of the workers, tend to cut down the economic efficiency of the large city as a form of economic organization.

As regards the individual's efficiency in large and small cities, I have frequently been told by business men, having both factory and office branches in communities of different sizes, that it is necessary to pay a man from fifty to a hundred per cent more for the same work in New York or Chicago than in cities of 75,000 to 150,000. Furthermore, they tell me it is not uncommon to find that the quality of a man's work deteriorates so much in the large city that he is actually worth less to the business than before he was moved. The very general belief that the productiveness of the salaried worker is greater as the size of the place in which he works becomes greater is certainly open to question and is flatly denied by many men in a position to know from personal experience.

As manufacturing tends to move out of the larger cities, its place is being taken by the office and the commercial house, so that not only is there no actual decline in the population of the cities, but the increase continues in much the same way as formerly. The city's increase in employés today is in clerical work and in those occupations connected with merchandising, transportation, and amusements, not in the directly productive types of work. The types of labor the cities demand today are, therefore, the types that are notoriously poorly paid—the unskilled white-collar workers.

There generally seems to be a plethora of such labor in all of our larger cities, hence it is quite probable that the differences in cost of living between large and small cities are not fully reflected in the differences in rates of pay to these workers. This may be one of the reasons why manufacturing is moving out of the large cities more rapidly than office work. But even if the salaries of clerical workers are not much higher in the large cities than in the small cities, there is yet reason to believe that a given amount of office work costs more in the former. The reasons for this are not far to seek.

For one thing, the efficiency of the worker is directly affected by the amount of noise and confusion about him, by the ventilation of the office he works in, and by the extent to which office crowding interferes with his work. Tests of various kinds indicate that big, noisy, crowded offices often reduce the worker's efficiency as much as 20%. Then, too, there can be no reasonable doubt that the slum or near-slum conditions under which most of these clerical workers live make a terrible drain on their efficiency. Most of them live in tiny apartments where there is little chance to relax comfortably when the day's work is over and to recuperate satisfactorily for the next day's work. Those few who live far enough away from their work to avoid the evils of congestion in living quarters suffer almost equally from the congestion of traffic in going to and coming from their work. The exhaustion of the rush hours can scarcely be conducive to efficient work in the office.

I have frequently discussed this matter of the efficiency of office work in cities, both with men who were engaged in it and with those who had charge of large bodies of clerical workers. I have yet to find the man who does not feel that congestion at home, on the streets, in the offices, and on the street cars lowers the efficiency of the very great majority of the white-collar workers, as well as of the hand-workers, and that it would be much better for them as individuals, as well as for their employers, if they could live in smaller places, where they could have more room and where the getting to and from work was a real rest rather than "the hardest part of the day's work," as I have had many high-salaried New Yorkers tell me.

This terrible drain on the time and energy of people in going to work is inevitable in large cities and increases almost directly as the size of the city increases. Furthermore, our experience in the United States holds out no hope that better transportation will solve the problem. New York, for all its subway building, is far more congested today than it was twenty years ago. The situation in most other large cities is not essentially different, although there are, of course, differences in the degree of congestion. Everywhere it grows worse year by year and people spend more time on more crowded conveyances getting to and from their work in more crowded offices.

Another cause of this differential cost of doing business in large cities is found in the extreme slowness of street traffic in the more congested districts. One need not dwell long on this aspect of the matter, as every one knows something of the facts. One example will suffice. Several years ago I was thinking of the economic waste involved in the slow-moving traffic as I was loitering near the wharves in lower Manhattan. Just to see how fast it actually moved, I picked out a large truck at random from those waiting for the traffic signal to turn in their favor and started to follow it afoot. For nearly an hour I kept this truck in sight without any particular difficulty and, beside, had time to loaf at some of the more important intersections. It took the truck almost as long to go from the wharf to the jobbing house, only a few blocks away, as it does to deliver a load of hogs from the village where I live to the stockyards thirty miles away, and I have no doubt it cost more in wages and gasoline, for there were three men on the truck. Your own experience will probably supply you with numerous similar examples.

Again, if we were able to allocate the electricity used in a large city to the different types of service it renders, we should certainly have another great source of inefficiency made apparent in striking fashion. I have never seen even an estimate of the electric power used for various purposes in cities, but I dare say that in most of them a major part of it is used to keep people out of one another's way and to overcome other handicaps of congestion, rather than for the actual accomplishment of productive work, or for night lighting. Think of the stupendous amount used in vertical transportation in the large city, of the amount of daylight lighting required where buildings are crowded together, of the amount of power consumed by the street railways, and of the energy expended in supplying water and heat to the upper floors of the great office buildings, the hotels, and the apartment houses!

There is the same inefficient use of all other types of power. More gasoline is consumed by standing automobiles than by moving ones, more man power is spent in reconstructing than in constructing, and more nervous energy is expended in keeping out of other people's way than in doing one's work. In every direction one finds this enormous waste of physical and mental energy when population is heavily congested. The stage of diminishing returns, both economically and humanly apparently set in some time back in mos of our cities of over a quarter of a million

## IV

All of this increase in the cost of labor, this impairment of individual efficiency, and this inefficient use of power and machinery arising from congestion in large cities must, of course, add to their costs of doing business as compared with smaller places. They must, therefore, have advantages of other sorts if they are to continue in successful competition with these smaller communities. What are these advantages?

I cannot take the time here to answer this question as fully as I should like, to say nothing of adequately discussing the reasons given, but I may adduce a few considerations which will help us to understand why the large cities continue to flourish in spite of these economic handicaps.

In the first place, they draw to themselves a disproportionate amount of the developed organizing talent of the country. Men who have proved their talent to organize and manage large enterprises go to the large cities in great numbers and without doubt these unusually able executives can frequently keep enterprises working very well in spite of the fact that the individual workers are on the average less efficient than those engaged in similar enterprises located in smaller communities, and in spite of the mechanical inefficiency resulting from congestion. In other words, superior organizing ability can often make a fairly efficient machine out of rather inefficient materials and under unfavorable conditions. This is without doubt an important factor in keeping up the efficiency of the large city and must not be overlooked.

In the second place, the very volume of business that can be done in a large community often makes it more profitable to the ambitious individual to keep his business there, even though each unit of capital and labor earns considerably less than it would in a smaller community. Naturally, this is true of all those businesses where the product or service is consumed locally. This point needs no elaboration. It is quite obvious that in a community of a million people there are more possible customers for a department store, for a chain of stores, for a specialty store, or for a thousand and one other enterprises than in a community of ten thousand. Many people stand to profit by a large volume of business and this very fact tends to create the large city and to keep it growing.

No doubt many people who do a national and an international business also find it advantageous to keep their offices in large centers, both because of the advantages they offer of doing business with other men having national or international interests and because of the prestige of having offices in large centers.

Many professional men also find it to their advantage to be in a large center of population. The doctor may have a larger volume of business and secure larger fees, as well as specialize more narrowly; the lawyer will have a chance at more important cases, in which the fees are larger; the engineer, the architect, the accountant and many other men find far better opportunities in the larger cities. Thus it happens that although personal efficiency may be less in the large city than the small city, yet personal interest often dictates living in the larger centers where incomes are higher and where the bigger economic prizes are to be secured.

In the third place, the very inertia of our past growth tends to continue to absorb people into the large centers of population. It is, on the whole, easier to add units to a manufacturing plant or stories to an office building than to reorganize the business on the basis of smaller units. This growth by accretion may continue for some time after the conditions making large cities and large centralized and concentrated businesses advantageous cease to exist. Business is often quite as traditional and unprogressive as other human institutions. Of course, a business that persists too long in traditional channels is bound to come to grief unless it is monopolistic in nature. But that businesses can and often do persist for some time in ignoring new conditions is seen clearly by the way in which the railroads have lost much of their local passenger and freight traffic and are on the point of losing a new stratum of long distance passengers who must travel cheaply if they travel at all. It is also to be seen in the slowness with which a country like England adapts its industry and business to the new conditions arising in world trade.

Indeed there are many anomalies in business which seem inexplicable, except on the basis of inertia. This may well explain why A's business is now carried on by 12,000 employés in New York rather than by 10,000 scattered in a dozen or more offices throughout the country, where space would not be as costly and where work, by actual test, may be 20% more efficient because of less noise, better housing, more adequate food, and all-around better living conditions. There is at least a considerable presumption in favor of this position when every conceivable factor of efficiency seems to be defied in the conduct of an enterprise which is not highly competitive.

In the fourth place, there can be no doubt that the desire to display power and the craving for personal convenience are potent factors in keeping up the growth of large cities. Many a man likes to have the proof constantly before him that he is boss of a big concern. It flatters his sense of importance to have the hundreds or thousands of people work under his direction where he can see them if he is so minded. Likewise, personal convenience in being able to summon quickly one's subordinates is often mistaken for efficiency, and businesses are kept concentrated in one spot long after efficiency alone would demand their decentralization.

In the fifth place, we must notice briefly the effect of the present rate structure of our railroads upon the concentration of population. To the uninitiated, of whom I am one, it would seem that the railroad rates should be based upon the cost of service, so that they would exercise no discriminating influence between communities. They are not so based, however, and no serious attempt has ever been made to find out the actual costs of traffic under different conditions and in communities of different sizes, and to assess rates on this basis. The general theories upon which our railway rates are based, namely, the distance principle, the equalization principle, and the group rate, even if emphasis is placed at all times on traffic density, preclude any close approximation of rates to the cost of the service rendered. In fact, the Interstate Commerce Commission has frequently made specific disavowal of any intention of attempting to find what terminal costs, for example, are under varying conditions. The following statement from the Western Cement Case will show its general position on this point:

> No method has yet been determined for satisfactorily separating this factor [terminal cost] from the rate as a whole, nor has any means yet been devised of showing to what extent conditions prevailing at different originating points, varying perhaps radically in traffic density, should affect terminal charges.

This is, in brief, the answer of the Interstate Commerce Commission to the insistence of the cement shippers that the switching rates in congested districts should reflect the high cost of terminal facilities in such areas and that the construction of a rate for country districts should reflect the relatively smaller expense of the terminal facilities at these points.

Until the relative costs of handling traffic in terminals of different sizes are worked out, we may expect a continuance of the present system, in which cost of service is a negligible factor in determining a reasonable rate, and so the large cities will continue to receive a subsidy from the rest of the country resulting from combining terminal costs with road haul costs.

If freight tariffs can be reduced to a cost of service basis, a rapid decentralization of industry and a consequent rapid decentralization of population may be expected to take place. The Eastern seaboard will no longer exercise the influence it now does in our economic life and our larger cities everywhere will find it more difficult to compete with smaller places in many types of enterprise.

In his "Economic Factors in the Location of Manufacturing Industries," Professor Malcolm Keir has this to say on the point:

> Between 1828 and 1916 railroad freight rates were successively revised downward. Further-

> more, the rates were arranged to give precedence to the long haul over the short haul. It was to the interest of the railroads, since they made their profits on the long rather than the short hauls, to keep manufacturing localized in the East, where it first developed, and to prevent wide decentralization of manufacturing in the Western agricultural regions.
>
> Rates were adjusted so as to give undue favoritism to the large Eastern seaboard cities. This led to the building of great centers of population in the East specializing in manufacture and the wide dispersal of agriculture in the Middle and Far West. The result was a long haul for manufactured articles westward and a long haul of agricultural products eastward. Some of the farm output was necessary to feed congested areas in the East, but in addition large amounts of it were raw materials for the factories of the East. It is a little-appreciated fact that factories secure three-fourths of their raw materials from farms, and that half of the farm products go to factories. . . .
>
> [If there is] an adjustment of rates on the basis of service rendered . . . [they] will probably be placed upon a mileage charge, plus a charge for terminal facilities. . . . Then localization of industry no longer will be profitable. Nearness to raw materials and especially nearness to market will be enhanced as factors to be considered in locating a factory. The great centers of population in the East will be vitally affected. Without artificial support from the railroads they could not continue their industrial supremacy. . . .
>
> In fact, the Middle West is likely to witness a rapid increase in its industrial activities. It is not without meaning that the State of Michigan led the nation between 1910 and 1920 in increase of population. All of the natural factors favoring manufacturing are to be found in the Middle West. Raw materials from the farm and from the mines are easily available, power and fuel are at hand, living is cheap because of the prevalence of farms, and labor is available, especially that of women.

The movement of industry out of the large cities, which has already begun, as I have shown, will be greatly accelerated by a more reasonable rate structure. In those types of business where freight rates are not an important factor in competition, a readjustment of rates to a cost basis will not have a directly decentralizing effect, but they will be affected by the movement of population resulting from adjustment in other industries. It is quite probable, then, that a cost-of-service rate structure will go a long way toward checking the growth of our great cities and may, in the course of time, tend to lessen even their present numbers.

## V

There are still other factors which tend to favor the growth of large cities even though such cities may be uneconomic in many respects. These conditions, during the past century, have resulted in a set of extremely favorable mental attitudes. There is scarcely a city of more than a few thousand inhabitants anywhere which does not hope that it will grow and whose citizens will not feel more important the larger their city becomes. The average New Yorker feels that he has a distinct advantage over the Chicagoan simply because he lives in New York, not because he can live more comfortably, has better parks, better schools, better health, fewer poor people and better housing, or for any other reason which might be a legitimate source of pride if it were true, but simply because he is a New Yorker. The strange thing is that the Chicagoan acknowledges this superiority, and in turn salves his pride by lording it over the Cincinnatian. In like manner, the representative of the biggest firm in the field feels greatly superior to the man from a smaller firm, even when there is not the slightest personal superiority to warrant it.

Our worship of size as such is, then, an extremely important factor in keeping the large American cities growing. To belong to something huge seems to give a feeling of personal distinction and worth to many people who have no basis for claiming such distinction in their own achievements. This is probably an inevitable stage of development which we must pass through in this country. I fancy that it is characteristic of all pioneer peoples and of all peoples having a large foreign immigration. We have not yet developed standards which will enable us to appraise even individual economic effectiveness except in terms of the size of the organization with which the individual is identified or the size of his income. These criteria of size are the simplest of all measurements and, therefore, the easiest to apply. For this very reason, they are, in many respects, the least significant measures that can be applied. But so long as great size exercises the influence it now does over our mental attitudes, we shall undoubtedly show a deference to large cities which will assist them in growing in spite of their inefficiency.

This discussion cannot be closed without calling attention to the fact that certain groups of people stand to profit very largely by the continued growth of the cities. These people can scarcely be expected to stand quietly by while their source of profits is dammed up. All those who own real estate or deal in it would obviously be strongly opposed to any movement likely to check the growth of cities for it might deflate the values of lands and buildings. They would be joined in their opposition, of course, by the downtown store owners, the newspapers, the jobbers and wholesalers, the hotel men, and many others who stand to gain by the continued increase of city populations. The professional booster would also be on the job; and he would indeed be a hardy man who dared expose himself to the wrath of these groups. The result is that we are so constantly and so exclusively being told what a fine thing it is to have our city grow that most of use never stop to ask: Fine for whom? or to inquire what this growth means from the standpoint of national economy and individual welfare.

I have called attention to some of the considerations which make it appear doubtful to me whether the large city is the efficient type of economic organization we have always supposed it to be. I am quite ready to admit that these considerations are not conclusive, and that they do not constitute definitive proof of the economic inefficiency of large cities, but it seems to me they do justify questioning the economic value of such urban aggregations and should lead us to ponder this matter more carefully than has been our wont.

It may seem to many that even though the modern large city should prove to be the most efficient type of economic organization man could devise, yet it should be reorganized and in large measure depopulated to make it more human and more livable. Personally, I should agree to this, but I do not believe we shall make much progress in that direction until the people in control of our economic activities become fully convinced of the economic inefficiency of our present type of big city. It is for this reason that I should like to see far more information on this point made available than we now have. It is much easier to convince people that the large city is not a fit place of habitation for 75% to 90% of the population than it is to convince them that it is not a necessary form of economic and social organization. For some time to come the size and the form of our cities will be determined largely by what our economic leaders believe regarding the economic efficiency of cities of different sizes and forms. It is extremely important, therefore, if we hope for better cities, that we begin to give this matter of economic efficiency more attention and that the men in charge of business enterprises begin to experiment with new forms of organization in communities of different sizes so that we may know what the facts really are.

One could without much difficulty suggest questions which one would like to see answered in definitive fashion so that we would have a rational basis on which to found a new economic organization if it should seem desirable to do so. One may ask whether the great insurance companies in New York really know that it is cheaper to build one-hundred-story buildings (one of them has recently announced such a building) housing twelve to twenty thousand people than to have a number of branch offices located in different parts of the country. Whether many railroads, whose eastern termini are hundreds of miles from New York, are better off for having general offices in New York and employing thousands of clerks there rather than in the smaller cities along their lines. Whether our great public utilities are more economically conducted from New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other large cities than they would be if local offices did more of their actual business. Whether an automobile factory can be operated more cheaply in Detroit than in some smaller city where workers pay lower rents and spend but a few minutes getting to work. Whether economical merchandising can only be carried on in large stores downtown. Whether thousands of both large and small offices could not be moved out from the downtown sections of our large cities with a lowering of rents and an improvement in efficiency among the workers.

One could continue such inquiries almost indefinitely, but there is no need. Very clearly there are many facts about the economy of our present form of urban organization that are not known and are not even thought about seriously by those who manage our system. It is time that we began to inquire into these matters more carefully and to use the results in planning a more satisfying mode of life for the masses of the working population.

# THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

## Scientific Methodology

### SOCIAL SCIENCE BECOMES EXACT

By J. J. Spengler

Nothing so marks contemporary American social scientists as their very evident desire to emulate the physicists and chemists in objectivity and exactitude. I refer chiefly to economists and sociologists, although some historians, social psychologists, and related brethren give evidence of being infected by the same virus.

The chief reason for this emphasis upon objectivity seems to be the success of the behaviorists, who, having temporarily driven consciousness and introspection out of the psychological sties, are able to pose as blood brothers of the physicist and chemist. But the yearning to emulate the latter is not wholly new among either economists or sociologists. During the closing part of the Eighteenth and the first half of the Nineteenth Centuries most economists assiduously sought to describe economic behavior in terms of laws as uniform, universal, and unchangeable as the laws of physics were then supposed to be. And the early sociologists, Comte, Quetelet, and Spencer, viewed the study of society as a sort of social physics.

Today methodology has been elevated to the level of a fetish. He who would be a real scientist must obey rigorously the three authentic canons:

1. Only those studies are scientific which are quantitative (statistical) in nature.
2. The sole aim of any science is to predict.
3. No scientist dares, *as a scientist*, to express a judgment as to what is good or bad.

It is my purpose to show that none of these canons can be completely applied in economics or sociology, much less in history, ethics, jurisprudence, etc.; and that since no social science can attain to the objectivity and exactitude of physics and chemistry no social science can be a science in the sense that these latter are sciences. From this it follows that social scientists are condemned to be artists at the best and mountebanks at the worst, depending upon the degree to which common sense characterizes their search for data and their inferential processes.

The use of statistics in economics, sociology, etc. is limited in three ways. In the first place statistical data must be fairly complete and well gathered if satisfactory conclusions are to be derived. Of this many young sociologists seeking master's degrees are painfully unaware. In the second place, even assuming that data are plentiful and accurately gathered, it is impossible to use these data as the basis for broad, general statements. If 1% of the banks in Ohio fail all one can say is that 1% failed. One can infer nothing concerning how many will fail in Ohio next year, or how many have failed in Iowa.

In the third place, many things cannot be measured at all. Cultural and religious backgrounds, the institutional set-up of society, the social habits of different peoples, are certainly effective factors in the economic life of man, even though they cannot be measured by census bureaux. In short, only such stable and elemental factors as the birth-rate, the consumption of basic foods, etc., can be measured. So soon as *Homo sapiens* acts capriciously, as in politics, in the consumption of gimcracks, etc., he escapes the clutches of the statistician.

It must not be inferred, of course, that the statistician is a fool, even though he sometimes denies existence to that which he cannot measure. On the contrary, no method is so successful as the statistical in demonstrating the emptiness of much that passes for social science. It must be remembered merely that not even the most esoteric statistical technique is independent of logic.

While the modern historians deal with statistics only occasionally, they fall into errors analogous to those of the statisticians in their emphasis on documents. Thus, those who are most severely bitten by the bug of science practically deny existence to Christ, Confucius and Lao-tse simply because their birth and death certificates have not as yet been unearthed. Again, many historians are prone to write of the genesis of the World War only in terms of a chronological sequence of documents, to the complete neglect of highly effective but undocumented factors.

By the second canon the sole aim of social science is to predict. Accordingly, the task of the economist is ended when he states that a sharp increase in the supply of automobiles will depress the price, or that an increase in population unaccompanied by an increase in production will reduce the standard of living. This canon conforms to Veblen's notion that scientists are motivated solely by "idle curiosity." It is more in conformity with common sense and actual practice in private research bureaux to say that the aim is not prediction *per se*. Prediction is prior to, but subordinate to, social control. Changes in the demand for goods or in amusement requirements are predicted merely in order that producers and dispensers may adjust their future programmes to these anticipated changes.

In the strict meaning of the term prediction is either unnecessary or impossible. If nothing changes there is no need to predict; if the world does change there is no logical basis on which to rest an anticipation of the future. The method of probability, however, frees the social scientist from this dilemma. Thus, of 100,000 newly born infants it is impossible to forecast which will die within five years, but it is possible to tell how many will die within that time. It is possible, therefore, to know only the probability of something's taking place. This form of prediction is the basis of insurance, of business forecasting, etc.; likewise, it is the only type of prediction possible in the field of sub-atomic physics.

Even the historians are given to overemphasis of prediction. Several years ago Cheyney laid down a number of laws of history according to which one could forecast the future. A profane minority immediately guffawed; today even pious historians refer to these laws with tongue in cheek.

In résumé, the second canon appears untenable for two reasons. In the first place, as Frank Knight has stated, "human phenomena will not yield generalizations that can be used as the basis of prediction and the guidance of policy, because there are no generalizations about them which are true." In the second place, men are interested in the probable, not merely to know the probable, but to save their skins by avoiding the probable.

The third canon, that no scientist can, *as a scientist*, pass a moral judgment, follows as a corollary from the assertion that prediction is the sole aim of science. This third canon numbers adherents even among those who take little stock in the first canon. Curiously enough, however, even among those who claim to adhere to this third canon it is as difficult to find persons who have not passed moral judgments as it once was, if we may trust Gibbon, to find vestals in Rome.

Sociologists and economists frequently assert that so soon as they utter moral judgments they have ceased to be scientists. Thus Pitirim Sorokin, a renowned sociologist, writes:

> All the theories which try to preach what ought to be, in what way the social world should be changed, and what ought to be done for this purpose, are omitted. The reason is that as far as such theories are busy not with what was, is, and will be, but with what ought to be, or ought not to be, they are out of science.

And in a popular text-book in economics three Yale professors, Furniss, Fairchild and Buck, quote with approval from Francis Walker, an earlier economist:

> A science, whether the science of mathematics, or physics, or mechanics, or chemistry, or geology, or physiology, or economics, deals only with the relation of cause and effect within its own field. It does not start with the notion that something is desirable or undesirable; nor does it arrive at any such conclusion as its result. It has no business to offer precepts or prescriptions.

The three Yale professors go on to say that while "moral edicts are of great economic significance, we must not forget that the science of economics cannot and does not attempt to tell us whether monogamy or polygamy is right or wrong." But they weaken considerably by Chapter X, wherein they say that "the time *to pass judgment* upon proposals to alter radically the existing economic system is at its [the text-book's] close." Needless to say, they find themselves unable to wait even that long.

The third canon is unsound on two counts. In the first place, it is impossible of observance. In the second place, it is undesirable that social scientists refrain from passing moral judgment. No social scientist, in fact, can consistently avoid rendering judgments, even when writing as a scientist. Valuation is inextricably interwoven with factual treatment in the field of social science. Economics, sociology, history, etc., deal with historical matter, current institutions, prevailing social practices, as well as with those new incipient institutions and social practices which are forming within the womb of the old. The economist, for instance, must either defend or attack the *ſtatus quo*. Likewise with the sociologist. Neither can unearth a fact without implying a value; neither can examine the actual without scratching the possible. The essence of all rational social science, in short, consists in comparing *what was*, *what is*, and *what ought to be*.

The critical character of economic and sociological literature substantiates what has been said. For example, the tariff has been condemned, free enterprise has been defended, and governmental interference attacked in a manner creditable even to Smoot or Coolidge. Economics, in fact, as usually taught, is as much an inoculation against common decency in economic relationships as a high-school course in literature is an inhibition of sound appreciation. In a like manner sociology is largely given to "suggestive" criticism of prevailing institutions.

It is as undesirable for social scientists to refrain from passing moral judgments based upon their findings as it would be for critics and reviewers to turn their task over to Kiwanis. This is not to suggest that a social scientist should be a propagandist after the manner of Dr. Clarence True Wilson. It is rather to assert that social scientists must advocate changes based upon their reasoned conclusions, in a manner foreign to a physicist, for example. Otherwise, suggestions as to change will issue only from such sources as the American Legion, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the A. F. of L. and Rotary.

Social scientists occupy, relative to the social body, a position analogous to that occupied by physicians relative to the human body. If a criminologist is not more informed concerning crime than anyone else, who is? Certainly not a legislator. If economists have not forgotten more concerning economics than any Congressman (barring, perhaps, a few) has ever known or will ever know, evidence to the contrary has never been presented. If a sociologist does not know more of the effects of Prohibition than the myopic, Methodist dons of Westerville the pages of the *American Issue* do not so testify. If an honest historian does not know more of the trend of history than the palsied committees which select text-books, surely school superintendents do not. Briefly, what are social scientists for if not to give their reasoned opinions based upon careful study?

Fortunately, despite protestations to the contrary, many social scientists unintentionally pass judgments. Others consciously stress the utilitarian aspects of their findings. Thus Harry Elmer Barnes says: "The chief practical utility of pragmatic history is the aid it may render in that laudable effort to lessen the influence of the dead hand over those who today must plan a more efficient and happy future for the race."

It follows from what has been said that social science differs categorically from physical science. The three canons laid down fit no one of the social sciences. No amount of pretended exactitude or assumed impersonalism can transform social science into physical science. The social scientist, therefore, is condemned to be an artist who must rely on common sense instead of upon an esoteric methodology, who must be governed not only by the standards of the laboratory but even more by those of common sense and common decency. He cannot even act *as if* he were a physical scientist.

## Literature

### SOMETIMES THERE'S A TRICK

By Chester T. Crowell

Young writers often appeal to me for advice, not about the quality of their work (they are always entirely satisfied with that), but about how to get something, anything, published. They are convinced that there is a trick in it; and they assume that I know the trick. Of course, it is all very well to admonish and lecture them, but let's look at the problem from their point of view, just for a change. Most of them have nothing to say. They are very young. They can write nice sentences and they would like to be published. What's more, they often see in print matter that was obviously produced by persons exactly like themselves. How did it get there? Can you blame them for asking?

I am rather tired of donning my whiskers and looking at them through my bushy eyebrows as I speak solemn words of wisdom. I am about ready to admit that there is a trick, although an appallingly obvious one. Of course the trick changes from time to time like other styles and fads and fancies but for some years it seems to me that it has been to write of Woman Triumphant. There is a subject on which you don't have to write profoundly or even very well. It is hard for the publisher to refuse the story of Woman Triumphant because women demand it and they buy at least three-fourths of the annual output of fiction.

If I were determined to write for publication and had nothing to say I should get hold of an ancient copy of the type of pulp-paper magazine that used to specialize in tales of daring-do by he-blooded red men with names like Jake and Hank and Buck. I should then change Buck to Miss Patience or Gwendolyn or I might even make her Jackie or Billy. I should not omit the horse nor the two guns nor the homicides—just change Buck to Miss Billy. In stories of the type I have in mind profanity was always represented, if represented at all, by dashes. Nowadays it would be better to restore the profanity.

Very well then, let's take one of these stories and see what we can do with it. Along about the third chapter we should meet a girl named Nellie who was shy and who was learning to ride but who didn't ride very well and eventually got lost in the canyon after her horse ran away with her. In our story this young lady becomes Buck the cowboy, a charming but not very expert cowboy, and he is rescued by Miss Billy after a pistol battle with a terrible gang of Amazons known as the Girl Rustlers of Grizzly Gulch. In the original version you will find that Nellie came perilously near to being ravished by Snake

Gonzales, leader of the rustlers, but in our story Snake Gonzales becomes Maria Gonzales, serpent of Serpentina Valley, the terror of pure American manhood for miles and miles around.

You can suit yourself about Maria's final adventure with poor, quivering Buck, the cowboy, just before Miss Billy shoots her, but my advice is to grant her success in her valedictory. This brings us to the soul-stirring final scene in which Buck says: "I cannot marry you now, Miss Billy, because I am not worthy." And Miss Billy says: "Forget it Buck. Light a Murad." This proves how broad-minded Billy is, as well as brave. Broad-minded females are in season now. If you can overdo this thing to the point where male printers and proof readers waste their valuable time reading it to each other in the composing-room while exploding with obscene whoops, you may be sure that you have done your work well and are on the way to fame and fortune. You will have given the gals what they like.

However, you may feel more at home writing of the college graduate, country-club, cocktail-and-sports set. If so the preceding formula is easily adjusted to meet the changed scenery. Listen: Dorothy, who is "brilliant and accomplished," scorns to employ the devices which accomplish matrimony for the girls of her set because she knows too well that she is really superior to the young men who demand and fall for admiring baby stares—most of which, incidentally, are deceitfully bestowed—because it is the easiest way. As your story opens a marvelous male has just returned, preferably from South America, where he has been doing Big Things in a Big Way. He is "bronzed and well over six feet tall"; he is also girl-shy and modest. Here, meditates Dorothy, is an honest creature who will estimate women as he estimates men—character, mentality, and fineness of soul will count above flattering giggles.

But they don't, damn him! Although it is plain that he loves her as she loves him, the gigglers can lure him as they can lure any male, for all of them are a net loss, damn them! Eventually it dawns upon her that if she is not to lose this superman she must play the game. Oh, the degradation of it! The slimy shame! But she stoops to save him. She gurgles and twinkles and thus induces him to undertake to teach her golf. Once on the links, however, she gives him such a trouncing that in a fever of humiliation he nibbles his niblick. Returning to the attack as soon as he recovers sufficiently to show his face, she lures him to the tennis court. He was once the star of Princeton's team, but she gives him such a trimming that on the way home he places his racquet between his tennis shoes and eats the sandwich. But his buoyant male vanity is self-restoring and comes back for more. They're all that way, damn them!

During the evening he discusses our relations with Latin-America, feeling confident in that field because of his years of successful business experience, but it develops that she took her Ph.D. in Latin-American affairs. The conversation turns to psychology and as a successful business man he thinks he knows something about it. He is mistaken. She has written a monograph on the subject that is now required reading at Harvard. He turns in desperation to geology. As a practical oil operator he has to know quite a bit about geology and is certain that he will be heard with humble appreciation. Foiled again! She worked her way through college by writing the text-books on geology that now bear the name of Professor Hoopendoodle. The name of a woman as author would have doomed them, such is the base, bull-headed stupidity of men, damn them!

Dorothy's beau has now made a star-spangled jackass of himself on every possible occasion, but still she loves him. You don't explain this. You merely offer it as one of the admirable traits that make women so superior to men. If you explain you ruin everything, for it is highly probable that Dorothy has simply bumped into the age when it is about the time for her to get married. Very well, she goes on loving in her high-souled, beautiful way, but he (the bum!) grows cold to her because he can't show off like a vain little boy and get away with it.

Now we have reached the crisis. He is going away, perturbed, straining his feeble male bean (you couldn't really call it a brain) trying to discover why he is so mysteriously drawn toward this goddess whom he at the same time hates, hates, hates. To cool his burning brow, soul and perhaps libido, he goes to the swimming pool and plunges in. He will swim a few moments before dressing for the journey. Even now his Rolls-Suiza waits beneath the portico.

But what hoarse cry is this we hear in the basement? Someone is calling, calling desperately for help. Can it be the superman who only yesterday boasted that he once swam the Caribbean? It can! Indeed it be! It is. And what is the explanation of this streak of filmy lingerie fluttering madly through the corridors? Can that be Dorothy? It can. It is. Splash! Three deft strokes—and he is saved. Was she not the champion life saver of all the Girl Scouts? You have guessed it. She was.

By this time, of course, our hero should either return to South America where he can live in peace, or, if he must remain in the kind of country this has now become, in fiction, he should poison that wench, but he doesn't. Not in the story you are going to write. In that story the ducking brings him to his senses. He realizes that he has met his master. Henceforth she will direct his Latin-American operations, supervise the work of his geologists, and not only increase his wealth far beyond his wildest dreams but usher in a new and sweeter era of international peace and good will.

This is what she has always wanted to do, so the story ends happily. Never again will she have to look at him with false admiration. Unlike the other, wobbling, compromising girls of her set, she brought her man to a true realization of the facts of life. Henceforth she will be happy as only a true and loving wife can be happy, safe in the understanding shared with her mate that she has married a jelly-fish.

Well, there is the formula. I don't see how any young woman writer can go wrong with it. I would, of course, but the story of Woman Triumphant is written best by a woman: the younger the better.

There is one other formula that can be stated briefly. Change the name of Casanova to Alice and proceed with the story.

# BIRMINGHAM

## BY CLEMENT WOOD

O CITY, grimy city of mine,
I have held my tongue long enough,
Ignoring your grimy glory.

Other cities have chanted their songs—
Tilbury Town and Springfield,
Chicago and Spoon River:
Is Birmingham to stay dumb?

By your soil, redder for your spilt blood,
By your heart, darker for your dark slaves,
By your ill-wed parents—
    That ailing female the Old South,
    In her thin dream of dead days,
    And the Northern greed that ravished her,
    In the thick twilight of Reconstruction,
By the good and the evil you gave me,
Grimy city of mine,
No!

I am your tongue, Birmingham.
This is your song,
For the ears of the wind to catch and swell,
And the tongues of the wind to roar over the lands.

## II

Iron city . . . steel city, . . .
Your hills sag with iron,
Your valleys rot with coal;
Out of their hot union the hard son,
Steel.

Ramp and entry gut your hills,
Your fields sprout hillocks of fire.
Furnaces waddle up, torching the sky;
Rolling-mills pound and smoke by day, pound and flare by night,
Till your people glow like white-hot steel,
And gray into rails
Or cinders.

The streets clang as your sons walk them.
Molten iron bulges out their arteries.
Your laugh is metal ringing,
Your grief is metal moaning.

### III

High above your smoke and fire
Vega burns, beside the Lyre;
Circling round your fire and smoke
Crouch the pine and the scrub-oak.

Violets, in hidden places,
Quietly lift unwearied faces;
Brook and creek push endlessly
Toward an unforgotten sea.

Older than your first unrest
Is this stark pine on the crest;
Younger than your latest spite
Are the buds that spring tonight.

When your last smoke thins and dies
Still these pines will brush the skies;
When your fire's last song is sung,
These old stars will still be young.

### IV

Would you see what the city hides?
Go to her police courts.

—Thirty-seven niggers
Jugged at a chitterling party
For laughing louder than Ordinance 99 allows.

"Five dollars and costs," the judge yawns;
The officers earn thirty-seven convictions;
Thirty-seven sets of costs. . . .

Five dollars means ten days; costs, two weeks more.
Thirty-seven Negroes. . . .

I heard a woman singing softly,
As her barred slavery began:
*I am so glad that Jesus loves me,*
*Jesus loves me, Jesus loves——*

"Shut up, you black sow! . . ."

## V

Two hundred thousand people are here,
Half of them black.
If you are looking for grins,
Try Buzzard's Roost, Tittlesville, Scratch Ankle. . . .

Razors are common
As gold front teeth.
"Boy, git away f'um me—
Ah'll cut yer guts out! . . ."
We grow baaddd niggers in Birmingham!

We grow good niggers too—
Bankers, lawyers, skyscraper owners,
And every third one a preacher—
Bible or razor in hip pocket,
Or both.

You hear them loud together,
Crunching barbecue pork at Baptist sociables,
Eating cold fish sandwiches at furnace noon-hours,
Driving picks like the pulse of God into a roadbed
With "Nobody Knows de Trouble I's Seen,"
"You May Bury Me in de East," "Go Down, Moses"—
The moan of a race awaking,
The mutter of a storm far away. . . .

Coming nearer. . . .

## VI

Spring in the city—
Spring on Red Mountain—
Spring in Shades Valley—
        Spring!

Violets great and pallid,
                fragile as joy,
White laughter of dogwood,
                surf of green breakers,
Azaleas blushing up the hillsides,
                pink and hot scarlet,
A thousand thousand blossoms!

The gipsying boys and girls
                scatter after them.
Spring flames in the blood:
Wooings in odorous fields
                under the drowsy sun,

under the flowering moon,
under the winking stars.

The bee rapes the blossom.

The boy drags homeward,
sluggishly content;
The girl slips hungrily beside him.

## VII

The highland girls are pretty nice,
South Highlands and North Highlands.

The Southside girls wear furs in July
because New York does.
They finish at Ogontz and Sweetbriar,
and dance at the Country Club.

The Northside girls wear furs in July
because the Southside does.
They finish at business college,
and dance at the Odd Fellows' Hall.

And both keep straight . . . usually.
They know they'd better.

## VIII

The factory girls—they have a pretty good time.

They work their faces pale, their hands thin, their chests thin, it's true,
But there's always something doing:
Dances on Saturday nights above Healey's place,
Trolley rides to East Lake on Sundays,
—And the boys.
They have a pretty good time.

I knew Pudd Stanley—one of the boys.
He lived in a big house above factory quarters.
His window looked down into the back yards: he saw a lot.
There was a path down: he knew that too.
He had started twenty-nine girls
Having a good time.
At least, they told him so.

He showed me his list—just names and dates:
Mary Louise, July 5—"on an East Lake party,"
Minnie, March 20—"the night of the revival,"

—An added detail to each.
"—That I started," he explained.
"I didn't put down regulars."

A few got caught—he couldn't remember. . . .
Most had died, or got married, or gone to Avenue A.
They didn't last long in the factory. . . .
There were always fresh ones.

The factory girls—they have a pretty good time.

## IX

The Negro girls—they have the real good time.

## X

From Red Mountain you can see
Twenty-two or twenty-three
Tiny towns of tiny folk,
Pillars wrought of cloudy smoke.

At the western edge, they stir
Slowly up from Bessemer,
Drab against horizon skies;
In a drowsy torpor lies
Powderly; then Woodward Mine;
Pratt, with dusty tree and vine.
Ensley rears in clustering crowds
Slim stacks that rip the clouds.
Elyton: in '71
Here the city was begun.
Past the northerly divide
Toadvine perks in civic pride,
Short Creek sends stained ore to mill,
Palos digs, and Adamsville.
Woodlawn and thin Avondale
Cower nearer, faces pale
From the celled cotton mills;
Then Gate City, coifed in hills,
East Lake, Brookside, Cardiff, and
Many another town at hand,
Each beneath its plumey cloud
Like a wavering gray shroud.

But throughout the twitching night,
With its stirring star-cool light,
From Red Mountain you can see
Twenty-two or twenty-three
Pillars of consuming fire,

As if Hell, in red desire,
Spoke through many a burning mouth
Hot passion for the South.
Man has lit this flaming pit,
And his soul shall shrivel in it
Till his torch sets fire to Hell,
And the pale impossible
Spendthrift, Love, find a wide berth
Over this punished earth.

From Red Mountain you can see
Twenty-two or twenty-three
Suburbs suckling their vast dam,
Birmingham.

## XI

"We have a Union Station that beats the one in Washington,—"
(You forget the L. & N., dark as the unpardonable sin.)

"We have three million-dollar hotels,
Two dozen skyscrapers, winding boulevards,
Twenty-nine furnaces and rolling-mills,
A Steelmen's Club, suburbs with auto speedways."

You have a coronet of skyscrapers,
And overhill avenues curved like the breast of Mary. . . .
And you have a greed worming through your hearts,
A knack of skinning niggers;
Corporations squatting on the safety valves,
Half-filled churches, a packed burlesque show.
These too are parts of you.

## XII

You talk a lot about law-abiding lives,
And earning Heaven.

Your penny-greedy stores
Start their girls on six a week.
. . . They find Heaven, of course.

Your Negro workers find the white hand heavy.
The merchant lies: "This bill was never settled."
The lawyer lies: "This title is no good."
The farmer lies: "Your cotton's under weight."
The poll clerk lies: "The law won't let you vote."
The detective lies: "I seen 'im do it, Yer Honner—"
The jury lies: "We find the defendant guilty."
The old judge lies: "You need a life sentence—"

The lynching rope, the lynching fire, don't lie,
In their rare black words. . . .
. . . The Negroes find Heaven, of course.

The white workers get more wages,
Enough to bribe death briefly.
They earn the privilege of servility.
. . . They find Heaven, of course.

The women can go to church
In last year's suits.
Their men are often polite and loving
In public.
They don't need justice—they have chivalry.
. . . They find Heaven, of course.

But the rich
Lead stainless lives,
Meekly receive their dividends,
Enjoy their women with Christian humility,
Please the heart of Christ by gifts to charity and the Democratic party,
And go to glory in eight-cylinder limousines.
*They* find Heaven!

### XIII

The labor unions fight for the brotherhood of man,
After defining it.
Steam-fitters, machinists, plumbers,
Tied up all jobs four months
Determining the proper one
To bolt a steam radiator.

"We don't want niggers in our unions."
. . . In strike-time the Negroes scab.
—Ungrateful race!

The labor press lives on lawyers' ads.
The labor leaders aren't always broke,
Sometimes they jingle
Pieces of silver.

They're learning. . . .
The militia, in strike-time, are good teachers.
They learn from mine explosions,
From men and women scalped by the belting,
From hands and legs charred in the furnaces,
From endless useless horrors
They learn.

### XIV

The city has her servants
Who do not twitch with unrest.

The patient coalfield opens its arms
To suckle her blackly.

The stiff hills offer their sides
To be pierced and weakened, that she may spread strong.

Eager farms dawdle to their serving,
Yoked beasts feed her.

The earth steadies her buildings.
The seasons and days toil effortlessly
Robing her trees in green,
And red and brown, and snow on bare black.

The sun warms day for her,
Night drops from out her cool dark wings
Sleep
And dreams.

These are her servants, her comforters, her spurs.
Is she to be less than they?

### XV

Shall Birmingham have Prohibition?
See what the Steel Trust says.

Shall its legislators vote for equal suffrage?
See what the Steel Trust says.

Shall its papers publish this truth or that lie?
See what the Steel Trust says.

Shall its preachers thunder for this cause,
Or damn it with the old curse?
See what the Steel Trust says.

### XVI

"There's nothing wrong with me," says Mr. Smith.
"I don't hurt anybody;
I don't oppress the niggers—long as they know their place.

"My preacher is a mighty good man,
My lawyer's honest—for a lawyer;

Didn't the court decide there wasn't a Steel Trust?
This fellow's got it all wrong!"

You're doing well, Mr. Smith.
You bargain well with your grocer for a sack of flour;
You can feel it: you can see that far.

But the clean and lovely city you might have—
You can't feel it yet, or see it yet.
You're doing well: you'll do better.

### XVII

There's a lot I haven't said, grimy city of mine.
It's all true, too.

Other cities squirm as well, I know,
Belly to earth.
I know you best:
I say what I know.

There is cleanness and beauty about you:
A white-hot faith glows in your young:
Some of you stay young.

If I have made any errors, write them down here,
That the record may be clear.

### XVIII

Iron city, steel city,
Callous, careless, void of pity,
Neither you nor I can stay
In the quagmire of today.
Winter warms at last to Spring;
What will your tomorrow bring?

Sodom breathed a strange air,
Mecca was a red prayer;
Tyre and Sidon laced the seas
With imperial merchandise;
Babylon was suave with lies,
Rome with heavy tyrannies.

But there came, for sterner need,
Salamis and Runnymede.
Paris has a giddy face;
But no stupor can erase
Laughter of her men and maids
Dying on her barricades.

Now our western cities cry
Songs where shame and darkness lie—
Cities that set black men free
Into slavish liberty:
Cities that must speak again
Liberty to all men.

Cities are but men who meet,
Pause, and call their path a street,
Spread their tents of wood and stone,
Glad to be no more alone;
And men do not willingly
Clothe themselves in slavery.

Iron city, speak your word.
Steel city, you have heard,
You have seen—and even now
Beads of sweat are on your brow,
From a wide agony.
Speak—and set yourself free!

# I WAS WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD

### BY ERIC SONNICHSEN

WE WERE a shabby bunch. About thirty of us were in the last car of the local, puffing slowly across the Jersey countryside. Dungarees, blue denim shirts, dirty caps. Some had suits—worn, frayed suits.

At many of the stops men would get off. They kept dropping off till there were but fifteen of us. We were all going to the same place, a few miles from Princeton, the seat of one of the biggest universities in the country.

I sat on the dusty plush seat. My coat was off, my sleeves rolled up.

A man across the aisle sat staring stupidly ahead. His bloodshot eyes, reminiscent of the previous night's drunk, would close momentarily, then open slowly. His hands, heavy, thick, work-stained hands, hung between his legs, lifeless.

Another man saw the Sailor's Union pin on the lapel of my coat. He began talking to me. He seemed sickly and repulsive.

One young fellow who spoke in a loud tone was recounting his misfortunes to several others just ahead of me. He had driven from Florida to Baltimore, where his car had broken down. With but a few dollars in his pocket he had hitch-hiked to New York. Drifting over to West street, he had shipped out on the railroad.

Several others stand out in my memory. One was Fred, a French-Canuck from Maine, a happy, laughing fellow.

The train pulled into the junction. We all got off. The railroad camp was but a short distance from the station.

At the camp a fat Jew took charge of us. He put down our names, ages, and whether we had worked for the railroad before.

The camp was deserted. Although it was the Fourth of July all the men were working.

The crumb-boss gave each one of us a blanket and a sheet. There were several old passenger-cars on a siding. The red paint on the outside was cracked and peeling. Inside the cars, beds were double-tiered, twenty-four to a car. We walked along the cars, between the rows of bunks.

There were empty bunks. Each of us threw his blanket and sheet on a bunk. I had an upper. Slim, the loud-voiced fellow, drew a lower just across from me.

I had two pairs of dungarees tied up in a bundle. Slim had two towels. We traded—a towel for dungarees—and began to make up our bunks.

At four-thirty the men began coming in from the tracks, hot, dirty, sweaty.

They washed at a wooden trough in the wash-house before battered, half-running faucets.

There were more than a hundred in the camp.

Six o'clock. The crumb-boss came out of the mess-hall, a long, unpainted building, and with a stone hit the steel rail hanging from a stick. The men formed into a long line leading into the shed.

Flies buzzed over the long tables—big, daring flies.

We took places on benches around the tables. Mess-boys passed around filling our bowls with soup from a wooden pail. There was no sugar, no butter, on the tables. Coffee came in pots, already sweetened and with milk—coffee that was mainly chicory—vile stuff.

The potatoes had black spots which one must cut out. The meat had an acrid flavor.

The commissary was open after supper. It was run by the Jew. Candy, cookies, tobacco, and clothes were sold. The men, without money, bought what they needed and had it charged against their payday checks.

There were all sorts in the camp. Young and old. Many of them still in their 'teens. There were Italians and a few Russians, but mostly Irish, a laughing, singing crowd.

In the cars the men sat around talking.

About nine o'clock we began to undress, lying in our bunks smoking.

My first night was a series of skirmishes with lice. They were daring fellows. Thereafter I took a tip from the other men and burned the springs of my bunk with newspaper.

During the night it rained. The roof leaked. In the morning I awoke wet and stiff. At six-thirty we ate breakfast. Oatmeal thinned with water. Evaporated milk. The eggs were cold—and greasy.

On leaving the mess-hall the men passed by a huge basket. Each took his dinner or "nosebag" from the basket. There were four sandwiches in the paper bag—jelly, cheese, salami, and cooked meat.

The new men were divided into groups. With Fred, the French-Canuck from Maine, and several others I walked down by the station to the toolhouse. The section foreman, an Irishman, took our slips and our names. More men came to the toolhouse till about twenty-five were there.

Two strawbosses had immediate charge of us. One was a Negro; the other an Italian, Bennie.

At seven o'clock we were given large forks. We spread out along the tracks and sifted gravel from the dirt. We threw the gravel between the ties.

The heavens were kind to us the first day. It clouded over. Splotches of rain fell. Then it poured. We began to grumble about working in the rain. The welcome sound of the foreman's whistle called us to the toolhouse. We dropped our forks and raced for the building.

Several men built a blazing fire in an old dilapidated stove. Others played poker. Most of us slept.

When the rain stopped we went back to work. Sometimes it stopped only long enough for us to get to where we were working.

At twelve o'clock we ate dinner. The meat in the sandwiches was green, the cheese rancid.

At twelve-thirty we went back to work. The Negro strawboss took ten of us down the track. We worked with picks, raising the tracks and tamping stones beneath the ties. It was back-breaking work. After twenty minutes I had to stand up to stretch.

At four-thirty we quit. We put our tools in the toolhouse, then walked the half-mile to the camp.

My back was stiff. Blisters were on my hands. But worst of all was the hunger gnawing at my stomach, which seemed to have shrunk to nothing.

We sat around talking until the gong sounded for supper. There were many young fellows there. One was Andy, who had left his wife and lost a fine job through drink. Paddy, Scotty, Jerry—all young, knocking about from job to job; the end of a job being the signal for a carouse.

Sunday was boiling-up day. Men put their clothes in a big can and boiled the lice and dirt from them. The dead lice would float on the surface to be later thrown out.

## II

It was the tenth of July, and payday. The sun was beating down upon us. The men that were quitting that day loafed on their picks. The sweat, dried on our clothes, was white. It stood out like blisters on our red faces. The water-boy, a lad of fifteen, was kept busy running to the farmhouse a quarter of a mile away. We drank huge dippers of the cold water and got cramps.

The Negro sat farther up the track. When he saw a train coming he would blow a whistle and call to us. We would stand along the track. The breeze from the train cooled us, but the dust filled our eyes and mouths.

We quit work ten minutes early on payday. The men went to the ramshackle station for their checks. The pay was forty cents an hour, or $3.60 a day. The board at the camp was $1.05 a day. Also, the commissary bill was taken from the check.

I didn't get a check. Next payday, July 25, I would have one. I had been working but five days. The railroad held back two weeks' pay from each man.

Payday usually saw a wild night. Many men would go to New Brunswick. There a man could get all the comforts he craved.

After supper poker games started. Seven or eight in a game. A crap game began on the platform of a freight-house. Only a few hours of playing and some men would be without a cent—two weeks' wages.

The camp seemed deserted that night. Only those wanting to get a stake or, like myself, newcomers, were in the camp. Old Gordon, one of the men in the same gang as I, treated me to some ice-cream and a cigar.

When I turned in that night many of the bunks were empty, with the men either playing cards or drinking.

It was near one o'clock when I awoke. The single electric light in the middle of the car was lit. It cast dull shadows of light between the two tiers of bunks.

In the middle of the car two men were wrestling. They were Scotty and Paddy, both good friends of mine. Several men yelled, "Fer Christ's sake, cut out the racket."

But Scotty and Paddy wrestled on.

Soon, tiring of this, they picked a gallon jug from the floor, half full of wine. Their procession down the car was followed by yells. Before their friends they stopped. Paddy awoke the sleeper, Scotty offered the bottle. They stopped before my bunk. I was awake. A long drink from the bottle shook the sleep from my eyes.

Sleep for those that wanted it was fitful. Others drifted through the car during the night—in different stages of inebriety.

In two days the camp was back to normal. New faces took the place of those that had quit.

Among the crowd of newcomers were two young fellows. One was a boxer. He brought boxing gloves, bandages, headguard, and a victrola. He came to the camp to toughen up. He was a Cuban. I have since seen his picture in fight magazines as a promising fighter.

I have been interested in boxing for many years, and I have had some fights in the ring. So naturally I gravitated toward the two.

They were glad to have another fellow to box. The first night we were to meet the whole camp turned out to watch. It was about eight o'clock. Men sat on boxes, ties, and the tracks, watching us. The three of us were dressed in tights. The Cuban and I put on the gloves. Willing hands tied the laces.

I had seven pounds advantage in weight. We boxed three rounds. I held my own.

## III

There was a great deal of work to be done about the station. The ties at the switches needed tamping.

Our gang joined with Bennie's gang to do the work. Sam, another strawboss and a brother to Bennie, brought his gang to help.

None of the men liked Bennie. He tried to make the men work harder than the other bosses. When a man leaned on his pick for a moment to rest, Bennie would come rushing toward him, screaming broken English.

One day we were straightening the tracks. The men had crowbars which they put under the track. At a signal we would all heave together, straightening the tracks an inch at a time. The sweat poured down our faces in the sun, burning our eyes and putting us in a savage humor.

Another fellow and I were heaving on a big bar together. The bar had been in the fire, taking the temper from the steel. It bent easily.

"Hey, Bennie," I yelled, "look how we're bendin' this bar. I bet we're doin' all the work."

Bennie came over and looked at the bar. He ran his finger over the rusty steel. "No," he said in broken English and with many gestures, "you no bend da bar. It no good."

I laughed scornfully. "No," I insisted, "we're stronger."

"What, you tink you stronger?" Bennie cried, all excited.

"Sure," I assured him.

The men stood about grinning, hoping for a fight. Two leaned from the open windows of the signal tower, listening.

This was too much for Bennie. "Aw right, you tink you strong, eh? Then you come tomorra mornin' early an' we see who carry the tie the mos'."

"G'wan," I answered, "there's other ways of showin' your strength."

"How you mean, eh?" asked Bennie.

"Oh, by jumpin' around for a few minutes." I made a pass at an imaginary opponent.

"You wanta fight?"

"Yes, I do."

"Aw right, you come over da field." Bennie turned and ran around the corner of the signal tower, away from the tracks.

I followed, running around the corner where Bennie had disappeared. I ran up the embankment—and stopped short.

There was a path through the waist-high hedge. Bennie stood there, blocking my way into the field—his knife, a bright six-inch blade, in one hand, a rock, half the size of my head, in the other.

"You dirty wop!" I called down curses upon him and his Sicilian ancestors.

Bennie laughed. "C'mon an' fight, you son of a ——."

I kicked, trying to hit the hand that held the knife with my heavy boot. He jumped back, grinning, taunting me with words.

One of the other bosses came near. "Yuh might as well come back. Yuh can't do anythin' while he's got that knife."

I turned, reluctantly. Bennie followed, closing his knife.

"I'll get that guy some time before he has a chance to draw that knife," I boasted.

Feeling ran high among the men. Many advised me to report him to the police. Others told me to get him when he was going home, when he was off railroad property.

## IV

There was one fellow in Sam's gang whom I came to know well, by name Mulvaney.

Every night after supper Mulvaney and another fellow took a bucket of swill to Sam's house. Sam gave the swill to his pigs. Their reward was a quart of wine.

Several nights later Mulvaney asked me to come with him. There were six of us.

Sam's house was a quarter of a mile down the tracks. It was a dirty house surrounded by grape arbors. His kids were dirty, but his garden was weedless.

Sam showed us his garden. We took the hint from Mulvaney and praised it—the size of his watermelons, his corn.

We spent an hour commending him on his garden. Several of us began looking inquiringly at Mulvaney.

Then we sat down under the grape arbor. Mulvaney leaned over to Sam and spoke low. "Sam, let's have our quart now an' give us an extra one. We'll pay you payday."

"Sure, I sell you." Sam wasn't like his brother, Bennie.

One of Sam's restless brood of kids set cups before us. Sam put two quart jars of dago red on the table.

Two rounds and the quart bottles were empty.

The wine sent delightful shivers over me. I looked at Mulvaney. He spoke to Sam. Another bottle was set before us.

We had six bottles.

We stumbled our way back over the tracks. Falling over the rails, tripping over the ties. No trains came along—luckily.

Singing snatches of ribald songs, we came into camp. Men, awakened, yelled to us to shut up.

One of the fellows suggested that I sleep in their room. I agreed.

I rolled down the aisle to my bunk, talking, swearing. I left the car with my mattress rolled up in my arms.

We sang and talked till early morning.

There were many young girls in town. In the evening, when walking, we would try to pick them up. The girls ignored us—rigidly. We often felt the need for a little of their companionship.

Slim came to me one day and asked if I would care to quit and go to the wheatfields. I was sick of the tracks and agreed.

We were to quit August 10—payday. It would cost $45 to get Slim's car out of the garage in Baltimore. We were to pool our money and pay for the car. Then we would go to Canada, for the wheatfields.

Five of us were going—an English fellow who had been to Canada before; Jim, an Italian gambler from Philadelphia; Andy, Slim, and myself.

## V

We spent several delightful days figuring up the money due us. Then Andy, tiring of Slim's loud talking, threatened to beat him up. Two days later Slim and I began calling each other names while lying in our bunks. We almost fought.

Payday came. That night a big crap game started. Slim and Jim cleaned up more than a hundred dollars. Next day they left.

Others left too. Andy and Jerry disappeared. Three days later Jerry came back, without a cent and with a big head.

A few days later Mulvaney and several others in our room quit. I missed them.

New men came to the camp. Two fellows came to our car. One was small, a Southerner. The other man was big and good-looking in a rugged sort of a way.

He had deserted the army but three weeks before, after a year's service. He used an assumed name.

Three days later he and the Southerner hopped a freight train, going west.

Four or five new men came in, fresh from the Bowery.

Apples and other fruit were ripening. We would take trips after supper and on Sundays. We would come back with our shirts and pockets full.

On Labor Day, my birthday, all of us in our car got corn and apples. Dutch and I built a fire. We heated a huge can filled with water. Frenchy threw the husked corn in. I took pictures of the men eating corn.

I went on nightly forays to neighboring gardens. There was one garden where I was sure of getting at least two tomatoes. Green peaches gave me cramps.

September 5 was hot. I felt disgusted. At noontime I went to the toolhouse for the section foreman.

"I'd like to get my time today," I said to the foreman.

"Get your board-bill," he answered.

That night in camp, my last, I packed my few clothes.

Frenchy gave me his name. I was to send him the pictures taken on Labor Day.

My last night in camp I felt somewhat softened. Forgotten were the hot days spent in the sun.

Next morning I ate breakfast in the messhall.

My train was due at quarter to seven.

I stood on the station platform. Men passed by going to work. I shook hands with many.

My train pulled in. Dutch and several others were on the platform.

"I'll see yuh on the Bowery," I called from the steps.

I went inside. I leaned from an open window. I waved my hat to others walking to work. Frenchy was trudging along to work across the tracks. I called. He waved, yelling something. The train was moving.

"Wha'd yuh say?" I called.

"Don't fergit the pictures," answered Frenchy.

"Sure, you'll get 'em," I answered.

I kept my promise.

# BOY FOR TEA

### BY WARD GREENE

"The one objection to Benjamin," said Mr. Shiveley, pondering the little cakes Mrs. Dennison offered, "the one objection to Benjamin was his ambition. It made him both egocentric and sweaty, and that's rather hard on other people. You'll forgive my speaking plainly—there's no story without it and you must have the story, it's the sort of thing you do so well—Benjamin was one of the great unwashed. And, being ambitious, he never knew it. No, thank you, Mrs. Dennison, but I will have another of those olives."

For a moment Mr. Shiveley inspected critically the morsel impaled in its jacket of crisp bacon on the end of a toothpick. He popped it into his mouth with frank gusto. One could always be sure of something good at Mrs. Dennison's. Exceptional person for a lady author.

"Of course," said Mr. Shiveley, "I know all little boys are apt to be that way. One notices it in schoolrooms and so on. It would be unnatural if they weren't, wouldn't it? They can't help it, I suppose—tearing about and all that." Twinkles skittered behind Mr. Shiveley's nose-glasses. "I dare say," he added, "that *I* was no rosebud as a little boy."

Mrs. Dennison bleakly hoped that Mr. Shiveley was not going to be ingenuous. It was one of his charm moods, invariably heralding the expression of a naughtiness. He could be especially ingenuously charming, and naughty, on the subject of Shiveley the little boy, and Mrs. Dennison detested it—nothing, she had decided lately, was duller than naïve autobiography.

She suggested a highball to divert him; Mr. Shiveley had had but one and was not likely to be very ingenuous before three.

"But Benjamin," said Mr. Shiveley, taking the glass, "wasn't a little boy. He was nearly twenty and there was no excuse for him. The devil of it was we could do nothing about it.

"You see, he'd been with the office five years, and besides, he wasn't the type you could mention such a thing to. One of these solemn young aliens—Polish? Russian? Czech?—I don't know; give him a year or two of New York and the immigrant's child gets more voraciously American than a Chicago high-school. Benjamin was like that. Horribly serious! He was ambitious like all of them—night school, Schopenhauer, the *Nation*, German and Russian movies—you know the sort. He subscribed to *Le Rire*—to help his French, I suppose, for he couldn't have seen anything funny in it. I never heard him laugh. Appallingly thorough!—except about the hygiene. But not a smile, mind you. You can understand that his best friend"—Mr. Shiveley twinkled—"wouldn't tell him.

"Well," continued Mr. Shiveley, "it didn't matter for quite a long while. We're a busy place and nobody pays much attention to office boys. Benjamin was out most of the day on errands, and the rest of the time he huddled over a book in some corner. 'Benjamin!' one called—it's significant that we never called him 'Ben'—and then, 'Cigarettes!' One didn't even look up. One felt him there and put down a quarter, and before long cigarettes appeared. I suppose the—odor of ambition, as it were—announced his presence, but I give you my word I didn't notice it—or

Benjamin, for that matter—for years. You know how it is when one is working—absorbed?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Dennison.

Mr. Shiveley sipped his highball appreciatively; it was excellent liquor.

"I noticed it first—this arresting quality about Benjamin, I might call it—some months ago. He stopped at my desk, solemnly waiting till I looked up. It was the usual business of a raise, and of course I listened; one wishes to be fair about these things, even to office boys. Besides, they get glum and quit if you're not. Benjamin had had a raise three years before and was making eighteen a week, I think it was, which is high for office boys, I can tell you. I explained that fact, kindly, explained that his job—but I won't bore you with trivia. . . . The fact was he'd grown up but his job hadn't. Benjamin was too old to be an office boy. And then he rather startled me. Said he knew it, said he wanted to write, said that's why he took a job with us, wanted to know if I wouldn't let him do book reviews. Imagine it!—the office boy!—book reviews for us! Absolutely characteristic of Benjamin—he was frightfully ambitious—but quite preposterous, of course. So I told him I'd think it over—one wishes to seem sympathetic. The point is that looking at him—talking to him—seeing him as a person, d' you see?—I noticed that Benjamin's presence was not pleasant to me.

"It wasn't repulsive," said Mr. Shiveley, meditatively, rattling his ice. "The merest suggestion, one might say. Not actually offensive, to be strictly accurate. I've noticed the same thing at dances—those metal cloth gowns, perhaps—you know?"

"I think so," said Mrs. Dennison. "Another olive?"

"Thanks," said Mr. Shiveley.

"After that," he continued, "I was uncomfortably aware of Benjamin at times, though I can't say honestly whether it was the other thing or knowing he wanted a raise. I'm too damned tender about people's feelings. I was sorry for him, but there was nothing I could do. If he wanted to get ahead, why didn't he hunt another job? Our office is no place for beginners. . . . Newspaper work, or something along that line. Felt himself above it, I dare say—you've no idea how serious he was. Or how tremendously ambitious. One would have thought . . .

"But never mind. The point is that for all that I'm pretty busy, I had Benjamin on my conscience, and when the opportunity came I promoted him."

"Promoted him?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Shiveley. "Not to the book reviews, my dear Mrs. Dennison—don't be alarmed! But we keep a little clipping department at the office—oh, quite a small one—with two people, Miss Tripp and her assistant. An exceptional person, Miss Tripp—we really couldn't get along without her. Her work is her religion; she is positively ferocious if one misplaces a single item out of her files. In all else, the mildest of women.

"Well, Miss Tripp's assistant quit to get married and I gave the job to Benjamin. Poor Benjamin! He was most grateful. The job paid him two dollars a week more, but except for the extra money he was really no better off. In fact, not so well. For you can depend on it that Miss Tripp was no easy master. He had no time for his *Le Rires*, clipping and filing all day long. Oh, she kept him tearing about! Still, Benjamin was encouraged. And he was off my conscience.

"That was a month ago, in July. And now I come to the meat of my story."

## II

Mr. Shiveley began a gesture of protest as Mrs. Dennison tentatively lifted the ice tongs.

"If I must, then—but a very little. . . .

"Miss Tripp and I, you understand, are the best of friends, but I suppose I never said six words to her in my life outside office matters. Ours is a busy place and

Miss Tripp is efficiency itself. Very timid. Always reminds me of the White Rabbit—you know—Alice?"

Mrs. Dennison nodded.

"You can see, then, that I was curious when she came to me at the end of the day and asked if she could speak to me privately. This was soon after Benjamin got his promotion. I noticed that Miss Tripp seemed nervous and looked pale and tired. But that wasn't unusual—she's the tired, frail type. The unusualness was in wanting to speak to me.

"We stood in the corridor and after some stammering and hand twisting, she got it out. She'd remembered ages ago we had a stenographer who rouged too much, a walking chromo, and—I assure you this was nonsense, mere silly spoofing on my part!—at any rate, she thought I'd influenced this girl. Perhaps she did slap the warpaint on a bit less after I'd rallied her about it. And she—Miss Tripp—wanted to know if I wouldn't use my influence—what d' you suppose?—to reform Benjamin!

"Facetious? Not at all! You don't know Miss Tripp—or Benjamin. I could see she was very much in earnest and painfully aware that the subject was delicate—or indelicate, as you choose—she plumped right out with it and no explanations. She saw I understood without them. Benjamin must have become rather an office scandal, don't you think?

"But can you conceive it? I assure you it isn't the practise of our executives to go about sanitizing office boys! And me, a busy man as you know, and this young cormorant, a head taller than I am and old enough to tell me to go to the devil—and I was to gently persuade him to wash! I laughed at Miss Tripp. There was nothing else to do.

"She didn't laugh herself. She began something about how she wished someone would do it if I couldn't, and then she just stood there looking away from me with that pale, tired face, and putting her hand up to her temples in a brushing way. I tell you I felt awkward. I tried to jolly her, and she finally smiled and said she presumed she was too sensitive and probably Benjamin would improve before long. And I said of course he would—wasn't tomorrow Saturday night?—or some such feeble jest—and that was that. And I went back to work and tried to forget her. But I couldn't. That pale face and that brushing gesture—I couldn't get rid of them.

"I got to thinking that night, after I'd gone to bed, about Miss Tripp and Benjamin in their little office. It's quite a tiny office, d'you see?—really the end of a large office partitioned off to make a place for the files. And the files go up to the ceiling on three sides and there's no window and I dare say it's stuffy at best. Miss Tripp and her assistant are in there all day from nine to five, with forty-five minutes for lunch, and if one wants anything he usually goes to them instead of ringing. So there they are, cooped together eight hours on a stretch. Miss Tripp, by the way, is neatness itself. With Benjamin for an assistant—well, you can imagine!

"At any rate, I worried sufficiently to make a personal tour of inspection next morning. I am too tender about these things, but this was my doing in a measure, wasn't it? And sure enough, my forebodings were borne out. It was only about ten o'clock, and Benjamin was in the back of the room and Miss Tripp was at her desk near the door, but—well, it was unmistakable. More so, it seemed to me, than the last time. Not so rusty, but heavier, darker——"

"Never mind the trivia," said Mrs. Dennison. "Go on."

"You must forgive me," said Mr. Shiveley. "The point is that it was ineluctable. You couldn't escape it, d' you see? Furthermore, I thought or imagined that Miss Tripp looked worse. Paler, frailer. I went out feeling positively alarmed. And still I didn't know what the devil to do. I am, after all, no white wing."

Mr. Shiveley tilted his glass for a long sip.

"You see the possibilities of the situation," he said. "The solemn young Alger hero solemnly avid over the new job, solemnly going at it with only a necessary word or so to the woman. Absorbed in his future. Probably looking at her, when he did solemnly eye her, as an obstacle to overcome. She might get sick, die—did she not look queasy today?—and he would get her job. And quite oblivious to everything else. If anyone had told him he was repugnant, and why, he would have—I don't know! Solemnly blinked? Maybe gone berserk, hit out or something desperate. And the woman—her neatness, her frailty, she's like scoured porcelain—and into this sanctum of hers blunders this great, mephitic creature, to stay there, to sit silently reeking, to move close to her sometimes and sometimes to move off a little, but never far enough, and this for hours a day and God knows if, when she flees the office, she can leave It behind! Probably feels It running after her, sticking to her clothes—waking up in the night, you know, with It in the room. Oh, it's a situation, don't you think? And yet, because she's timid and her work is her religion and she's a lady withal, plucking it out, biting her lips, keeping the little handkerchief close at hand with the lavender on it, day in, day out——"

Mr. Shiveley waved his hand in sublime fancy.

"It is quite a situation," said Mrs. Dennison. "You tell it well."

Mr. Shiveley bowed his appreciation, and munched another olive.

"That's not all," he said. "I told you the thing worried me. It haunted me. I avoided the clipping room. I tried not to think about Miss Tripp or Benjamin. Then, trying not to, I would think about them. I'd begin wondering if Benjamin was worse or better today, if Miss Tripp looked paler or brighter, and I'd invent an excuse to go to the clipping room. There they were—Miss Tripp at her desk and Benjamin at his—or else moving solemnly about, taking down files, putting them up—and the presence, so to speak, always there. Sometimes for an instant I'd think it was gone, and you've no idea how relieved I'd be! But no—a second, two seconds, and it was just as though a bell had rung, or a door had opened.

## III

"Now here's the part you must use your inventiveness on." Mr. Shiveley accepted the fresh glass without protest. He paused, the twinkle renewed. "I finally had a dream, d' you see? Perhaps I'd been working too hard, too much worry, too much coffee, bad circulation—at any rate, not shipshape. For I don't often have nightmares, and this was one—make no mistake! I'd been lying awake, thinking about the office, and of course into my head popped Benjamin and Miss Tripp, and the same old feeling of responsibility got hold of me, and I remembered how wan Miss Tripp looked that day and what a brave little woman she was, and what a shame it was something couldn't be done, and I began telling myself, 'J. B., you really must do something—speak to the fellow—hint to him—get one of the other boys to tell him, his future jeopardized and all that,' and you know that queer time when you're half awake and half asleep, and your thoughts slip over into dreams, and you don't know which you thought and which you dreamed and which really happened?

"Well, it seemed to me suddenly that I was in the office, regular working day, only it was different, and we were all very much worried about something, something secret and hushed up, only everyone knew what it was, and things were tense, apprehensive, and the thing we were worried about was Benjamin. And Benjamin, d' you see? was worse. Much worse. It was all about. Over the transom. Into other offices. Out into the corridors. Visitors were noticing and we were ashamed to tell them the truth. The building people were complaining. Yet still we were afraid to speak to Benjamin. And all the time Miss Tripp was in there, working away, with her pale face and her eyes getting bigger and hollower, and her hand coming up every now and then and brushing at her forehead. It was awful!

"Then—and here's the gruesome part, you really can do it awfully well—someone suggested that we might go to Benjamin's people. So we did. We didn't know anything about them, but we found his mother and she was an old peasant woman in rusty black and she was sitting before a table with a candle on it. The candle was burning and Benjamin's mother was wailing, but we paid no attention to that whatever—you know how it is in dreams—just went up to her brusquely and told her she must speak to Benjamin.

"'Benjamin?' said the old woman. 'Benjamin?' And she looked at us with big, scared eyes. 'Benjamin is dead!'

"D' you see? Do you get it?" Mr. Shiveley put down his glass all but untouched. "He'd been dead weeks—oh, all the time he was working for Miss Tripp and maybe a long time before that, and we didn't know it! He was just a corpse, walking around the office decomposing!"

Mrs. Dennison stared wide-eyed at Mr. Shiveley. He was gratified.

"Of course," he said, "it's fantastic. But horror stories nowadays——"

He waved his hand.

"I know," said Mrs. Dennison, "you can get away with a lot—in stories."

Mr. Shiveley sipped his highball.

"The little touches," he said. "You know how. They go out to the grave and, sure enough, it's empty. A faint odor about it"—he twinkled violently—"of sweat! A faint odor of sweat about the grave!"

Mrs. Dennison sank back in a manner that again gratified Mr. Shiveley.

"Really," she said, "you must do it yourself."

"You flatter me," said Mr. Shiveley. "Or, if it is too fantastic, leave out the dream. I go back to the office, determined on action. I enter the clipping room. Benjamin must go! But Benjamin is not there. Only Miss Tripp. And she is bright. The color flows in her cheeks like wine. 'Where is Benjamin?' I say. She shakes her head; she smiles mysteriously. 'I do not know, he didn't come to work today.' I regard Miss Tripp. She pales, she flushes. I understand. But I will keep her secret."

"You mean—?"

"Murder!"

"I see," said Mrs. Dennison. She studied the toe of her slipper. "I was thinking of another solution in the event someone told Benjamin."

"You mean—suicide?" Mr. Shiveley laughed heartily. "Not a bad climax, but I really prefer murder."

"Oh, you could still have a murder," said Mrs. Dennison.

Each mused.

"Another olive?" said Mrs. Dennison.

"Thanks," said Mr. Shiveley.

# PASSAIC: THE PASSING OF AN IDYL

### BY ARTHUR HANKO

Once upon a time there was a sleepy little village in the great State of New Jersey, and upon this little village somebody with a taste for romantic monikers wished the name of Acquacanonck Landing. When the crime was committed there were not enough people thereabout to protest against it, and anyway, they didn't give a damn what they were called. But in the middle of the heroic 'sixties the inhabitants of the village grew tired of having to twist their tongues as often as anyone asked them where they came from, and consequently the name of the unspeakable Landing was changed into the more civilized Passaic. And Passaic it remains to the present day.

Over in Germany, at that time and for some time thereafter, the Kaiser still ruled supreme, and in the great city of Leipzig they still made books instead of communistic experiments. There was a paucity of utopias, but an abundance of good old *Reichsmark*, and consequently the spirits of the people ran high. Among them there was an ample supply of menials whose business it was to turn the wool of sheep into human habiliments. Those hirelings, known as weavers, were to be had almost for the asking, and in any quantity desired.

A certain Herr Hauptmann found this out and he made a lot of money out of them by the simple process of putting them on the stage. Others had even more cunning. They discovered that the inconvenience of writing a play could be saved simply by getting the loom-pushers by the neck, thrusting them into the steerage of a *Schnellpostdampfer*, and dumping them on the Hoboken shore. For five cents the horse-cars would carry anybody from Hoboken to Passaic, and thus it happened that Passaic became a center of the woolen textile industry. Why this happened to Passaic, and not to some other town, nobody can tell. It remains one of the great mysteries of the country, like the reason why Akron, Ohio, from a God-forsaken, bleak, out-of-the-way hick dump, became the rubber center of the world, or why Warren Gamaliel Harding was elected President. Why is Troy the laundry metropolis? Why does Kansas produce Methodists and Long Island adulteresses?

Practically all the textile mills in Passaic were founded with German capital, and many of the owners continued to live in Germany, at least until the post-war period. These owners were shrewd, able business men, who understood their trade thoroughly. The men and women brought over from the old country were the descendants of people who had woven wool since the days of the Fuggers. They were a queer lot, taken as a whole—narrow-minded, ill-educated, long ill-fed, but masters, too, of their trade. They were thrifty and clannish, but no Puritans, and they were not particular about their drinks. Coming from a place where three square meals a day were visions which only the dying saw in their last extremities, they were overjoyed to find themselves transplanted to a Paradise wherein they could have all the *Wurst* and beer and Limburger they wanted. For these benefits they had to thank their masters, and they showed their gratitude by an unwavering loyalty. True, those masters never invited them to dinner, and seldom took cognizance of their respectful salutes on the street, but that was all right, for they readily acknowledged the position and prerogatives of the master class. They found consolation in the thought that in this land of liberty they were the equals of anybody else—at least of anybody who worked in the same room with them and went to the same saloon.

The Passaic textile industry grew so rapidly that the masters themselves were taken by surprise. They didn't quite know how to rear the young prodigy. In those days, thirty years ago, the noble science of business management was not yet invented. The parents of the future efficiency experts and vocational trainers were still undecided whether they should send their offspring to the village barber to have them learn his trade, or permit them to join a circus. So the heads of the Passaic Mills had to do their own thinking, and in reaching out for some kind of effective organization of their business they unconsciously came upon the greatest organization they knew—the Prussian Army. Thus the mills were organized on the Prussian barrack pattern.

The employés were divided into three classes. First came those who received monthly salaries: they were the officers. Into the second class went the weekly wage earners: they responded to the category of petty officers, sergeants, etc. The rank and file was made up of all those who received wages by the hour or the piece. The General Staff was the management: it could be mentioned only in whispers. It may sound incredible, but this system worked admirably; and a rigid *esprit du corps* developed practically by itself. Everybody became class conscious; by identifying himself with his class or *Rang*, he became dead sure that he was somebody.

All this happened in a town which was hardly ten miles from Paterson, the city of the anarchists, I.W.W.'s and Czolgoszes. But the gulf that yawned between Passaic and Paterson was wider than the divide which separates the upper from the nether regions in the Great Beyond. The rank and file were mostly recruited from immigrants; they hailed from Central Europe—mainly Austria and its dependencies—with a generous sprinkling from Alsace-Lorraine. Italians were in a minority, and the immigration from Germany practically stopped after the initial rush. The newcomers immediately entered into the *spiritus loci*. Each of the various nationalities formed its own ghetto, and therein it lived its own life. And that life was not that of the proletarian; it was the life of the *Spiessbürger*, the *petit bourgeoisie*. This again was the outcome of the peculiar policy of the mill-owners.

Whether it was foresight and wisdom, or whether it was pure accident and self-satisfied laziness, made secure by enormous dividends, is open to debate, but it remains a fact that lay-offs almost never occurred in the Passaic mills. No matter how bad business was—and sometimes it was very bad indeed—the workers were not dismissed. If there was no work, they stood around and loafed the whole day, but they drew their wages all the same. True, those wages were ridiculously small—thirteen cents an hour for a man at the start, with eleven cents the maximum for female help—but they were paid, rain or shine. People knew that they got next to nothing, but they were sure of getting that next to nothing, and this assurance gave them a sense of security.

They were frugal, and these small wages were more than they got at home. They never got farther than Passaic and therefore they did not know what was going on beyond the Hackensack swamps, so they were content. They became part and parcel of the town, and began to cherish a feeling of civic importance—a feeling which is always present in the settled holder of a steady job. They lived in an extremely small circle, but they felt that they filled the space of that circle entirely. Work was long, hard, and somewhat unhealthful, but there was no slave driving, for no one can play Simon Legree in a place where breakfast is a sacred institution, where at 9 A.M. the machinery stops and everybody sits down to his meat and—beer. Of course everybody went home for dinner at noon. Are real proletarians permitted to do this? Certainly not. Therefore those older Passaicans probably had a right to their *bourgeois* consciousness.

## II

At least 50% of the work in textile mills is done by women, so Passaic became a women's town *par excellence*. Strong, healthy, buxom girls were delivered by the shipload. In consequence, the fame of Passaic spread far and wide, and it became known as something of a Venusberg, a fairyland of fair ones and a Mecca of males. Especially of those males who lived in parts of the country where the weaker sex was less abundant. Such places, among others, were the coal and iron regions of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, where the male populace was in sore need of supporting and understanding females. When one of the miners felt that the married status would do him good all he had to do was to buy a ticket to Passaic, and his requirements were promptly met. Thus the folklore of the weavers was enriched by countless Boccaccioan stories, all of which had such Passaic marriages for a theme; they were told with great guffaws and smacking of the lips, and the farther they travelled the more they gained in juice and momentum.

Of course, the places where the girls lived in Passaic were somewhat cramped on account of the limited earning capacity of the roomers. During hot Summer nights many a room could be found where the floor was covered by a carpet of sleeping girls, whose only night dresses consisted of their hides. Such things might have shocked visitors from Des Moines, but the local connoisseurs agreed that it was not a bad sight after all.

Every nationality had its own saloons and its own societies. The most aristocratic saloons and the most exclusive societies were those which catered to the original Germans, and many of us old boys still heave a deep sigh when we remember them. The saloons of the other nationalities tried to emulate them, and we certainly were not the losers in the contest. The various societies, ostensibly founded for sick and death benefits, were, in fact, devices for making the workers feel that they too were somebody, and they emphasized this feeling by marching from one saloon to the next one on Sunday afternoons, with banners streaming and bands blaring, and everybody having a hell of a good time.

So Passaic lived its halcyon days, blissfully ignorant of the world's trials and tribulations. The world did not care for Passaic and Passaic didn't give a damn whether it cared or not. Its people lived the lives of idyllic poverty that are characteristic of the *Spiessbürger*. But in 1912 it suddenly and unaccountably occurred to them that it would be a good thing to kick up a little dust. So they went on strike. They demanded higher wages and shorter hours, although they were not quite sure what they would do with these things if they got them.

In point of fact, they didn't get either the one or the other, but they certainly got all the fun they could reasonably expect. There was a lot of noise, shouting and giggling, jostling and hollering, and the mill gates were picketed against non-existing strike-breakers. The mill-owners hired a bunch of tough-looking Bowery bums, not that they had any special use for them, but because they too wanted to carry on the thing in the accepted style. The climax of the show came when the frenzy of the mob rose to such a pitch that it jeered and razzed the General Superintendent as that exalted personage was on his way home for dinner. His Lordship enjoyed this honor immensely, and drank half a dozen glasses of *Hofbräu* more than usual in order to celebrate the event. The strike came to an end when the grocers, butchers, and, what was the most important, the saloonkeepers, refused a further extension of credit. The management was magnanimous, nobody was punished, and wages were raised from one-half to one cent. Consequently everybody was happy. But the Passaicans began to count time from the date of the Big Strike.

Then came the war. During the first years the mills did not do a particularly good business, but they maintained their traditional policy of avoiding discharges. The war fever reached Passaic just as it reached every other American town, but nobody thought it possible that the United States would ever enter. The local sentiment, of course, was predominantly for the Central Powers, for most of the immigrants had come from German-speaking lands. On the memorable night when William Jennings Bryan delivered his great pacifist speech in Madison Garden, half Passaic was present, cheering its head off. By tacit agreement, Dr. Bryan's grape juice proclivities were discreetly overlooked. When the election between Wilson and Hughes hung in the balance, nobody in Passaic slept for three days and three nights, and when Wilson's victory became a matter of fact, people conversed in profanities for a week.

In the third year of the war, the war prosperity came to Passaic too—not in the shape of a sudden tidal wave, but in that of increasing rivulets. And its arrival was hailed by young and old. The woolen mills of the town then comprised five concerns, which employed about eleven thousand workers. The leader among these concerns was, and still is, the Botany Worsted Mills. It is the oldest and richest among them. When the Botany Worsted Mills, better known simply as Botany, was seized as an alien property, the value of its physical inventory ran up to $30,000,000. It was founded and owned by the Stoehr family of Leipzig. Kommerzienrat Edward Stoehr was the head of it, and his two sons, Max and Hans, were the managers. The younger Stoehrs were patricians with high-toned university educations. They lived in New York and had become American citizens.

The second in rank was the Forstmann-Huffmann Company, owned by Julius Forstmann. Between it and Botany a keen business rivalry naturally existed; socially, a cool, polite neutrality was maintained. The Botany bosses were a pretty exclusive bunch, considering themselves above the petty squabbles and vulgar greed that are unbecoming to gentlemen. They conducted their business in a conservative and dignified way. The men of the lesser mills were more up to date, more addicted to go-getting methods. Presently, certain forward-lookers among them began to harp on the modern idea of pooling resources. But for a time every suggestion of that kind, even that of a gentlemen's agreement, received a polite snub from the Botany crowd. They considered themselves to be sufficient unto themselves.

But when the United States entered the war, people lost their cocksureness. Things, indeed, began to look queer, and the idea of some sort of federation became more attractive. So negotiations were started and the outcome of the horse trade was that five of the mills, including the two big ones, organized a common medium or agency: the Industrial Council of Passaic Woolen Manufacturers. This happened early in 1917. What this Council otherwise did do or did not do in a business way does not concern this story, which professes only to tell what part it played in the passing of the idyl on the banks of the Passaic river.

Here it should be said that nothing would be more erroneous than to think that the foundations of this idyl rested on paternalism. There never was even a shade of such a thing. Whatever the mill-owners may have been otherwise, they had at least sense enough never to contribute a single penny to so-called social welfare activities, to any community spirit humbug, or to any attempt to interfere with the private affairs of their employés. All they did was never to discharge anybody and to give a job to anybody who came and asked for it. *Leben und leben lassen* was their motto. When this or that hand did not show up for a week, no questions were asked when he came back, and when somebody under the influence of drink called his foreman a son of some lower animal, all he was expected to do was to show proper repentance and to treat the aggrieved foreman in the acknowledged manner at the acknowledged bar. No; the mill-owners were not much interested in civics, nor in pure womanhood, nor in public health. But neither did they employ sterile spinsters to go around telling mothers of seven children how to raise them.

This system of *laissez faire, laissez aller* had its drawbacks, but it had its colorful aspects too. The mills were full of old dodos who nowhere else in America would have found employment. There was, for instance, old John, a Hungarian. Old John was one of the oldest employés, and consequently due respect was shown to him. This respect manifested itself especially in the haste with which everybody made room for him to pass as fast as possible. This show of reverence was closely connected with his job, which was the cleaning of the mill rest-rooms and similar places of retirement. Those places were not strictly up to date, to put it mildly, and the consequences were aggravated by John's unfortunate habit of never changing his clothes day or night.

John had been a shepherd on the great plains of Hungary, and he was illiterate, but like so many others of that brotherhood, he had a certain knowledge of herbs. Therefore he gathered herbs, and some of them were thought in Passaic to be of high curative value, especially for consumption. Among all the peasants of Europe, shepherds have the reputation of being excellent doctors, and this belief helped John to a big cliéntèle. Cynical calumniators maintained that it was the mephitic odors emanating from his person which chased away the bacilli, but others held to a more friendly view, and so he had quite an income from his practise and lived accordingly, *i.e.*, he sat up with his wife in their bed every night and drank all the rum with tea that he could swallow. John was eighty years old and so was his wife, and when she died he found life rather lonesome. So with a steady hand he crashed a bullet into his brain. *Requiescat in pace.*

## III

With the rise of the Industrial Council efficiency became the watchword in Passaic. Modern methods, the elimination of waste, all that sort of thing. Organization in employment, the scientific selection of employés, the gospel of 100% Americanization.

Real estate agents became colonels and front lawns were turned into potato-patches. Democracy, it appeared, was in danger. The country was not only full of German spies but also of their allies, the diabolical I.W.W.'s. The German mill-owners soon found that it was quite bad enough to be Germans; to be thrown into the same pot with the I.W.W. gentlemen surely didn't make it better. They were capitalists and had the usual deep-seated fear of radicals, and the fact that 90% of their employés were more or less recent immigrants did not assure them. So they got a vague feeling that something ought to be done, and when they were shown by expert counsel that their employés were in the most abject state of inefficiency, and that they themselves were losing millions by sticking to obsolete ideas, they were ready to say aye and amen to everything that was proposed to them. They were no longer sure of their own position; they were publicly considered to be enemies, even though they were citizens. Certain disagreeable gentlemen from Washington called on them, and demanded to have a peep into their affairs. Their American friends boycotted them socially. Just what lines their ratiocination took nobody can even tell, they perhaps the least, but finally they decided that the establishment of a Central Employment Office and Labor Bureau would be an excellent measure.

So the Council opened up its labor reforms with a bang. Practically everything that the fertile brains of social workers and employment psychologists had ever hatched was promised to the fortunate mill hands of Passaic. Not only were they to be cared for as far as their bodies and souls were concerned, but they were also officially informed that from now on Labor was recognized as the equal partner of Capital, or, at all events, as *almost* the equal. As older dabblers in sociology will remember, it was in those days that the punchinelloes of the uplift invented the spiel about "the human equation, the human factor, the human relation" and similar strictly "human" flim-flams. So the mill hands were now openly acknowledged to be members of the human race, and as such, they heard, they were expected to share all the blessings belonging rightfully to that race. But in order to bestow them it became necessary to know who was who. Therefore everybody who had anything to do with the mills, whether that person was male or female, had to be enrolled, *i.e.*, everything pertaining to him or her had to be put down in writing and filed away in the Central Employment Bureau of the Council.

So far all would have been well. But there was also another condition, and that was that from now on the happy-go-lucky days of obtaining a job by the simple procedure of going to the mill gates and asking for it would come to an end. Everybody who wanted a job now had to report at the said Employment Bureau, and after he had duly, carefully and conscientiously told everything about his person that was worth stating at all, and that could be written on a big sheet, he got a card, and with it he had to toddle to a certain mill gate.

All that sounded queer to the *Spiessbürger* of Passaic. They failed to understand why on earth they should tell a snoopy clerk who their fathers and mothers were, and whether they shared the benefit of clergy when they sat down to their board or went to bed with a certain woman. What difference did it make whether their eyes were blue or brown? And those cards! They certainly looked suspicious! There must be a catch somewhere.

And there was one, for there were certain signs on certain cards, which signs made it known to whom it concerned that the bearer of such a card was a rapscallion who had no business inside the gate. Taken by itself, this procedure could not be condemned unconditionally. Nobody could deny the right of the mill-owners to refuse employment to persons they did not consider desirable as employés. The trouble was about the persons told off to exercise judgment as to this or that man's desirability. So the greatest confusion reigned, for the people were not accustomed to such methods.

This confusion was increased by the unwillingness of some of the officers of the five constituent concerns to coöperate with the Central Employment Bureau. These executives hated one another cordially—at least, in so far as their official relations were concerned—but they united in their aversion to the Central Employment Bureau, which they considered a nuisance and an imposition. The Council, for reasons unknown, had engaged the services of a New York labor agency whose regular business was the furnishing of scabs and strike-breakers. This agency organized the Central Employment Bureau and practically managed it. Soon the directors of the different mills were skeptical about the whole scheme, if not downright hostile to it. They sensed that they would be made to jump through hoops, and they did not relish that performance, although they tried to do it as gracefully as they could, making mental reservations all the while.

Finally the time came when the results of the bureau's activities for the first three months became evident. The results were these: Not a single one of the promised welfare activities had been established, nay, nor even started, and the indications were that none would be started before doomsday. The workers had become irritated and suspicious, and the individual mills were enmeshed in a mass of useless red tape. As an offset there were rows of files stuffed with about 24,000 questionnaires which showed that Joe Kovacs was born in Hungary twenty-five years ago of legal parentage, and that Jadwiga Jedrzenska had three children, of whose sires nobody was sure, least of all Jadwiga herself.

The directors scratched their heads. All this was very well, but they were not much interested in Joe's birth certificate, nor did they particularly care about Jadwiga's escapades. But what could they do? They could not admit that they had been fooled. Such an admittance might be construed as admittance of defeat by the radical elements, and they were scared by the radicals, and the gentlemen who ran their Employment Bureau saw to it that they should get all the scare they could reasonably endure.

To prove that there were real agitators rampant and real conspiracies on foot an elaborate spy system was established. Into this secret service the best-known patriots in town were enrolled and at once they became as shrinking as a presidential candidate and as inconspicuous as a fire truck going full blast. Conspiracies were uncovered, old employés were discharged without rhyme or reason, and employment was refused to newcomers for no reason at all. So the mood of the people changed. They felt insecure, harassed, haunted, watched, cheated. Their former simple-minded dullness gave way to a vicious snarling, their patient content to a feeling of unrest.

Then the Botany Worsted Mills were seized by the government as alien property. Hans Stoehr died a sudden death that gave cause for all kind of rumors, and his brother Max, with the aid of Messrs. Marshall and Untermyer, fought the government in the courts. Julius Forstmann, the head of the Forstmann crowd, whom his friends and subordinates used to call the Kaiser, became a patriot. Meanwhile, the bogey man of the bureau, the archfiend from the I.W.W., who went by the name of Mr. Mecca, whose approach had been duly announced from the moment when he left San Francisco, and about whom the most minute description existed, walked one day into the bureau, was duly registered and got a card which entitled him to work in any of the five mills!

## IV

Finally, the tide of high wages reached Passaic too. The mills turned out military cloth almost exclusively, production went at high speed, money became a commodity. The girls, in white kid shoes and silk stockings, stood between machines from which the oil ran in streams. Jazz came and reigned supreme, despite the shaking heads of the older generation, which had a hunch that something unpleasant might follow.

The old *bourgeois* spirit manifested itself on Armistice Day (the fake one), perhaps for the last time. On that day the mills shut down under duress, and the workers poured into the streets. But the crowd was curiously silent. The saloons were filled to capacity, but the men drank in silence or conversed in undertones. Only the kids used the rattles and trumpets which were dumped into the streets. When the gaily decorated trucks of the American Express Company appeared, with their loads of yelling yahoos of both sexes, the people held back. It took many hours for any mob hysteria to be worked up.

This fateful day marked the beginning of a perplexed state of affairs. The mill-owners knew that they had departed far from their old policies, which could not be maintained at abnormally high wages, and the workers knew that something was going to happen. And so, early in February, a general strike started. How and why it began would be hard to tell. The workers maintained that the owners themselves instigated it in order to lower wages and get rid of their overstuffed inventories. The owners charged agitation. The truth seems to be that both parties were right. There was dirty work on both sides, and this dirty work characterized the strike during the whole three months of its duration. There can hardly be any doubt that the strike leaders were in the pay of the mill-owners, but there is also ample evidence that the mill-owners were double-crossed. Thus the strike slipped from their hands.

The city authorities, curiously enough, sympathized with the strikers, especially the policemen, who preferred hugging the pretty girls who did picket duty to clubbing radicals. The mill-owners, instead of coming to terms as the directors of the still powerful Botany proposed, hired discharged soldiers and the situation became nasty. Shots were fired and pitched battles fought; fortunately, the calamities were insignificant. The worst mistake was made by the owners when they laid off all the weekly wage earners, hoping to break the backbone of the strike. Instead, they broke their own backbone. Those weekly men were the most loyal adherents of their masters, and the lay-off hit them where they were the most sensitive. They had considered themselves secure and now they were thrown into the common pot of social misery. They, the most typical of all the *Spiessbürger*, were turned into proletarians! They never forgave nor forgot.

Finally, the strike was broken and the workers returned at smaller wages. But those who returned were not the same who went out. The next strike will bear witness to that transfiguration. Thus the *Spiessbürger* idyl of Passaic was broken. The mill hands were no longer *petite bourgeoisie*, inhabitants of quaint and peaceful saloons, providers of fair maidens for lonely miners, holders of secure sinecures. They had entered the sorry ranks of the proletariat. They had become proletarians, and as such they must train for the great battle of Armageddon, and fight and fight it over again, until the great dawn of the Millennium—and that is very far off.

It is a long time since I left the little mill-town on the banks of the Passaic river. I walk beneath palms and the Pacific spreads beneath my feet. But I have moments when I would gladly give all the palms, with half a dozen blonde movie extras thrown in, for a quiet evening in Ed's place, at the corner of Dayton avenue and President street, Passaic, N. J.

# NO MOTIVE

### BY LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY

It was death by asphyxiation. The gas-filled rooms and the open jets in the oven left no doubt as to that. But why, every one asked, did the thing have to happen at all? What sense was there in the woman's taking her life and the lives of her two boys, Donald and Henry? Donald was only three, little more than a baby. Henry was nine.

The woman was said to have been a devoted mother to her children. But how could she have been? She would doubtless have killed Ardella, too, had the little girl not been away from home at the time. Ardella was fourteen. Certainly, the tragedy called for an explanation. "But only the Lord Hisself knows why she done it," an old lady was heard to remark. Why didn't she give her motive in any one of the three notes she was so careful to leave on the table?

Our little, well-ordered, law-abiding city was shocked. It was saddened, too. But every one, if the truth were known, also felt somewhat annoyed—annoyed, that is, by the woman's reticence. It would have been so easy for her to have added a word or so to one of the notes.

In a way, I suppose, she did owe the community an explanation. For the community had, in its fashion, done its best for her; it had in a measure taken the place her husband should have filled. Her husband had deserted her several years before. As matters had turned out, however, it seemed as if, by her very silence, she had meant to blame the town for what had happened.

Happily, there was some cause for congratulation in the fact that Ardella had escaped. Only the week before, she had been sent to the Detention Home. And so the community felt that it had thus, all unwittingly, been the means of saving Ardella from a terrible fate there in the kitchen with her mother and brothers. Ardella was indeed a fortunate girl. Everybody said so. But how account for her mother's act? The city kept asking itself that question.

According to Coroner Dick Winfield, the woman and her sons had probably been dead for two days when they were found on Friday afternoon. The coroner turned over to Sheriff Thomas H. Purton three notes, written by the woman, and an insurance policy. But in none of these notes, addressed to relatives and friends, did she give a hint as to why she had decided that life, for herself and boys, was no longer worth living.

The tragedy made a four- or five-column story in the local papers. And it is partly from the newspaper accounts that I have drawn the following bits of information about the woman and her family. Certain of the items I was able to gather myself at first hand. I submit the information here in the hope that some ingenious reader or other may be able to arrive at an explanation of the unhappy occurrence. But I must warn him that neither Mrs. Emma Farwell, matron of the Detention Home, nor Municipal Judge Nelson, both of them familiar with the circumstances of the family, was able to offer an explanation. Even the woman's neighbors and relatives confessed themselves at a loss.

But let me get the facts set down in their proper order.

## II

Mrs. Anna Raslin and her two boys, who lived in James street in a small house near the Rock Island tracks, had not been seen for two days—not since Wednesday afternoon. Two of their neighbors, Mrs. Polly Stokes and Mrs. A. A. Welch, had become suspicious, and after rapping at the front and the back doors and trying the windows had, with the help of R. D. Borly, another neighbor, forced the front door. They found the three bodies in the kitchen. I here quote from one of the daily papers:

> Mrs. Raslin was lying face upward on the floor, with her head near a wash-tub full of clothes. The wash-board, with a partly used bar of soap on it, was lying beside her, so close that one of her hands was resting on it. The body of Henry, the older boy, was lying on a cot in a corner of the room, and that of the baby on the floor at the mother's feet. There was a big hole in each of the woman's shoes. The oven jets were wide open, the kitchen doors and windows were securely fastened, and the three-room house was saturated with gas.

Three notes, written with a blue pencil, were found on the kitchen table, where the unwashed dishes from the last meal had been pushed to one side. The meal had consisted, apparently, of bread and boiled potatoes. There was no milk or butter in the house. A deck of cards, with the jack of hearts on top, was piled just beside the notes.

One of the notes was addressed to "Mrs. Withers," another to "Ed and Laura," and the third to "M and Gertrude." The one to Mrs. Withers read:

> Please call up Laura and Ed at Vilmar Hotel if anything happens to us over here. You can never tell. And tell them to please take care of Ardella. Lots of good luck to both of you.
>
> Mrs. Raslin.

The police identified the Laura and Ed as a Mr. and Mrs. Ed Raslin. Mr. Raslin was a brother-in-law of the dead woman. The note to Ed and Laura follows:

> Please take care of Ardella now. You know about the insurance. And give her the radio please. I believe it is paid for. The only thing. Yes, I'm sure it is. Good luck.
>
> Anna.

The M and Gertrude to whom the third note was addressed proved to be Mrs. Mildred Racer and Mrs. Gertrude Hulbert, sisters, living at 4413 Appleton street. This note read:

> Ardella is at the Home. Please help take care of her. And see that she gets the radio. I do not know what more. Yes and try to see that she stays in school.
>
> Mrs. Raslin.

Hundreds of people read these notes, but nobody was able to detect in them a clue as to why Mrs. Raslin had killed herself and her children.

Lying near the notes, on the other side from the playing cards, was a sealed envelope, containing, according to Sheriff Purton, an insurance policy, and addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Ed Raslin, Vilmar Hotel. Upon being questioned by the police, Mrs. Raslin stated that Mrs. Anna Raslin had called at the hotel earlier in the week to ask if Ed "would act as a guardian and see that the children got the money from the insurance." The policy was for $1000. In the opinion of Sheriff Purton the "small amount of the policy would not indicate that Mrs. Raslin had killed herself in order that the children might get the insurance." Beside, he pointed out, it "is to be remembered that two of the children died with the mother." The sheriff expressed himself as being "absolutely in the dark as to any possible motive for the woman's act."

Mrs. Ed Raslin told police that she had learned about the insurance only a few days before the tragedy. She said that the other Mrs. Raslin had appeared quite concerned about it. "She was especially anxious," stated Mrs. Ed Raslin, "to see that the little girl, Ardella, was provided for. But I'm confident that at the time there was no intention of suicide. On the whole, Anna was happy and cheerful, more than I'd seen her for a long while. She did say that the premium on the policy would be due in about three weeks, but she didn't seem troubled about this. She even remarked with a laugh that the premium would take care of itself. She seemed unusually bright and cheerful. She dropped a word or so about some trip she might take, and said that if she went anywhere she would probably have to take the boys. There wasn't a thing in what she said or the way she acted that pointed to suicide."

According to Municipal Judge Nelson, the woman had been deserted by her husband about three years ago. Since that time "she had been receiving a mother's pension of thirty dollars from the county." As far as he knew she and her three children had been able to make ends meet on this sum, especially with such help as the Social Welfare Society had given her. He was unable to say, however, just what the extent of this help was.

Miss Elizabeth Philerts of the Welfare Society said that the organization had helped Mrs. Raslin from time to time. For one thing, it had thrown a good deal of work in her way. When asked whether she thought Mrs. Raslin had overworked, she said that the woman had not been altogether well but that in spite of some trouble with her heart had been able to supplement charity by taking in washings. The society had only recently considered the "possibility of making Mrs. Raslin a present of a washing-machine." "I can't understand her death at all," declared Miss Philerts.

The juvenile probation officer, Mrs. F. V. Swarington, stated that Mrs. Raslin "had been having a good deal of trouble with her oldest child, Ardella, for the past year." But it seems that the girl had not appeared more than once in the Juvenile Court. Records at the Detention Home revealed that a week before the death of her mother and brothers Ardella had been taken to the Home in connection with stealing a pair of silk stockings from a neighbor's clothes-line. She had also been suspected of stealing "money from milk bottles or of stealing the milk itself."

Miss Sarah Melser, principal of Hayward School, said that Ardella had been one of their most troublesome pupils. The girl had been very irregular in attendance and had "been given to untidiness in dress and habits." Both she and her brother were considerably underweight. Miss Melser pointed out that the school had repeatedly notified the mother of this. She expressed herself as of the opinion "that parents are inclined to throw too much responsibility on the schools." It was her "intention to discuss this problem at the next meeting of the P. T. A."

The pastors of two neighboring churches, the Rev. Mr. Jonas Smith of the Wesleyan Methodist Church and Dr. Phillip Harkway of the West End Baptist Church, were not directly acquainted with the family. But they both said that members of their respective Sunday-schools had visited the house and tried to prevail on the mother to send her children to Sunday-school and to come to church herself. They were also happy to say that from time to time helpful religious literature had been left at the house. But so far as they knew, the family had not responded to the invitations of the churches. Dr. Harkway deeply regretted "that the poor woman did not seek the counsel and the spiritual comfort of the church." "The church," stated the Rev. Mr. Smith, "always stands with open arms to receive the sick and sore at heart."

All three of the children, according to Mrs. Farwell, had on two different occasions been cared for at the Detention Home. This had been during the illness of their mother. The matron said that eight months ago Mrs. Raslin had undergone a major operation at a charity hospital in a neighboring city. After several weeks she had come back "in a somewhat nervous condition." This condition had persisted, and in two months she had had to return to the hospital for another operation. But since then she had seemed to mend and was able to resume taking in washings. During the mother's stay in the hospital the children had improved in health. Mrs. Farwell thought that they had been undernourished at home. One of the employés at the Home had called Donald, the baby, "the cutest kid we ever had here." Mrs. Farwell said that she and Mrs. Swarington, the juvenile probation officer, had on several occasions tried to impress on the woman the necessity of "creating a wholesome home life for the children, especially for the girl." Acting upon their advice, Mrs. Raslin had hung a few "pictures on the walls and had bought an inexpensive radio." The radio, they felt, would be a means of keeping Ardella at home.

A week or so before her death, the woman had been at the county courthouse to see about the renewal of her mother's pension. The term for which the pension had been granted was to expire in a few weeks, but Mrs. Raslin, after having been questioned as to the whereabouts of her husband, "was assured that the pension would in all probability be renewed." In describing Mrs. Raslin's appearance while at the courthouse, Judge Samuel Woodward said that she seemed to be in "the best of spirits." "Her pension was, of course, paid regularly," the judge stated. "And so her suicide is utterly inexplicable to me."

Mr. Ed Raslin, the woman's brother-in-law, who is connected with the Vilmar Hotel, said that Mrs. Anna Raslin had been separated from her husband for about three years. He was unwilling to express himself concerning the cause of the separation. His brother, he said, was a street carnival concessionaire and had traveled extensively over the country, but he knew nothing as to his present whereabouts. He had left his wife about a month before the birth of Donald. Mr. Raslin saw his sister-in-law for the last time about a week before her death. He happened "to run across her in a branch postoffice where she was mailing a package of some sort." She didn't have enough postage, and he had given her a little money. "She didn't like to accept help," he said. At the postoffice she had "seemed contented and happy, almost too happy, rather unnatural-like," stated Mr. Raslin. "When I gave her the money she laughed and asked me how anyone could expect her to take a trip." Mr. Raslin could not understand her reference to a trip and could not "imagine why she committed suicide."

Municipal Judge Nelson said that sometime in 1926 or 1927 the woman's husband had been brought into court on a charge of beating his wife and children and of refusing to provide for his family. A job "was secured for him, and for a short while he seemed to be supporting his family. But he disappeared suddenly." It was thought that he had left town with another woman. No trace of him had been found since. Judge Nelson had occasionally spoken to Mrs. Raslin about her husband and had found her somewhat reconciled to the separation. Once or twice the woman had broken down and cried, "but on the whole there was nothing to indicate that she was not bearing up well. Her unusual devotion to her children makes her act one of the most unaccountable that has ever come to my notice."

Willard P. Grant, the woman's landlord, said that his tenant had been fairly regular with her rent. This amounted to twelve dollars a month. She had been in the habit of paying him out of her pension; so the woman herself had told him. At the time of her death she was behind over two months' rent. She had promised to get caught up as soon as possible, and had said that she got behind on account of "buying a radio or something." Mr. Grant remarked that on the day before the woman's death he had notified her of a call to be made the next Monday by a prospective purchaser of the house.

## III

Some indication that Mrs. Raslin had of late been rather disturbed mentally was found in statements made by certain of her neighbors. Mrs. Stokes and Mrs. Welch, who, with Mr. Borly, had discovered the bodies, both said that after the second operation Mrs. Raslin had been delving into spiritualism. Mrs. Stokes had lent Mrs. Raslin a ouija board, and for the past three or four weeks the latter had told visitors of unusual sights and sounds that she saw and heard at night. Three weeks before the tragedy Mrs. Welch had gone with Mrs. Raslin to consult a local spiritualist. Mrs. Welch was sure that her neighbor had come away feeling much better. The medium had, in reading her future, informed her that "everything would work out for the best and that she would take a trip in a short while."

Several days before the deaths, Mrs. Stokes had visited the woman and found her muttering over the wash-tub. She seemed to be "saying something about Ardella and the Home, and mixed this up with something about the other children and a trip." Her eyes were bright, almost feverish-looking. After a bit she began thumping the bar of soap on the washboard and splashing the water with her left hand. Then she had struck up a "sort of weird tune." "It was kind of awful and made you think of spirits or something," said Mrs. Stokes. But finally the woman had quieted down, and Mrs. Stokes had left her in a "cheerful frame of mind."

The neighbors had tried to get Mrs. Raslin to seek medical aid. Dr. Ryelton, a neighboring physician, said that he had looked in on her and suggested that she take a good rest and get some one to help her with the work. The doctor thought she looked worn and emaciated. He had left a prescription with her, to be filled at the corner drug store. The druggist said that he had refused to fill the prescription since the woman was already indebted to him for other medicine.

Miss Philerts of the Welfare Society said that Mrs. Raslin's state of mind had come to her attention and that "attempts had been made to work out something with court officials to relieve the situation." Calls had been made by society workers, but Miss Philerts was not certain when the last visit had been made. "Mrs. Raslin had a deep affection for her children, especially the little girl," said Miss Philerts, "and I can't see how she could have had the heart to do what she did."

On Tuesday, the day before her death, Mrs. Raslin had talked to Mrs. Welch about Ardella's being sent to the Home and had asked her to "please pray for her." That same day Mrs. Virginia Slater, another neighbor, had met Mrs. Raslin walking slowly along the Rock Island tracks. The latter had "talked about her children and about wanting to take a trip." "The more she talked about the trip the better she seemed to feel," said Mrs. Slater. "She was in good spirits when I left her and felt a lot better about things."

On Wednesday afternoon Donald had strayed away and Mrs. Raslin had gone about the neighborhood "looking for him and calling him." In an hour or so some of the neighbors' children brought him back, and Mrs. Raslin, after taking in some clothes from the line, had followed him into the house. This was the last seen of the woman and Donald prior to the discovery of the bodies. No one recalled having seen Henry, the older boy, that afternoon, although Miss Runnard, his teacher, said that he had been at school during the morning.

Friday afternoon Mrs. Welch and Mrs. Stokes had been moved by an intuition to go over and see if everything was all right. When they called they had smelled a strong odor of gas and with Mr. Borly's help had forced the front door. Neither of the women could assign a motive for Mrs. Raslin's act. "It was a terrible surprise to both of us," said Mrs. Welch. "When we didn't see anybody around we thought maybe she had gone on the trip she had been talking about. But we couldn't see where she would get the money for a trip."

The funeral services were held on Sunday at the Clayton Funeral Home. The Rev. George Ransum of the West End

Community Church preached the sermon. He talked briefly, and pointed out that Mrs. Raslin's act was among those "inexplicable mysteries of life that must evermore oppress the mind and heart of humanity." He spoke of the various charity organizations and what they had done for the family. "These splendid organizations exercised unusual Christian care and forbearance in regard to the mother and her three children." He spoke also of the generous pension granted by the county and of the interest taken in the family by both county and city officials. In conclusion he said: "What it was that led this woman to take the course she did we shall never know. The motives of the human heart are known to God alone. And it is to Him that this woman must answer. Let us not judge her too harshly, but commend her rather to the infinite compassion and mercy of the Great Judge."

Thus, through its various spokesmen, the community expressed itself concerning the tragedy. Every one agreed that in killing herself and her boys the woman had had no motive.

# FANTASIA IMPROMPTU

### BY BENJAMIN DECASSERES

All we do is to talk into our own beards.
*Cornelius Hammerschlag.*

*New Theory of Evolution.*—Whatever exists demands an audience. The audience may be an actual one or purely psychical. Extrovert and introvert both found their activities on the primal fact of exhibitionism. The ego demands a flattering eye or a hostile eye; but it *must* act before an eye: call it public, God, conscience, ideal, self-consciousness, *alter ego*—what you will.

Universal exhibitionism—the Narcissan instinct—in its relation to evolution: here is a vein of thought in which I have lately been working. I have found it, in every form of organic activity, a primal cause of expression—and of life itself. The whole universe, including God, is a show-off. Whatever is is for purposes of æsthetic expression alone, and this fundamental æsthetic urge in God, forces and men has no more important reason for being, so far as I can see, than the swish of a peacock's tail before its lady.

Pain and evil, above all, are exhibitionistic in their soul of souls. The agonies of Buddha and the wounds of Christ, under their ethical masks, are purely Narcissan in origin.

Some one has said that all life aspires to music. All life, as I see it, aspires to mirrors.

*Creation and Destruction.*—The two most pleasurable forms of intellectual activity are the creation of illusions and the creation of disillusions. There is a profounder pleasure for me in the latter than in the former. But I discover, on thinking about the matter, that both processes are creative acts. Why, then, do I find a greater pleasure in creating disillusions than in creating illusions, in pulling a thing apart than in putting a thing together? It is because, I think, destruction gives me a fuller sense of the will-to-power than creation. There is a greater power-sense in sending a man to death than in pardoning him.

To create a universe may be a necessary organic function of God; but to destroy a universe involves an act of the will and intellect—a higher act. We can give no good reasons for our need to create; but we generally know why we destroy. Destruction is the highest form of the creative activity. Every great act of creation, artistic or otherwise, carries with it acts of ruthless destruction, biological, social and æsthetic; but great acts of destruction involve only a theoretical creative gesture. It may leave a vacancy with nothing to replace it, like the destruction of the Alexandrian library. Thus many forms of destruction and disillusion are pure acts of creation *and* destruction. I enjoy destruction for its own sake and because it involves the creation of a vacuum. I do not know why I love; but I know why I hate.

*The Cowardice of Atheism.*—An atheist's universe is a dead universe—a glove without a hand, a body without a brain, a hat without a head, a piano without a Paderewski, a Faust without a Mephistopheles, an Austerlitz without a Napoleon, a machine without a machinist. Nothing more ridiculous, unscientific, sophomoric!

Everything in me contradicts the atheist. The power, the beauty, the fertility, the good, the evil, the ecstasy in me say Nay! to a Godless universe. I consummate my moral, intellectual, emotional and sexual life every minute in marriage with a Presence, a Spirit, a Force that responds to me, is unified in me, is for me just so far as I am defiantly, brazenly, fearlessly myself.

God, in a word, is the egotism of the atom and the egotism of myself. The atheist seeks a "moral" God, an "ethical" God, and not finding Him anywhere (as, indeed, there is no such God), denies the existence of God. Poor creature, you have not the courage to admire; you merely seek Justice. You cannot dissociate Power and Beauty from Good and Evil. You dare not affirm the beauty in Evil. Poor atheist, you are not a brain; you are a venomous tear!

*Reveries in Third Avenue.*—I go marketing for dinner. Four lamb chops. I watch the butcher hack them. The dissipations of saints. Orgies of temptation. Hasheesh of holiness. A loaf of gluten bread, please. Industrial values—that's the new norm of civilization. Ha! Ha! civilization! The will-to-work. Mussolini. Russia. Germany. Ford. America. Uglification, the forerunner of putrefaction. The face of Coolidge. Six lemons and a head of lettuce, please. Only two occupations are worthy of man, that dignify his existence and justify his fleeting day—to try to find out the meaning of life and to transfer the mystery of it to paper, canvas, stone, tone. A pound of shrimps, please. Well, Weininger, why *should* women have souls, be honest, be immortal, have genius? You're a Schopenhaueran Christian. All that you say is true—well, what of it? Woman is dishonest naturally. Man is honest artificially. A woman gets a bigger kick out of her dishonesty than a man does out of his honesty. See how nature beautifies dishonesty, amoralism and lying in women. There must be something æsthetically true about it. Besides, she has a form of genius you do not credit her with—sex-genius, love-genius. Then again—"*God-damn you, you want to be killed?*" I shouldn't converse with myself while crossing Third avenue. The taxi driver was right. And I nearly lost the shrimps.

*The Pride of a Private Hell.*—To know that everybody is in Hell comforts and sustains us; but to know that I have a private, special Hell that no one else has, that no one can break into, gives me an importance that allows me to feel superior and elect. We all desire to surpass one another in something. So if we cannot brag of good luck, let us brag of our bad luck. You have a toothache? Bah!, I've got a cancer! You've got lumbago? Bah!, I've got smallpox!

*Suggeſtion to Any President.*—What is the trouble with the world? Lack of nakedness.

We should have a day dedicated each month to the glorification of the flesh, of the body. Ugly bodies should be taboo. I do not wish to destroy the beauty, the mystery and the allure of the hidden bodies of clothed males and females—therefore, once a month, or, maybe twice a year would be still better for the carnival of the flesh. Health, sanity and hygiene demand it. I do not wish to make the flesh common and everyday. Maybe once a year would be still better.

I can see the President of the United States solemnly issuing his proclamation for a Day of Nudity, bidding the people repair to the open spaces of the cities and suburbs, and to the sound of zithers and flutes and the emptying of vast flagons of orange juice and Poland water giving thanks to God for the beauty of their bodies and the mysterious delights of flesh.

But am I becoming an optimist?

*The Bank.*—When I go into a bank I have a feeling of awe. The most powerful of all the gods lives beyond those gratings. Those vaults are the closed temples of Power and Freedom. In those vaults are the Golden Fleece, the Grail of Sir Galahad and the Mansion in the Skies. I feel like taking my shoes off when I enter. I am also a thief when I enter a bank. My fingers itch. We all understand bank-robbers—do we not, hypocrite brethren?

# MUSIC

## LITTLE CONCERT-HALLS

### By Atwood C. Bellamy

What the Little Theatres have done for the drama in America is known to everyone. If there is any hospitality to intelligence on Broadway today it is mainly due to them. Without them the commercial managers would still be in the Erlanger-Frohman-Belasco stage of evolution, and the best plays of the day would be such things as "Zaza" and "The Lion and the Mouse." These Little Theatres, at the start, had hard sledding, both in New York and in the provinces. All the head men of the theatre were against them, and so were nearly all the dramatic critics. They found it difficult to obtain suitable plays; they found it even more difficult to discover competent performers; they were made fun of on every hand. But now all that is changed. They have an enormous repertory of plays to choose from, and they have trained their own actors. And everyone speaks well of them, including even the more enlightened of the commercial managers.

I rise to suggest that what has thus worked so well with the drama might work just as well with music. That is to say, I propose that Little Concert-Halls be set up everywhere—not only in New York, but in all the cities and towns of the land. And I propose that, like the Little Theatres, they be devoted to putting on what is not now done commercially, and that they be directed and operated, not by the professionals who now burden American music, but by amateurs. I propose that these amateurs not only run them, but also play in them, just as the amateurs of two decades ago played in the Little Theatres. And I propose, finally, that they be run, not for profit, but for the simple love of music.

I can see no reason why the scheme should not be workable. To put on opera takes millions and to put on symphony concerts takes almost as much, but to put on a string quartette takes next to nothing. Specifically, it takes a platform about as big as an ordinary dining-room, and space for fifty or sixty spectators—that is all. Throw two parlors into one, and you have it. Clean out the loft above what was once a horse-stable, and you have it again. Rent an old store in a side street, and you have it once more.

The chamber music that is now heard in the United States is usually heard under the worst possible conditions. There are very few public halls suitable for it, and so it is forced into halls that are not suitable for it. I myself have heard the Flonzaley Quartette try to play Haydn's E flat, opus 20, in a hall in which Sousa's band had played the week before. And another time I heard Ysaÿe and two others tackle the first Brahms trio in a hall so wide and long and high that, sitting in the middle of it, I felt like an electron lost in a molecule. It goes without saying that the acoustics of such barns are not adapted to quartette playing. Yet most of the quartette playing that goes on in America goes on in them.

Chamber music is precisely what its name implies: it is music intended to be played in ordinary rooms—not small ones, perhaps, but still ordinary rooms. It never sounds so well as when one is close to it. Probably the ideal place, when the composition is a quartette, is directly in the middle of the four players. Retreat forty feet, and at once the thing begins to be thin and wheezy. Go back sixty feet, and one may as well leave the place altogether. The chamber music classics were all written for small halls and small audiences. When Beethoven or Mozart or Schubert wanted to make a lot of noise and fill a big hall, he turned to the full orchestra.

My first point is that a hall exactly suitable for chamber music—up to and including such things as Schubert's and Mendelssohn's octettes—may be obtained in any American town for no more rent a month than it takes to keep a car, and that furnishing it would cost scarcely more than a good suit of clothes. My second point is that, if amateurs be counted in, there are players enough to man it almost everywhere—and audiences ready to listen to them. That so little chamber music is heard in America today is not the fault of the audiences. It is the fault of the system that converts a string quartette into a sort of travelling circus, and puts it to playing in halls big enough for horse-shows, that the rapacity of whole packs of managers, booking agents, local managers, house managers, press-agents and other such hangers-on may be satisfied.

The Little Concert-Hall that I have in mind would bear no such burden. It would not be open every night, and it would not be dependent on the box-office. Its heart and soul would be the performers. They would use it for rehearsals, and, when they got good enough, they would ask the public in to listen. There would be seats for fifty, a hundred, maybe two hundred—no more. And the next night some other group would play, maybe with some of the same performers appearing again, and maybe with a wholly new outfit. One night—string quartettes. The next night—trios or a sonata evening. The next week—quintettes (say Brahms' or Mozart's for clarinet and strings, and Schubert's "Forellen"!), or maybe a pair of sextettes (say Dvořák's and Raff's!), or a mixture of big things and little. Once or twice a year—a whole evening for the Schubert octette, or a programme of pieces for salon orchestra.

I see no reason why it should be difficult, in any sizeable American town, to raise the money for such an enterprise. There is no need to have a hall on a main street, with electric lights outside and a doorman dressed like a field marshal. There is no need to have a paid manager or to do any advertising. There is even no need to pay the performers, save maybe now and then, when a bassoon or a clarinet is called for, and no amateur who can play it is to be found. The Little Theatres all started on shoe-strings. They went up alleys and kept to themselves. The fun was for the performers and their friends, not for people wandering around idly, vacillating between this and that movie show. But a public soon found them out, and presently many of them were making their expenses, and not a few were even accumulating capital.

Such a hall as I have in mind may be rented, even in the big cities, for no more than $1,000 a year. Add $500 for light, heat, programmes, music, and other current expenses, and $500 for the unforeseen, and the total is still within the means of any average group of twenty or thirty music-lovers. Say that twenty performances are given during the season, and that an average of a hundred tickets is sold for each, at $1 apiece: the cost is now precisely nothing. But even if there is a deficit, what true amateur, considering all the fun he has had, will object to paying his share of it?

In this department of finance, the experience of the Little Theatres ought to be useful. I don't know how they managed it, but manage it they did. The death-rate, of course, was very high among them, but some of them always survived, and whenever one fell out another was ready to take its place. Their work completely changed the attitude of the American public toward the drama. Today it would roar with laughter over things that it gaped at in all solemnity twenty years ago. And today it is paying to see plays that it once ignorantly snickered at.

The same thing might be done for music,

and especially for chamber music, which is the loveliest kind there is. No great capital is needed, and no tedious propaganda. The materials are everywhere, and also, I believe, the interest. All that is necessary is to give it a chance to show itself. I'd like to see a Little Concert-Hall in every town in the United States, and in the big cities scores of them. And some day, I believe, I'll see them.

## FOLK SONGS

SONGS HEARD IN PALESTINE.
*Collected by Anna Shomer Rothenburg.*
*The Bloch Publishing Company*
$1. 9 x 12; 89 pp. *New York*

Nineteen songs in Hebrew and seventeen in Yiddish comprise this collection. There are explanatory notes in English, together with suggestions for interpretation. The piano arrangements are by Meyer Posner. It is interesting to read, in Mrs. Rothenburg's short foreword, that "Yiddish songs, though not given publicly in any part of Palestine, are still sung in the hushed privacy of many homes." Strange that Jews, in the supposititious homeland of the Jews, should have to sing their own vernacular in "the hushed privacy" of their homes! A sort of linguistic anti-Semitism practised by Semites, and reminiscent, with modifications, of conditions that once obtained in darkest Russia! Meanwhile, Yiddish is officially recognized by the Soviet government. *Es ist zum Lachen!* . . . The melodies are almost invariably interesting, and the accompaniments, though not unfailingly successful, show a laudable attempt to steer clear of the commonplace without landing into un-folk-like complexity.

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SELECTED SONGS. *Voice & Piano*
*By Eliakum Zunser.* *The Zunser Publishing Company*
$5. 9 x 12¼; 174 pp. *New York*

Eliakum Zunser is of importance in Yiddish cultural life as the last of the *badkhonim*, or wedding-bards. The *badkhen* is a type that well repays extended study; he was everything from a vocal newspaper and preacher to a one-man show. The place for such an essay belongs in a history of Yiddish letters, which is inseparable from a history of Yiddish folk life. For the present collection, which includes some fifty of Zunser's songs—he usually wrote or helped himself to the music—Abraham Cahan has written a highly appreciative introduction. The words appear in both Hebrew and Roman characters; for those who do not read Yiddish there is a helpful synopsis of each song, prepared by Maximilian Hurwitz. The arrangements, made by William Fichlander from notes furnished by Joseph Rumshinsky, are something more than adequate. Zunser lived an exciting life in the old world and the new; he was born in 1836 and died in 1912. Some of his songs penetrated so deeply into the heart of his folk that they may be found there to this day, words and melody complete.

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30 & 1 FOLK SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS. *For Solo Voice & Piano*
*Compiled & Arranged by Bascom Lamar Lunford & Lamar Stringfield.* *Carl Fischer*
75 cents 7 x 10¼; 56 pp. *New York*

As interesting as the music are, at times, the words to these tunes from the southern Appalachians, where, in addition to numerous ballads from England and Scotland, a true type of American folk-song is heard. Messrs. Lunford and Stringfield both contribute a prefatory note, in which the origin of the selected songs, and the proper way to interpret them, are discussed. The musical arrangements are simple and unpretentious, but not at all perfunctory. Singers will be interested in the variant of "Careless Love"; they will enjoy, too, the patter of "Old Jimmie Sutton" and the seemingly endless tale of the woes that befell "Poor Omia Wise." There aren't many haunting tunes, but the words are a veritable mine of regional sociology. When the folk poet isn't wishing that he was "a mole in the ground," he's as likely as not yearning to be "an apple, A-hanging on the tree, And ev'ry time my sweetheart passed, She'd take a bite of me."

## PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

CLASSICAL SYMPHONY *in D Major, Op. 25.*
*The Boston Symphony Orchestra*
*By Serge Prokoffieff.* *Victor*
$4. 2 records; 12 in. *Camden*

Three of these sides are devoted to the Classical Symphony; the fourth, to the scherzo and march from Prokoffieff's "The Love for Three Oranges." The Boston band, under Koussevitzky, does one of its finest gramophonic jobs. Koussevitzky, indeed, has a decided liking for the work of this young Russian modernist, and the symphony is characteristic stuff that unfolds gracefully beneath his baton. Classical it is, not only in name but in attitude and facture, looking almost impartially now to the past, now to the future. For those who confuse musical modernism with melodic sterility there are numerous tunes to delight even an academician; yet the simplicity of the delightful music is on the hither side of subtlety. There is a healthy humor and a generally bubbling delight in the sheer dynamics of tone. The Classical Symphony, indeed, promises to become a classic of modernism . . . When, by the way, will Koussevitzky and his assembled forces give us that choral masterpiece of Prokoffieff, "Sept Ils Sont Sept"? Or the Scythian Suite? Here is a modernist with more than one arrow in his quiver!

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"FRAUENLIEBE UND LEBEN" (*Woman's Love & Life*).
*Voice & Small Orchestra*
*By Robert Schumann.* *Parlophone*
$6.50 4 records; 10 in. *London*

This cycle, to words by von Chamisso, was written some ninety years ago; the songs are heard individually, but rarely as a group, though the component parts acquire added meaning from being sung together as they were conceived. Lottie Lehmann brings to their interpretation not only a soprano voice of unaffected charm, but also an excellent sense of the dramatic and lyric values of the simple words. In eight short songs Chamisso and Schumann have epitomized a lifetime love. Poetry and music alike suffer from an occasional *cliché*, yet even today each is undeniably effective.

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OPERA, "*Der Freischütz.*"
*Abridged by Hermann Weigert & Hans Maeder*
*By Carl Maria von Weber.* *Polydor*
$7.50 4 records; 12 in. *Berlin*

This is one of a welcome and growing series that already includes Strauss's "Die Fledermaus" and Lortzing's "Zar und Zimmerman." The orchestra is under the direction of Hermann Weigert and the leading rôles are entrusted to a group of singers who go at their work *con amore*. Though the chorus work is secondary, it is accomplished with conscientious skill. To American ears—the tabloid versions are sung, of course, in German—there will be a novelty in the inclusion of dialogue. Unintentionally, then, Polydor is providing for non-Germans an opportunity to test and improve their stage German . . . "Der Freischütz" lends itself admirably to intelligent abridgment. It should be better known, as should much more of Weber, by all who pretend to a fuller understanding of Wagner. One of the most familiar strains in "Tannhäuser," for example—the wedding music—seems surely to derive from a celebrated passage of "Der Freischütz."

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SYMPHONY *No. 4, in F Minor.*
*Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam*
*By P. I. Tschaikowsky.* *Columbia*
$10. 5 records; 12 in. *New York*

It is the fashion among many of the musical intelligentsia to turn up the nose at mention of Tschaikowsky. A few years ago, symphonically speaking, one had to be a Brahmsianer or a Tschaikowskian; it was never even considered that one might find pleasure in both the contained German and the uncontained Russian. The Russian, to be sure, waxes sentimental; he overflows the borders of good taste; he tears passions to tatters and strews crazy flowers much like a Lear bereft of his daughters. Yet it is possible, despite these defects of a temperament, to listen to Tschaikowsky's symphonies—to the last three particularly—and discover in them a master of tonal dynamics and those abstract relationships of sound without which music is a sublimated tinkling . . . Mr. Mengelberg, directing his Dutch artists in this familiar plangency of the symphony hall, seems to overdo its contrasts. The result is pleasant enough, but it hardly equals what he has done, gramophonically, with parts of the same composer's Sixth Symphony. As for the Fourth, the best playing of it that these aging ears remember is the finale, as interpreted by Karl Muck by the acoustical method, in the now glamourous years when he led the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS (*The Rite of Spring*).
*The Philadelphia Orchestra*
*By Igor Stravinsky.* *Victor*
$8. 4 records; 12 in. *Camden*

LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS.
*A Symphony Orchestra under the Composer*
*Ibid.* *Columbia*
$10. 5 records; 12 in. *New York*

We have heard the Stravinsky masterpiece under Monteux, under Stokowski and under Koussevitzky. We have followed it through the days when it was anathema—when dowagers departed in high dudgeon long before the final notes were sounded, and when youngsters delighted in voicing their approval, more in daring than in musical judgment. Who would have thought that with the passing of a few Springs this rite would sound actually melodious, and that the "pictures of pagan Russia," as the subtitle has it, would become almost as acceptable to orthodox ears as Moussorgsky's pictures in a salon? Nay, who would have thought that "Le Sacre du Printemps," as conducted by the grand Igor himself, would sound less barbaric in its mighty yawps than under the suave but determined baton of Stokowski in Philadelphia? Both performances are very good. Stokowski's is, at times, the more sonorous, while Stravinsky's, in spots, is somewhat surprisingly lyrical. Spatially, the advantage lies with the American version, which occupies but eight sides. The ten-side version, on the other hand, may be considered indubitably authentic.

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"PARSIFAL," *Act III.* *The Berlin State Opera*
*By Richard Wagner.* *Victor*
$16. 8 records; 12 in. *Camden*

Here, with a minor omission, is the entire third act of "Parsifal," performed under the direction of Karl Muck by Gotthel Pistor (Parsifal), Ludwig Hofmann (Gurnemanz), Cornelius Brongeest (Amfortas), the chorus and the orchestra of the Berlin State Opera. As it stands, then, it is an exclusively male representation, for Kundry only appears in the act; she does not sing. It is a remarkable act, rising to its climax with all the majesty of a natural force unleashed; by sheer evocatory genius Wagner, who even as a composer had not a little of the Barnum in him, rises superior to the numerous trappings of his stage. Was it alone the showman in Richard the Only that prompted him to weigh down his stage with scenery? Or was it a deficient visual imagination, which required everything to be set forth clearly before his eyes? In any case, it is possible to enjoy his music dramas fully as much on the phonograph as in the opera house, with its long waits between acts, its social stir, its preoccupation with the problems of scenery and the unavoidable consciousness of the other physical factors involved. (Include, among these factors, the presence of too-too solid histrionic flesh that will not melt.) The problem of the scenery will ultimately be solved by the chromatic cinema, which can do a far better job than the stage carpenter. Doubling may, for the audible film, solve the difficulty of human flesh; let the fat singers sing, but let only the graceful actors of the part be seen. Meantime, to listen to these superlative recordings under Muck, and to conjure up the scene out of one's own unbridled imagination, makes an excellent combination. The third act of "Parsifal" stands among the triumphs of contemporary electrical reproduction.

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THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.
*By Gilbert & Sullivan.* *Victor*
$16.50 11 records; 12 in. *Camden*

This is, in point of technical proficiency and of pleasure afforded, easily one of the finest of the recent ensemble recordings. Made under the direct supervision of Rupert D'Oyly Carte, son of the famous Richard, it may lay claim to being in the authentic tradition of the Savoy. The conductor is the able Dr. Malcolm Sargent, and the chorus is that of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. The principals acquit themselves nobly, and are particularly to be commended for their clear, almost impeccable, enunciation. The "Pirates" is now more than fifty years old, having been given for the first time in New York on December 31, 1879. The lusty chorus of buccaneers in the second act very soon became that get-together slogan, "Hail! Hail! The gang's all here!" It is, by the way, one of the outstanding moments in a recording that is in almost every way exceptional. The overture, owing perhaps to the small band that Sullivan required, sounds a bit thin; but once the operetta is off to a start, the tale of peers and piracy becomes an unbounded delight. The records have an additional interest and importance: they are an index to the official English style of the operettas, and afford opportunity for comparison between the London and the New York interpretations, so to name them, of the Savoy series. Some of the tempos here seem a trifle fast; others, a trifle slow. The grouping of the individual selections on the records is neat; there are few overlappings. All in all, a prize performance, for both the Victor and the D'Oyly Carte forces. The accompanying libretto is well prepared.

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SONATA *in C Minor. Op. 45 (Violin & Piano).*
*By Edvard Grieg.* *Columbia*
$6 3 records; 12 in. *New York*

This melodious haunter of the concert halls is played by Toscha Seidel, with Arthur Loesser at the piano. Unfortunately, the result is anything but inspiring. Seidel's attack, his interpretation, his tone, his general feeling for the sonata, are all awry. Whatever of delicacy there is in Grieg's simple and direct writing is blurred by an undifferentiated style of playing; its rising passion, toward the end —it is always sure-fire stuff with the musical gallery gods, who so often sit in the front rows of the orchestra—is blunted by rough handling. A good piece and a good player gone wrong.

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CONCERTO GROSSO. *For Chamber Orchestra & Piano*
*By Ernest Bloch.* *Victor*
$5 3 records; 12 in. *Camden*

The sixth face of this recording is devoted to a special arrangement of the Bach "Arioso," made by Sam Franko. It is done with skill and played with, perhaps, a too romantic style for the great John Sebastian. The preceding five faces give a surprisingly vivid performance of one of Bloch's most characteristic compositions. Mr. Fabian Sevitzky, founder and conductor of the Philadelphia Chamber Orchestra, who achieves this graphic transcription into wax, was born Koussevitzky; he is, indeed, closely related to the present conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and beheaded his last name so that there might be but a single Koussevitzky in America's musical world. More to the point, he leads a body of sensitive musicians who have, in this series of records, produced one of the salient examples of its kind. Bloch is not easily grasped, yet his foundations are as much in the Handelian past as in the Stravinskian present, and his concerto grosso provides an excellent introduction to his writings. He is one of the most honest composers of the times, often filled with Messianic fervor and cosmic melancholy; but his music is sound in structure, admirable in development, and can boast of brains.

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SONATA *in G Major.* (*Violin & Piano*).
*By Ludwig van Beethoven.* *Victor*
$5 2 records; 12 in. *Camden*

A fine music; fine players at the top of their bent. What is there to say but that every gramophile will cherish these records from the moment that the needle bites into the groove? There is pulsing life from first note to last. Rachmaninoff and Kreisler make such a splendid combination that they should, for phonographic purposes certainly, be kept together.

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TONE POEM, "*Finlandia.*"
*The New Queen's Hall Orchestra*
*By Jan Sibelius.* *Columbia*
$1.50 1 record; 12 in. *New York*
SARABANDE AND TAMBOURIN (*LeClair-Sarasate*).
*For Violin & Piano*
ADAGIO (*Concerto in G Major* (*Mozart*). *Victor*
$2. 1 record; 12 in. *Camden*
"FOREST MURMURS" (*From "Siegfried"*).
*Philharmonic Symphony*
*By Richard Wagner.* *Victor*
$2. 1 record; 12 in. *Camden*
SELECTIONS *from "La Fanciulla del West"* (*Puccini*)
*Tenor with Orchestra*
and "*Andra Chenier*" (*Giordano*). *Victor*
$2. 1 record; 12 in. *Camden*

Sibelius's pleasantly meretricious outburst is played and conducted with an effect equally pleasant, if not high above the conventional cut. Sir Henry J. Wood wields the baton. The violin selections are by the young phenomenon, Yehudi Menuhim, with Mr. Persinger at the piano. It is only in the slower movements that the extreme youth of the player is betrayed, by a certain thinness and uncertainty of tone. There is no questioning the remarkable talent of the child. Countless of his elders could learn from him. . . . The chatter of the Wagnerian birds is directed by Mengelberg, with the usual success. . . . The tenor of the Italian operatic selections—a robust voice with plentiful peninsular passion—is Armand Tokatyan, who sings at once with understanding and feeling.

## BOOKS

THE ANATOMY OF MUSIC.
*By Winthrop Parkhurst.* *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 5¼ x 7¾; 200 pp. *New York*

Mr. Parkhurst succeeds only moderately in his reiterated purpose. His approach is a healthy one; he knows that music, especially in its theoretical branches, has been made by pedants and pedagogues into a species of Eleusinian mystery. Therefore he comes to rend the veils. So doing, however, he proves —perhaps against his will—that music is not so simple after all. He is an unashamed advocate of the well-tempered clavichord, yet out of his elementary course he leaves all information about modulation and transition, which is pretty much like teaching a child how to walk and forgetting to instruct it in crossing the street. His explanation of the sonata-form, even to one who knows the sonata-form in his sleep, is so simplified that it is baffling. What a real beginner in music would make out of it is a matter for considerable conjecture. Strangely enough, by far the most interesting portion of the book is the appendix—some fourteen pages of print finer than that of the main text, in which Mr. Parkhurst forgets to be merely amiable and shows welcome signs of a temper. Also, of relief from the need of being elementary. Had he done the entire book in this vein he would have been less "complete and popular," but far more engaging.

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FUNDAMENTALS OF VOICE TRAINING.
*By D. A. Clippinger.* *The Oliver Ditson Company*
60 cents 4¾ x 6¾; 111 pp. *Boston*

This is another of the paper-bound manuals in the Pocket Music Student series. The author writes with a certain fervor, and is fond of quoting sentiments as epigraphs to each chapter. Nevertheless he is alert and independent in his judgments. The chapter mottoes are not hackneyed; better still, there is a minimum bibliography at the close of each section that provides the student with suggestions of a wider vista. With one sentiment of the gentleman, however, the present reviewer must decline to agree. It occurs in the penultimate chapter, "Notes on Voice Teaching," and is to the effect that "by reason of the intimate relation of the singer and his voice, he gives out more of himself than does the instrumentalist. There is, therefore, special reason why the singer should be of pure mind." Here the laughter of

Caruso must echo among the monkey-houses of Paradise. Let the singing-teacher be content to create pure tones, without arrogating unto himself the supervision of pure morals. An excellent case might be made out, indeed, for a certain moral laxity, or at least flexibility, among singers. Certainly, while listening to certain church choirs and the putative angels that comprise them, one might easily wish for them a slight infusion of the diabolical.

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ELEMENTARY MUSIC THEORY.
*By Ralph Fisher Smith.* *The Oliver Ditson Company*
$1.50 5¼ x 8; 134 pp. *Boston*

A straightforward account of the musical elements, with questions to test the student's retention of fact; no fads or fancies, but a workmanlike job that cannot fail to benefit anyone in need of the simple instruction that it offers.

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WHAT WE HEAR IN MUSIC.
*By Anne Shaw Faulkner.* *Victor*
$3. 5¾ x 8; 672 pp. *Camden*

THE VICTROLA BOOK OF THE OPERA.
*Victor*
$2. 6¼ x 9; 428 pp. *Camden*

MASTERS IN MINIATURE.
*By George C. Jell.* *Barse & Company*
$2. 5 x 7¾; 278 pp. *New York*

These three volumes, all plentifully illustrated and written so as to enlist the ready sympathies of the phonographic audience, provide welcome reference to the growing catalogues of music preserved in wax. An index of their usefulness: the "Victrola Book" is in its eighth edition; "What We Hear" is in its seventh revised edition. Mr. Jell's book, too, lends itself to constant re-adaptation to the returning public of the phonograph.

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INDICES TO VOLUMES I, II & III OF THE *Phonograph Monthly Review.*
*Compiled by Herbert B. Satcher.*
*The Phonograph Publishing Company*
11¾ x 8½; 3 vols.; 16+12+16 pp.
For Subscribers *Boston*

The *Phonograph Monthly Review*, the only magazine of its kind in America, was established in October, 1926 by Mr. Axel B. Johnson, who still, enthusiastically and impartially, guides its destinies. The simultaneous appearance of the indices for the first three volumes of the publication, carrying the account up to September, 1929, emphasizes quietly but firmly the magnitude and the usefulness of the service. Each index lists, cross-referentially, the records of the year, the composers of the music, the artists and conductors taking part, and also the most important articles on music and their authors. Merely to glance through the various rubrics is to realize what a stride the records have taken toward the diffusion of the higher types of music. The Rev. Herbert B. Satcher has done a thorough job, and his indices will prove of great value as a reference to all who are interested in the systematized study of the finer recordings.

## PIANO RECORDING

POLONAISE BRILLANTE. (*Preceded by the Andante Spianato*)
*Played by Tina Lerner*
*By Frederic Chopin.* *The American Piano Company*
$2 No. 70383 *New York*

This stands out among recent piano recordings for general technical as well as interpretative excellence. It is, in fact, a salient example of contemporary reproduction. The two pieces make an interesting contrast, and the meditative mood of the andante provides a fine background against which the brilliance of the polonaise may shine. There is, it appears, a committee for the selection of the best piano rolls, corresponding to the various book-of-the-month clubs. Miss Lerner's roll was chosen by this Committee for Subscribers to the Selected Recordings Service. It is to be hoped that such a distinction carries with it the implications of a large sale, for the Lerner recording well merits wide diffusion. The polonaise itself (Op. 22, E flat) is genuine Chopin, and the peculiar satisfaction with which one hears Chopin on the mechanical reproducers is in itself a commentary upon certain piano arrangements from orchestral scores. A few years ago we were hearing of the gains that would accrue to music from composition written expressly for the reproducing piano and the phonograph, by composers specially aware of the mediums at their service. Where are these compositions? Some of our modernists might well come out of the boiler factory and attempt to fashion unmechanical ballets.

# THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

## *Twilight in England*

ENGLAND, by Wilhelm Dibelius. $5. 8¾ x 5¾; 569 pp. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*
AMERICA CONQUERS BRITAIN, by Ludwell Denny. $4. 9⅛ x 6⅛; 446 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

"Nations, like individuals," says Professor Dibelius, "and the English nation even more than others, require the moral control supplied by the resistance of something like an equal opponent." That opponent, says Mr. Denny, has been found in the United States. He goes on:

> We were Britain's colony once. She will be our colony before she is done; not in name, but in fact. Machines gave Britain power over the world. Now better machines are giving America power over the world and Britain. We are not content with the richest country in the world. . . . We exploit nations less rich. . . . Our weapons are money and machines. . . . What chance has Britain against America? Or what chance has the world?

As strange as it may seem, these gloomy prophecies will probably find many customers in England. For the English enjoy nothing more than magnifying their own woes. Inhabiting a damp and chilly island, with inadequate stoves to heat them, and condemned to subsist upon the most dreadful victuals in the world, they are naturally of a sad and despairing kidney. At every stage of their history there has been a party of them which howled dismally that England was going to the dogs. Today, with genuine distress upon the land, that party holds the center of the stage, and its orators are heard with the sickly, masochistic fascination which goes with the Puritan diathesis. Whenever another two-by-four factory closes it is first-page stuff, and whenever the Board of Trade reports that there is another fall in exports, however trivial, the whole nation enters upon an orgy of voluptuous mourning.

How far Mr. Denny is right I know no more than you do, but my suspicion is that he is a shade too pessimistic—or perhaps I should say, considering that he is an American, too optimistic. England is unquestionably sick, but to my ear, at least, there is yet no sign of the death-rattle. Just as the United States, at the moment, is in the position of a man who, in hard times, has plenty of ready cash, so England is in the position of one who, with the income from his business greatly reduced, is forced to draw upon his savings. But those savings are still immense, and, as Mr. Denny himself shows, they yield a very comfortable usufruct. There are more Englishmen with incomes of between $50,000 and $75,000 a year, relatively speaking, than Americans. England owns gigantic stores of raw materials of all sorts, and is constantly grabbing more. And when it comes to fighting for foreign trade the English are still able to give a good account of themselves, even against Germans and Americans.

My guess is that what ails their depressing country is not so much a lack of cash revenue as the inequitable distribution thereof. The English esteem rich men so vastly that they are permitted to run wild, and so collar everything in sight. In no other country that I know of is the gap separating the favored few from the forgotten many so huge. To have a million pounds, over there, is to be a sort of god, with all the usual divine incapacity for doing wrong. It is often charged by Englishmen that we Americans lean the same way, but that is not true. A rich man, in the United States, gets very little respect because of his mere wealth, save maybe from Bishop Manning (an Englishman by birth) and Arthur Brisbane (an Englishman once or twice removed.) On the contrary, he is apt to be a public butt, as J. Pierpont Morgan *père* was in his day, and as Henry Ford, Andy Mellon and the two Rockefellers are now. Most of our more conspicuous millionaires tend to be comic characters, and the only way they can induce anyone to be polite to them is by spending their money lavishly.

But in England things are very different. The moment any stockjobber or other such rogue accumulates a hundred thousand pounds he becomes a knight and his wife a lady, and when he reaches a million he enters the peerage almost automatically. Once there, he takes on all the austere dignity of a Percy, and to laugh at him becomes a grave public indecorum. Under cover of that immunity he naturally finds it easy to roll up more and more *mazuma*. Does some low slanderer arise to charge that the slaves who labor for him are half-starved? Then all right-thinking Englishmen are indignant that anyone should thus libel a baron of the realm. Or does it appear suddenly, say in legal proceedings, that he has unloaded a ton of phoney stock on widows and orphans? Then the reigning politicians, for cash in hand, promote him to a viscountcy, and doing anything about it becomes a social impossibility.

The House of Lords is packed with just such unconscionable exploiters, all of them disguised as noblemen and gentlemen. Counting in the bishops, who are mostly their willing jenkinses, they probably constitute a majority of the membership. They control most of the avenues of public information; they are diligently cultivated by all the professional politicians; even when a so-called Labor government is in power they are more powerful than it is. Nobles but not aristocrats, they are quite devoid of the unselfish patriotism which marks men of rank in other countries. They are out for themselves, and for themselves alone, and are thus as indifferent to the sufferings of the lower orders as they are to the contempt of the fast-vanishing gentry.

Run by such cads, England is inevitably badly run. No matter how much money pours in, millions of Englishmen fail to get their fair share of it. The elemental device, so successful in America, of placating and silencing the proletariat by filling its belly and giving it a few gimcracks, is yet years ahead in England. Instead the poor are treated precisely as one might treat a starving dog: bones are thrown to them in the form of the dole. The rich, in theory, pay for those bones, but that is only a theory. The dreadful English income tax lets them off very lightly; its chief burdens fall upon the middle class, *i.e.*, upon hard-working, honest and useful men. So the rich keep on growing richer, and their mounting investments abroad make them increasingly indifferent to what goes on at home.

What the end will be I don't know. Will it be Communism? I incline to doubt it. The English are far too independent in spirit to succumb to the rumble-bumble that emanates from Moscow. Their very veneration of the rich and powerful shows how firmly they believe in the individual. Their Labor governments have not differed 5% from their Tory governments. But that they are in for some sort of revolution seems pretty plain. There will have to be a reorganization of English society upon a more rational and equitable basis. The rewards of useful labor will have to be augmented and the rewards of mere theft and chicane will have to be diminished. It may be that that change will involve some bloodshed. But what of it? England could well afford to cut 100,000 throats in order to get rid of her present distressing malaises. Even the heads of 500 peers of the realm would not be too high a price for deliverance from the last feudalism in Europe.

As I have hinted, Mr. Denny's conclusions seem to me to be somewhat too facile. But he has crammed his book with immensely interesting facts, and so it makes engrossing reading. Professor Dibelius is a man who likes the English, but is not taken in by them. He deals with their chief weaknesses in a free and instructive manner—for example, their loathsome hypocrisy, their revolting Pecksniffery. But he does not forget their good qualities either —their patience and fortitude, their self-reliance, their magnanimity in victory, their sense of justice, their ardent desire to be gentlemen, especially when they are not. He has written the most penetrating book about them since Price Collier's "England and the English."

### *The Smut-Snufflers*

INDECENCY & THE SEVEN ARTS, by Horace M. Kallen. $2.50. 8⅜ x 5½; 246 pp. New York: *Horace Liveright.*

MEDDLERS, by H. I. Brock. $3. 8½ x 5⅜; 307 pp. New York: *Ives Washburn.*

PORNOGRAPHY & OBSCENITY, by D. H. Lawrence. $1. 7¼ x 4⅜; 40 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

WHO'S OBSCENE? by Mary Ware Dennett. $2.50. 8⅜ x 5⅜; 281 pp. New York: *The Vanguard Press.*

ALL of these authors are against comstockery, and each of them tackles it shrewdly, fairly and with excellent effect. To Dr. Kallen, a psychologist, the emotions that lie behind it are "fear, greed, and the sense of shame." The censorship, he says,

> releases sexual or other appetite in the name of good morals; it turns fear and shame into justifications for occupying oneself with tabooed objects. It enables its sponsors and protagonists to violate the taboo in the form of defending it.

The fact must be plain to anyone who has ever had anything to do with wowsers. They are all dirty fellows, and in many of them the sexual obsession is so manifest that it becomes revolting. Old Comstock himself, as everyone knows, kept a collection of filthy pictures in his desk, and vastly enjoyed exhibiting it to like-minded visitors. The late J. Frank Chase, chief snouter of the celebrated Watch and Ward Society of Boston, was a pig of much the same sort. The very fury of such virtuosi, indeed, is a proof of their excessive sexuality. They make war upon sex for the same reason that so many Prohibitionists war upon rum: because they are abnormally vulnerable to it, and recognize the fact. Normal human beings face the temptations of both without much danger, and hence without fear. For the rest, comstockery is simply a way to make a living. And a way for third-rate persons to annoy and persecute their betters.

This last motive was to the fore in the late attempt to suppress Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett's pamphlet, "The Sex Side of Life," here described at length in "Who's Obscene?" There is, of course, nothing indecent in that pamphlet; on the contrary, it is notably prudent and clean. The author wrote it for the instruction of her own young sons, and its superiority to most other such literature was so apparent that it was reprinted at length in a medical journal, and circulated in great numbers by clergymen, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, social workers, and other such chemically pure persons. This went on for four and a half years. Then Mrs. Dennett, who is engaged in birth-control propaganda, began annoying the wowsers of the Postoffice by exposing their gross stupidity and disingenuousness in the enforcement of the Comstock Act, and they retorted by barring her pamphlet from the mails. No plainer case of the use of an idiotic law to punish an inconvenient critic could be imagined.

Mrs. Dennett, undisturbed by this attack, continued to circulate her pamphlet in sealed envelopes, and for six and a half years nothing more was heard from the Postoffice. Then, by means of a decoy order, she was trapped, and soon afterward she was brought to trial in Brooklyn for sending "obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, vile and indecent" matter through the mails. The proceedings before the United States District Court got a great deal of space in the newspapers, and were of almost incredible imbecility. The first judge in the case, one Moscowitz, soon had to retire in order to face troubles of his own (he has since been reprimanded by the House Judiciary Committee for grave irregularities in bankruptcy actions) and his place was taken by a jurist from Connecticut, Burrows by name. The prosecution was conducted by the district attorney, James E. Wilkinson, and Mrs. Dennett's counsel was Morris L. Ernst.

I myself became an innocent bystander in this grotesque trial because years before, when the pamphlet was first issued, I had printed a few words commending it for its decency, and contrasting it favorably with other literature of the same sort. This commendation inspired Canon William Sheafe Chase, the Brooklyn wowser, to write a letter to Judge Moscowitz containing the following passage:

> The names of H. L. Mencken and Havelock Ellis, which are used in sponsoring the pamphlet, should be sufficient to warn the court that this pamphlet represents a type of thought that, in the name of social science and human advance, advocates so-called birth control, free sex indulgence, and a return to the morals of paganism, long since discarded, but recently introduced in Russia.

Chase has since voluntarily apologized to me for this nonsense, but both judges accepted it gravely, and talesmen who admitted that they had ever read any of my writings, on any subject, were at once disqualified. Thus a safe jury was impanelled, and Mrs. Dennett was quickly convicted, and Judge Burrows fined her $300. Fortunately for her, this verdict and sentence aroused indignation in certain quarters, and she got help and was able to appeal. Six months later the Circuit Court of Appeals, consisting of Swan, Augustus N. Hand and Chase, JJ , set aside the verdict, decided that the pamphlet was so obviously *not* obscene that "no case was made for submission to the jury," and ordered Mrs. Dennett released from her bond.

So far, so good. "The Sex Side of Life" may now go through the mails, and its author (unless the Supreme Court comes to the rescue of the Postoffice by overriding the Circuit Court of Appeals) is free from molestation. But what is to prevent it tackling her again, the next time she prints anything on the subject? What is to prevent it harassing her, to her heavy cost and dismay, to the end of the chapter? What is to prevent it finding another jackass judge, and starting similar proceedings against some other indiscreet challenger of its authority? I know of no security against such things. The higher courts can help only those who are rich enough and pertinacious enough to fight. The great majority of victims are at the complete mercy of the bureaucrats.

In "Meddlers" Mr. Brock shows just what this state of affairs costs the American people. Any popinjay in office, whether honest or dishonest, is free to rowel and harry the rest of us. Any professional moralist, however pathological, can find a judge and a district attorney to play his game for him. All the rules run that way. Practically speaking, there is no relief.

## *The Ghostly Realm*

A HISTORY OF THE MODERN CHURCH, by J. W. C. Wand. $3. 7⅜ x 4⅞; 314 pp. New York: *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company.*

THE PEW PREACHES, edited by William L. Stidger. $2.50. 8⅝ x 5⅜; 251 pp. Nashville, Tenn.: *The Cokesbury Press.*

THE SACRED FIRE, by B. Z. Goldberg. $4. 8⅛ x 5⅜; 386 pp. New York: *Horace Liveright.*

THE DEVIL, by Maurice Garçon & Jean Vinchon. $3.50. 8⅛ x 5⅜; 288 pp. New York: *E. P. Dutton & Company.*

THE CHRISTIAN CONTENT OF THE BIBLE, by George Holley Gilbert. $2. 7¾ x 5⅜; 207 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

CONFUCIANISM: *Ethics, Philosophy, Religion,* by Frederick Starr. $3. 8¾ x 5⅛; 250 pp. New York: *Covici-Friede.*

THE GOSPEL & ITS TRIBUTARIES, by Ernest Findlay Scott. $2.75. 8⅛ x 5⅜; 295 pp. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GOD, by Ernest R. Trattner. $2.50. 7⅜ x 5¼; 312 pp. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THE SUPREME BOOK OF MANKIND, by James G. K. McClure. $1.75. 7⅛ x 5⅛; 227 pp. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Some of these books are mere trash. What Dr. McClure, a former president of Lake Forest University, has to say about the Bible is precisely what one would expect the head pedagogue of a fourth-rate "university" to say, *e.g.*:

> The responsibility today placed on English-speaking peoples by the Bible is inspiringly great. It found us a far-away, distrusted, un-

> promising folk, and it transformed us, until now we are near to everybody, are respected, and are called the hope of the world.

And what Mr. Goldberg has to say in "The Sacred Fire," which has the subtitle of "The Story of Sex in Religion," has been said before, and often better said. In "The Devil," by Drs. Garçon and Vinchon, I can find nothing new save the thesis that the Devil, as Christians now know and fear him, was not invented until the Fourteenth Century. In "The Autobiography of God," by Dr. Trattner, a great deal of interesting matter is squeezed into an unnatural and preposterous form, and so robbed of most of its interest. And in "The Christian Content of the Bible," by Dr. Gilbert, everything in the two Testaments that conflicts with the teachings of Jesus is rejected, and what remains is a sorry patchwork, incoherent and unconvincing.

The other books on the list are measurably better. Dr. Wand, in "A History of the Modern Church," traces the complicated play of events since 1509 in a succinct, well-informed and fair-minded manner, and though, since he is an Oxford don, he naturally lays most stress upon what has gone on in England, he also gives some attention to the war of the Christian sects in such barbarous countries as Russia, Serbia and the United States. In the same intelligent way, though somewhat less impartially, Dr. Scott describes the interactions between Christianity and its chief rivals during the First Century. And in "Confucianism" Dr. Starr shows how the religion founded by Kung-fu-tze, during the 2400 years since his death, has been modified by lesser prophets and theologians, so that much of what is taught and believed in China and Japan today would shock the old boy, supposing him returned to earth, just as much of what is taught in Christian churches would shock Jesus.

Dr. Stidger's volume is made up of pious discourses by such consecrated laymen as Curtis D. Wilbur, William Allen White, Edwin Markham, Roger W. Babson, J. C. Penney, Owen D. Young, and Henry Ford. Here is Ford's ratification of the divine mandate in Mark xvi, 15:

> Take the Orient, where we send thousands of our cars. The missionaries made this commerce possible. . . . They were the pioneers. We followed with cars. . . . The missionaries paved the way. That is always true. We recently had a missionary here from China.

The other magnificoes are equally embued with the Holy Spirit, but perhaps the most inspiring contribution in the lot is from a lesser fellow—in fact, a lowly magazine editor, to wit, Thomas L. Masson, formerly of *Life*. Tom makes the astounding statement that he was once honored, like St. Paul, by a Divine Visitation. But let him tell it himself:

> It was in the middle of a bright, sunlight (*sic*) afternoon. I was sitting idly on my porch, thinking of nothing in particular—just resting—when, without any premonition, the space surrounding me was filled with light, and the figure of the Christ was before me, quite definitely outlined, and the words that I heard were, as if some one who was my other self was saying them, "Yes, this is He."

Where this happened Brother Masson does not say—apparently at his home in Glen Ridge, N. J., of which the New International Encyclopedia tells us only that "the water works are owned by the borough." He says—and we may well believe him—that "I have never been the same since," but hastens to add that "I cannot say that I am any better." This last he explains thus:

> It seems to me that the gain in goodness, from the beginning to the end of our mortal lives, is almost negligible. If I succeed in overcoming a bad habit, or in correcting a fault, it seems as if a crowd of bad thoughts will flock in, without my even being aware of it, to make me worse than I was before. That is what is called original sin.

So far as I know, the only other American ever to be visited by any Member of the Trinity is Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, who enjoyed the experience in Colorado in his early days. Its effect upon him was very salubrious, and he has been virtuous ever since.

# THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

**Atwood C. Bellamy** *was born in Pennsylvania and now lives in Chicago. He is a commercial traveler by avocation and a viola-player by vocation.*

**Chester T. Crowell** *is an old newspaper man. His first novel, "Liquor, Loot, and Ladies," has just appeared.*

**Benjamin DeCasseres** *is the author of more than a dozen books. He was formerly a newspaper man.*

**Harvey Fergusson** *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

**Zona Gale** *is the well-known novelist. She was born in Portage, Wis., and still lives there. Among her books are "Miss Lulu Bett," "Preface to a Life," and "Yellow Gentians and Blue."*

**Ward Greene** *is executive editor of the King Features Syndicate in New York. His first novel, "Cora Potts," was published last year.*

**Arthur Hanko** *was born in Hungary forty-six years ago. He came to the United States more than twenty years ago, and has lived here ever since. For seven years he was employed by the Botany Worsted Mills at Passaic, N. J. He is now with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Los Angeles.*

**Leslie Llewellyn Lewis** *was born in Chicago, and educated at the Universities of Paris (France), and Chicago. He spent several years in social work, later serving as successor to Samuel P. Thrasher, chairman of the Chicago Committee of Fifteen.*

**George Milburn** *is a senior at the University of Oklahoma. His first book, "The Hobo's Hornbook," was published last month.*

**Hoffman Nickerson's** *article in this issue will form part of a book on government to be published in the Fall. He is the author of several other books.*

**James Oppenheim** *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

**Erich Sonnichsen** *was born in New York City in 1903 and got his early education there, and in New Jersey and Connecticut. He is now preparing to enter Georgetown University. He spent a year and a half at sea, and has worked in railroad gangs. Once he hoboed across the continent in twelve days. He is greatly interested in boxing, and often appears as an amateur under the name of Eddie Sullivan.*

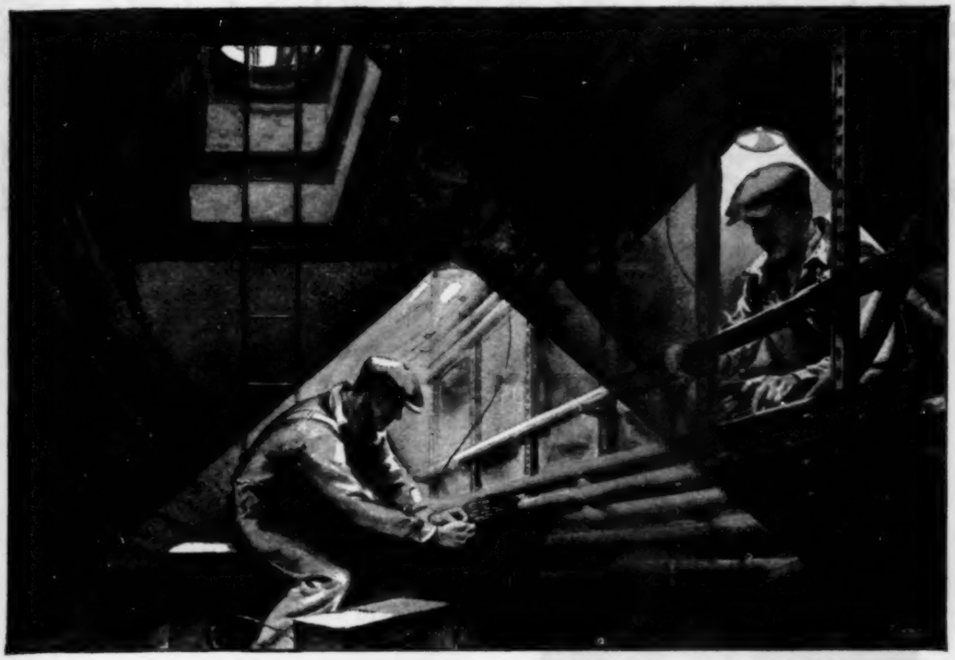
**J. J. Spengler** *was born at Piqua, Ohio, and was educated in that State and in Indiana. He holds A.B., M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from Ohio State University, where he is an instructor in economics. He is the author of "The Comparative Fecundity of the Native and of the Foreign Born Women of New England," written for the Brookings Institution.*

**Warren S. Thompson** *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

**Virgil Willit, Ph.D.** (Ohio State), *was born in Hicksville, Ohio, and received his early formal education in the schools of that village. In 1921 he was graduated from Otterbein College, Westerville, Ohio. Since the Autumn of 1926 he has been an instructor in the department of economics at the Ohio State University, where he got his Ph.D. last March.*

**Lowry Charles Wimberly, Ph.D.** (Nebraska), *was born in Louisiana in 1890. He was educated mainly at the University of Nebraska, and is now professor of English there. He is the author of "Folklore in English and Scottish Ballads" and editor of the* Prairie Schooner, *a mid-Western literary magazine.*

**Clement Wood** *was born in Alabama, but now lives in New York. Among his books are "Amy Lowell—A Critical Life," "The Outline of Man's Knowledge," and "Aggressive Legal Action for Labor Unions."*



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# EDITORIAL NOTES

*Dr. Warren S. Thompson*

**Dr. Warren S. Thompson**, author of "On Living in Cities," in this issue, was born on April 29, 1887, in Weeping Water, Neb. He got his A.B. from Nebraska Wesleyan in 1907, and his A.M. from the University of Nebraska in 1911. He then enrolled in the University of Chicago, where he studied sociology and philosophy, and from there he went to Columbia, where he obtained his Ph.D. in 1915 with a thesis on "Population: A Study in Malthusianism." He has taught sociology at the University of Michigan and at Cornell. For a year he was statistical expert in the War Department. Since 1922 he has been director of the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems. He is the author of "The Ratio of Children to Women in the United States, 1920," and of "Danger Spots in World Population." His article in this issue will form parts of a book on "Population Problems," to be published in September.

He is now on his way to Russia,

> partly out of a general curiosity to see what is going on over there, but chiefly to learn what I can regarding the possibilities of population growth there in the future. I shall travel about as extensively as I can in the three or four months I am there, and shall gather such material as is available showing the natural resources—both mineral and agricultural—of the country, and tendencies in population growth. I shall come out of Russia by way of Siberia. I expect to make a short stay in Japan in September to attend the meeting of the International Institute of Statistics in Tokio. After this I expect to go to Nanking, where I plan to stay for a year or possibly a little longer, working on a land utilization-population project which is being carried out by the University of Nanking.

*Harvey Fergusson*

**Harvey Fergusson**, author of "Heard and Seen in Mexico," in this issue, has seven books behind him. The latest is "Footloose McGarnigal"; the others are "The Blood of the Conquerors," "Capitol Hill," "Women and Wives," "Hot Saturday,"

*Continued on page xx*

HOME
BUSINESS
SCHOOL
MOUNTAINS
SEASHORE
VACATION
SHOPPING
HEALTH

## MILLIONS OF MILES TO BE REPLACED

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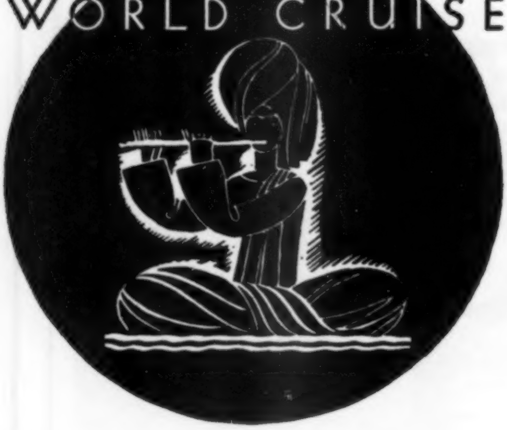

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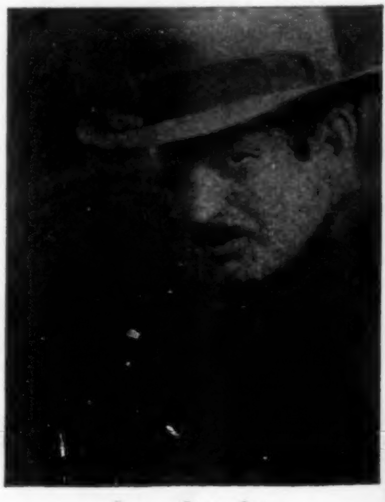
## *Editorial* NOTES

*Continued from page xviii*

"Wolf Song," and "In Those Days." He sends in the following note about himself:

> I was born in 1890 in Albuquerque, N. M., which was then a small railroad town. Disliking human society as I found it, I took to the tall timber, and remained there as much of the time as possible until I was about eighteen years old, spending most of my holidays in the mountains. After graduating from Washington and Lee University I turned to the Forest Service, worked two seasons as timber cruiser, and seriously considered this as a life work. My father's desire that I study law took me to Washington, where I quickly abandoned law for newspaper work. After publishing my first novel in 1921 I gave up newspaper work for fiction and free-lance work in the magazines, and ever since then my life has been migratory. A Winter in New York begets in me an imperative desire to get back to the West, and a Summer in the West gives me a feeling that it is time to go back to the far more perilous wilderness on Manhattan Island. This unsettled life has its drawbacks, both social and intellectual, but I hope and believe that it has given me an insight into pioneer life and a sympathy with primitive and simple types without wholly depriving me of an urban point of view.



*James Oppenheim*

James Oppenheim, author of "The Story of the *Seven Arts*," in this issue, sends in

*Continued on page xxii*

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[THE DESPERATE MOMENT]

**When you are down to your last tin of truffles and there is no relief in sight . . composez votre visage (keep a stiff upper lip) . . Bien! (pronounced bien)**

***be nonchalant . . .***

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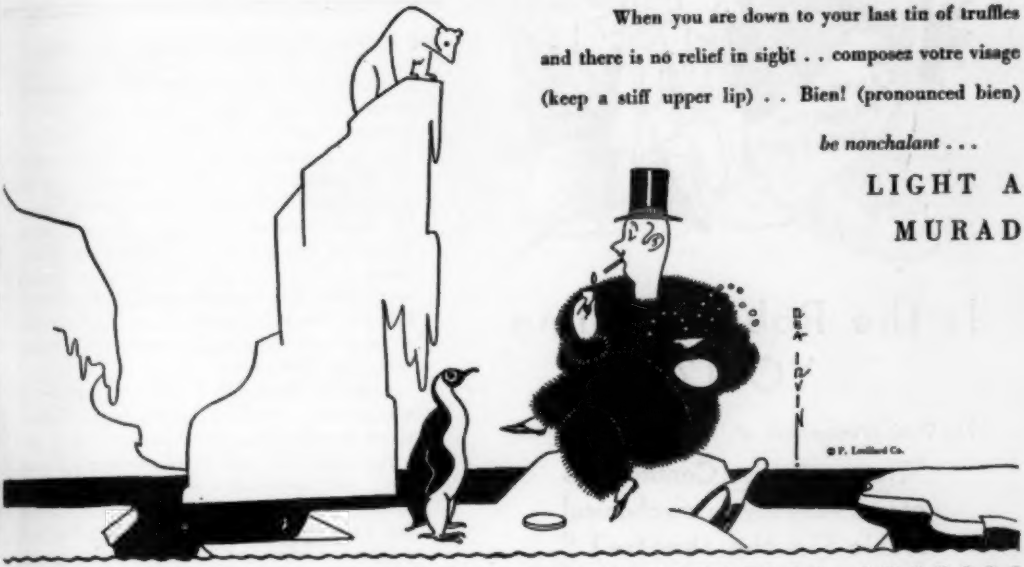

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## *Editorial* NOTES

*Continued from page xx*

the following autobiographical notes:

> I come of good old American stock, my grandparents on both sides having been born in Germany, and I myself saw the light of day on May 24, 1882, in St. Paul at the headwaters of the Mississippi: so my first two years were exposed slightly to Swedish and Indian influence. My father learned to sing a Swedish song, which got him elected to the Minnesota Legislature. I inherit his gift of oratory, only with me it takes the form of writing. My mother, before I was born, watched an aunt of mine write a novel; so a writer was ordered in advance, and here we are.
>
> I used to boast that I was a Westerner and was born on a bluff in Minnesota, but I came to see that bluff has two meanings. For at two I was hauled to New York, became a fixture here, with only a few escapes to places that seemed worse (with the exceptions of London and Paris and the tiny towns of Emsworth in England and Ems in Germany). There were six children in our family and my father died when I was six: so I received a liberal education. I was, however, exposed at adolescence to that form of Christianity known as Ethical Culture. The results gave me a career, but were otherwise deplorable. At fourteen I worked on the docks of North river, New York, not as a longshoreman (I didn't have the build) but in the Cromwell S.S. Company's offices. Then I worked three years with the American Express. The rest is silence, save what is noted in my article in this issue.
>
> At six I had an experience which I didn't understand for some years. I was asked to draw a picture. I drew one of a sailor in the rigging of a schooner, and was promptly seized with violent nausea. This was a sign that my mother's wish had come true, in a way; for I discovered at nine that I was a poet, forgot it for five years, and then rediscovered it. From then to the age of thirty-eight I had seizures; whereupon the Dæmon abruptly left me and I turned to prose-writing. On account of these seizures, which were as overmastering as epileptic fits, I gave up all gainful occupation at twenty-four, and, having to market my wares, wrote popular short stories whereby I supported my family. One editor told me, truthfully enough, that I would never become a really popular story-teller. It seems my stories were run in magazines on the same principle that drives some publishers to bring out a few

*Continued on page xxiv*

Another glass
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## *Editorial* NOTES

*Continued from page xxii*

books of poetry and other non-selling works each year—the principle of, "See! We are not in this business just for money." The editors were fooled, however, so far as my stories were concerned; they were bad prose with a streak of suppressed poetry in them. At thirty-one the suppressed poet broke out like a rash, and from then to thirty-eight I turned out one book after another, collecting them in "The Sea" in 1924.

I have been married three times, the last time to Linda Gray. I have two sons, who not only had a living example before their eyes, but were brought up with the idea that it was better to be anything than a writer. Both have turned out to be writers.

I might add that at thirteen I was the originator of the following joke, though it didn't seem a joke to me at the time. The teacher was dividing the class into Catholics, Protestants and Jews, and counting them up. When this was concluded, he found one missing.

"Who didn't stand up?" he asked.

I rose to my feet.

"But aren't you a Jew?" he asked.

"No."

"You're not a Catholic?" he looked puzzled.

"No."

"Are you a Protestant?"

"No," again.

"Well, what are you?" he demanded.

"I'm an Ethical Culturist," said I.

Both he and the class received this in stupefied silence.

---

AMONG the contents of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for July will be the following:

- "The Future of the Large City," *by Warren S. Thompson.*
- "More From the Oklahoma Saga," *by George Milburn.*
- "The Florida of the North," *by Dane Yorke.*
- "God's Stepson," *by Thomas F. Healy.*
- "Three Hells: A Comparative Study," *by H. L. Davis.*

There will also be five or six other articles, a couple of short stories, and the usual departments. Under Music, Dr. Daniel Gregory Mason will tell of the splendid effort being made at Rochester, N. Y., to give young American composers a hearing, and there will be reviews of the new recordings, sheet music and musical books.

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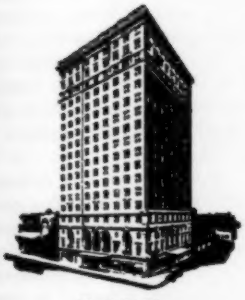

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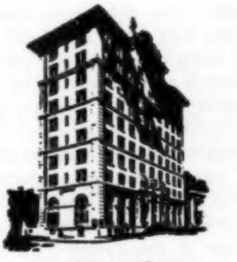
Tampa



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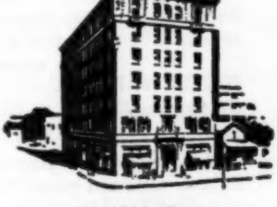

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# *Check List of* NEW BOOKS

*Continued from front advertising section, pag'* *xiv*

## CRITICISM

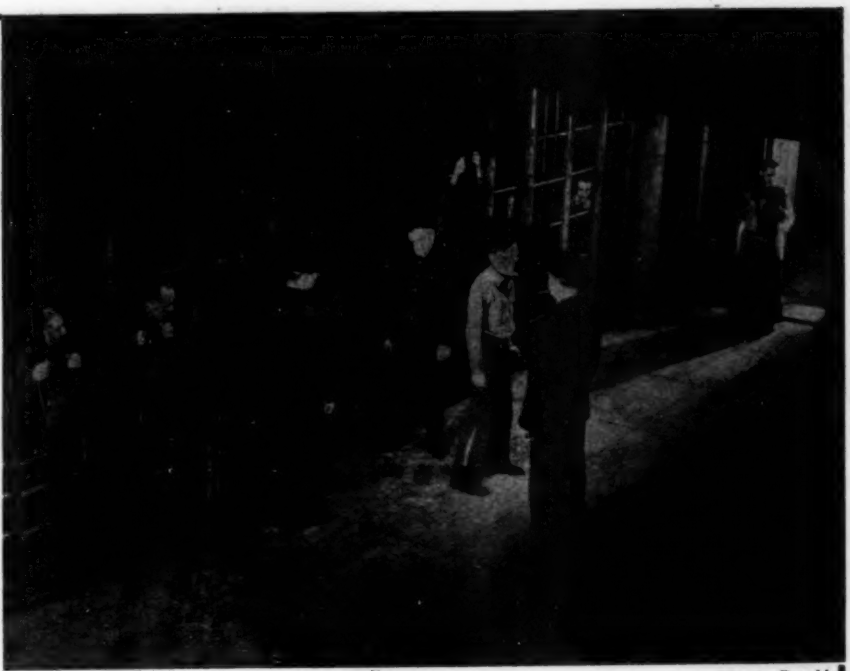
ASPECTS OF BIOGRAPHY.
*By André Maurois.* *D. Appleton & Company*
$2 8¼ x 5¼; 209 pp. *New York*

The old-fashioned biographers, such as Lockhart, Boswell and Trevelyan, were excellent collectors of facts about their subjects, says M. Maurois, but they failed us in that they did not present portraits of their heroes as they were in themselves. Their books read "as though there were no real beings beneath all these appearances." They gave us only the evidence of the spectators, and not that of the actors. "It is the novelist who can bring to us the whole dossier. . . . It is in this impossibility of attaining to a synthesis of the inner life and the outward that the inferiority of the biographer to the novelist lies. . . . Materials are not everything. . . . The enchantments of art" are also necessary. M. Maurois is second in command of all the fictional biographers, and in this book presents a defence of his methods that is at least respectable. His arguments are worthy of being heard, but they leave one with grave doubts. Did Boswell really do such a bad job with Johnson, and what sense is there in saying of him that "what we have taken for genius is nothing but a prodigious naïveté which flatters our conceit by its simplicity"? True enough, he made small use of "the enchantments of art," but is there any character in all "modern" biography as real as the strange doctor? One is at a loss to point to one. After all, does it add to our knowledge of the "inner" Lorenzo de' Medici to read that he "murmured wistfully" on his death bed? Of what earthly good is it to be told that when Browning first kissed Miss Barrett, "little loving words escaped him, which she tried to disregard"? Such stuff is neither biography nor fiction. It is low comedy. The translation is by Sydney Castle Roberts.

POETRY & POETS.
*By Amy Lowell.* *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$2.25 7⅛ x 4½; 232 pp. *Boston*

Miss Lowell left a great mass of unpublished MSS., in both verse and prose. The present book is a selection from her critical pieces. There are four general essays on the art of poetry, followed by two papers on Whitman and Emily Dickinson, after which come seven critiques of the work of some of her contemporaries: J. G. Fletcher, Carl Sandburg, D. H. Lawrence, John Masefield, E. A. Robinson, and the Georgians. All of the papers are written in Miss Lowell's familiar clear and vigorous style, devoid of all unnecessary connective tissue and very effective. Though she herself wrote little verse that is likely

*Continued on page xxviii*



Scene from "THE LAST MILE" at the Sam. H. Harris Theatre

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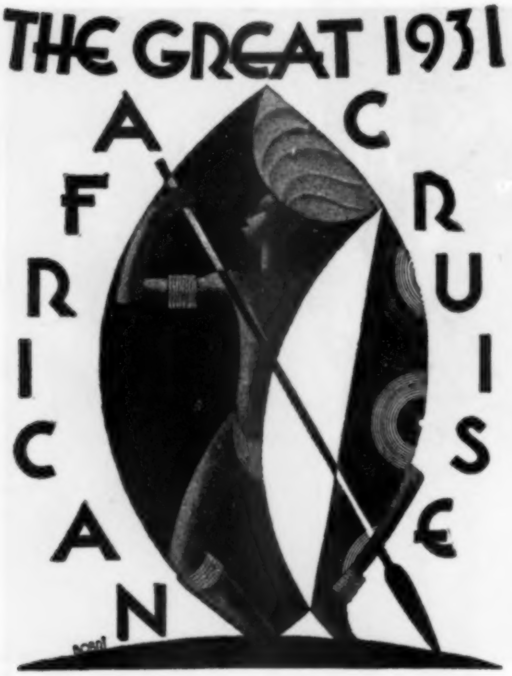

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## *Check List of* NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page xxvi*

to live, she had a sharp eye for genuine poetry and an abiding solicitude for the integrity of her art. As a critic of poetry few Americans since the day of Poe have equalled her. Her industry was enormous, and she was always on the lookout for the fresh, either in content or manner. The essays on Robinson and Lawrence, herein included, are perhaps the best that have yet appeared anywhere.

AN APPROACH TO POETRY.
*By Phosphor Mallam.* *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$1.50 8¾ x 5¾; 168 pp. *New York*

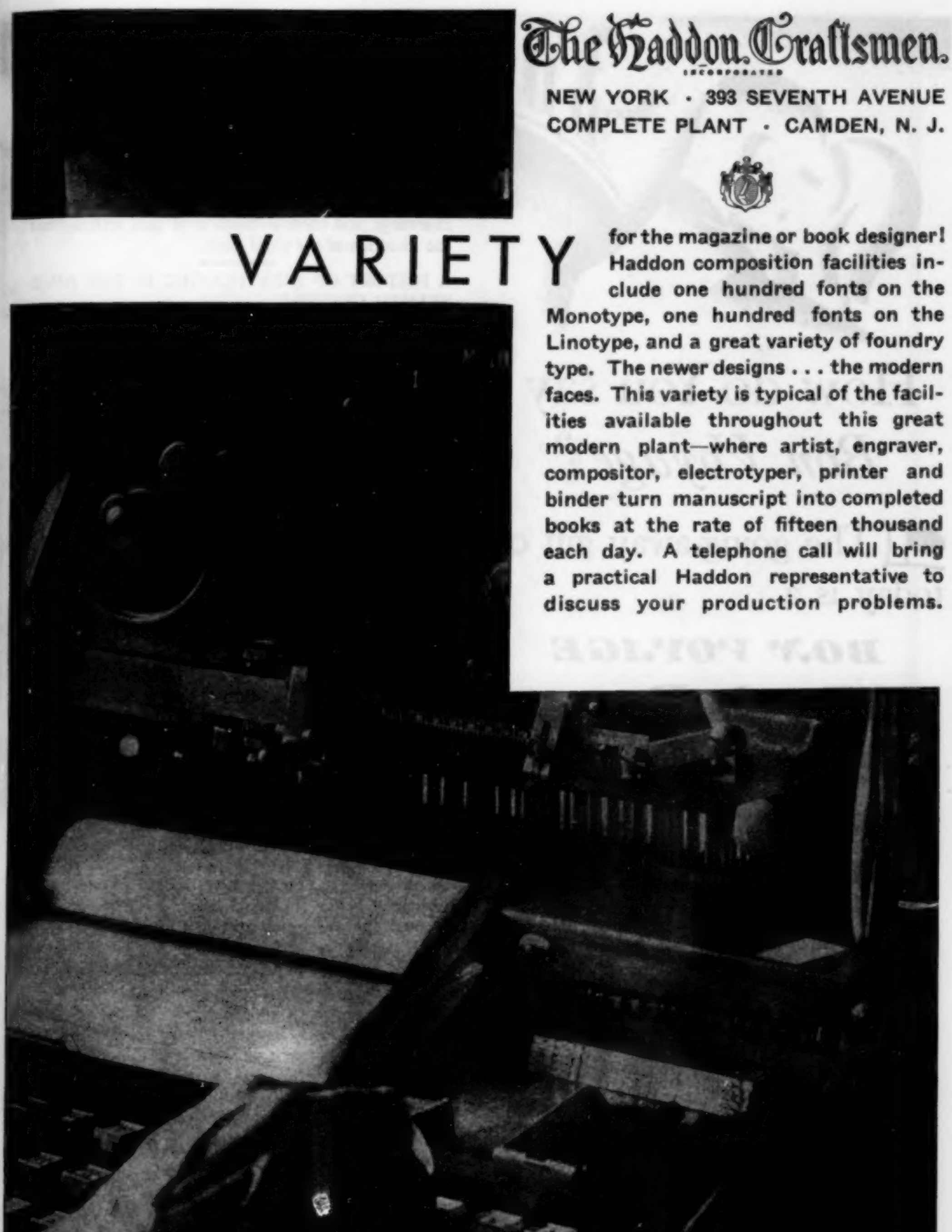
The genuine appreciation of poetry is extremely rare. Most people read it in a mystical stupor, relying upon miracles for real understanding, in much the same way that they listen to music. All intelligent guides to the subject are therefore welcome, and Mr. Mallam's is surely one of them. He does not stop with an analysis of the various metrical devices and versifying tricks; he delves into the pure feelings and emotional ideas that give birth to poetry, and what he says about them is always clear and pointedly illustrated with quotations. Especially good is his discussion of that vague, intellectually sensuous fringe of poetry, the quality of which is the real mark of difference between a Keats and, say, a Kipling. It is this vagueness, caught in precise language, that forever haunts us, and it is the lack of it that stamps a poet as of an inferior order. The one criticism to be made of Mr. Mallam's book is that his quotations are not sufficiently numerous. There is an index.

### HISTORY

A QUAKER FORTY-NINER.
*Edited by Anna Paschall Hannum.*
*The University of Pennsylvania Press*
$3.50 9 x 6; 402 pp. *Philadelphia*

Born in Salem county, N. J., in 1818, Charles Edward Pancoast was apprenticed to a Philadelphia druggist in 1832. In 1839 a celebrated Philadelphia quack of the time proposed that he go to the new town of St. Louis, and "there take a general agency for his medicines in the State west of Ohio." Young Pancoast set out in the Spring of 1840, and was soon established in the new metropolis of the West. But the patent medicine business was a failure, and soon he was engaged in steamboating on the Osage and Missouri rivers. That too failing, he decided to go to California, and in April, 1849, he set out by way of Fort Leavenworth, Pueblo, Santa Fé, and the Arizona desert. His wanderings in California took him from San Felipe in the South to Eureka and Trinidad in the North. Years later, returned to Philadelphia, he set down his recollections for his adopted sons,

*Continued on page xxx*



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## *Check List of* NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page xxviii*

finally handing the MS. to his niece. It is now published for the first time. The narrative is naïve and charming, and there is much in it that will interest the historian of the Gold Rush.

A HISTORY OF FREETHOUGHT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.
*By J. M. Robertson.* *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$7.50 9 x 6¾; 2 vols.; 635 pp. *New York*

In the preface Mr. Robertson, who is one of the leading English "rationalists," says of his book that it is "a compendious history of the mutual and social reactions of critical freethought, science, and religion, as indicated in books and movements, doctrines, changes in theological thought, creed and temper, social usages, and the general countenance of the changing age." The book itself, unfortunately, falls far short of this description. It is little more than a collection of brief sketches of the lives of some of the leading scientists and Biblical scholars of the last century, none too well organized and not always clearly or effectively written. Many of the sketches, such as those of Darwin, Spencer and Haeckel, are so short as to be of small value to the general reader, to whom the work is plainly addressed. The sections dealing with the growth of freethought in the United States are almost worthless. Such men as Theodore Parker, Channing and Brann, not to speak of Bowen, are either sparingly mentioned or left out altogether. But what is even more amazing is that Mr. Robertson says nothing about the effect of Marxianism and the labor movement in general on the religious beliefs of the populace, nor about the influence of the rising tide of nationalism. Marx probably did as much to shake religious belief as did Darwin, and, paradoxically enough, he was greatly aided in this direction by the new states which sprang up on the Continent, and which, in a very important sense, replaced God as the supreme object of devotion. Finally, there are several bizarre judgments in the book, as for example, (*a*) "[The Bible] is supremely unfit, in respect not only of its motley content of barbaric ethic, indecent narrative, and false history, but of the very fact of its archaic quality as English literature"; and (*b*) "In so far as [Nietzsche] helped to create the temper which moved Germany to precipitate the World War, he has evoked the due rebuttal."

## THE THEATRE

JUNE MOON: *A Comedy.*
*By Ring Lardner & George S. Kaufman.*
*Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 7⅜ x 4¾; 187 pp. *New York*

Mr. Lardner, working in collaboration with a dramatist of skill and experience, is hampered as well

*Continued on page xxxii*

By Newman Levy
and John Held, Jr.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY
NEWMAN LEVY
JOHN HELD JR.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY

This is a rollicking book about one of summer's greatest institutions —"the-week-end-in-the-country." Newman Levy writes pungently of harassed hosts, giddy guests, perturbing picnics, guest-room beds and towels and all the varied contributors to week-end woes. The author's gay mockery has been illustrated with 25 sketches by that arch-enemy of dulness, John Held, Jr.

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BORZOI BOOKS

## *Check List of* NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page xxx*

as helped, for the conventions of the theatre are highly artificial, and not infrequently they seem to interfere with the free flow of his fancy. Thus his characters sometimes appear pumped up, and several of them are probably to be credited to Mr. Kaufman rather than to him. Nevertheless, the play is surely amusing enough. It deals with the song-writers of Tin Pan Alley and their dreadful women, and is full of grotesque and cruel humors. Some of the scenes are in the best Lardner manner, and both the stage directions and the foreword show touches that could have come from no other hand. The piece makes excellent reading, and it is not hard to understand its great success on Broadway.

STUDIES IN THE CHINESE DRAMA.
*By Kate Buss.* *Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*
$2.50 9¼ x 6⅛; 97 pp. *New York*

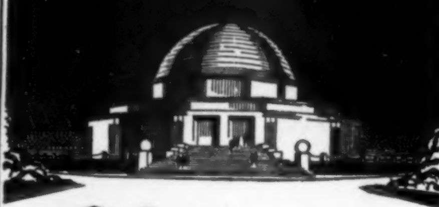
There is a lot of interesting stuff in this book. The Chinese drama is the oldest in the world. A theatre is known to have existed in that land as far back as 700 B.C. The chief subjects of the Chinese drama are, as would be expected, patriotism and filial devotion, but historical and military plays and farces are fairly plentiful. Like the Hindu the Chinese stage does not distinguish carefully between comedy and tragedy, "and when a so-called tragedy is presented it usually takes the form of melodrama with a happy ending." China has no stage censor. Anyone may set up a theatre, and any spectacle and any type of character may be presented. "The depravity of the priesthood and the corruption of official China have been two controlling elements that are lashed by the dramatist, and as theatre subjects never fail to find appreciative audiences." The plays over there, like ours, are divided into acts and scenes, but "change of scene is indicated by pantomime, or by a rapid walk about the stage of all the characters in the piece. Acts usually number four and the first may be preceded by a prologue, which is spoken by one of the principal characters." Actors are still looked down upon in China, and "until recently the descendants of an actor, to the third generation, were forbidden to compete in the public examinations, which offer to the poor man . . . the unique opportunity to acquire wealth and influence." There are many illustrations.

### FINANCE

MAKING MONEY IN THE STOCK MARKET.
*By Orline D. Foster.* *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5⅜; 225 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

This is one of the many recent books dealing with the machinery of the stock market and the various forms of investment. It contains nothing new, and the advice it offers is of the stereotyped character.

*Continued on page xxxiv*



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# TREATISE ON THE GODS

## by H. L. MENCKEN

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*Continued from page xxxii*

At times, the writer treats stocks as if they were animated beings which either struggle against the purchaser or welcome his embraces. He says: "Where a stock does not make money for you, get out of it. Some people cannot make any money out of certain stocks." Apparently such stocks refuse to advance purely out of spite.

WALL STREET VENTURES & ADVENTURES THROUGH FORTY YEARS.
*By Richard D. Wyckoff.* *Harper & Brothers*
$5 9½ x 6¼; 313 pp. *New York*

Mr. Wyckoff has had a colorful career. He entered Wall Street as a runner in 1888 when but fifteen years old, and became acquainted with every branch of Stock Exchange operations. Eventually, he established the *Magazine of Wall Street*, of which he was the owner and editor for many years. During this time he conducted a campaign against the bucket-shops, and another on behalf of getting the coöperation of the Stock Exchange authorities and big corporations to furnish more detailed information concerning their operations. Mr. Wyckoff is a skillful reader of the tape, and is convinced that knowledge of fundamentals alone is insufficient in speculating successfully. The story of the growth of his publication is absorbing. The book contains many interesting anecdotes. It is well illustrated.

WATCH YOUR MARGIN.
*Anonymous.* *Horace Liveright*
$2.50 8¼ x 5¾; 313 pp. *New York*

This is one of the few books on speculation which bears evidence of having been written by an insider. It is in the form of a series of letters written by the author to a young nephew. The advice is sound and shrewd. He emphasizes the importance of contacts as an aid, and the value of a good broker. Scale-up buying is preferred to averaging on a scale down. The writer believes strongly that the high-priced stocks are, in the end, the cheapest. He writes: "Just make up your mind that over any reasonable period of time, long or short, five shares more or less of a lot of high-priced companies will make immeasurably more money for you than the same dollar investment in a selection of cheap stocks you or any of your friends can name. In the long run stocks sell at high prices because they are worth the money." Mr. E. W. Woodward provides an introduction.

EUROPEAN FINANCIAL CONTROL IN THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.
*By Donald C. Blaisdell.* *The Columbia University Press*
$3 9¼ x 6; 238 pp. *New York*

This is the first study in the English language of the history of the Ottoman public debt, and par-

*Continued on page xxxvi*

*By Frank J. Williams*

# IF YOU MUST SPECULATE LEARN THE RULES

THIS book constitutes a new treatment of the subject; for it does not advise speculation nor does it advise against it. It is addressed to adults who, it concedes, should speculate if they want to, but only after they have learned how to proceed intelligently. ❦ ❦ The volume is unique among stock market books because it is not involved. The author's objective was to produce a sound, lucid book which would not lose the reader in a maze of highly technical discussion, but which would convey a full explanation of every phase of speculation and investment. ❦ ❦ The author is a noted financial authority on the staff of the *N. Y. Evening Post,* and has had intimate association with all the great Wall Street operators. This is a guide book that is not only sound, but has the clarity of presentation that comes only from a complete understanding of the subject.

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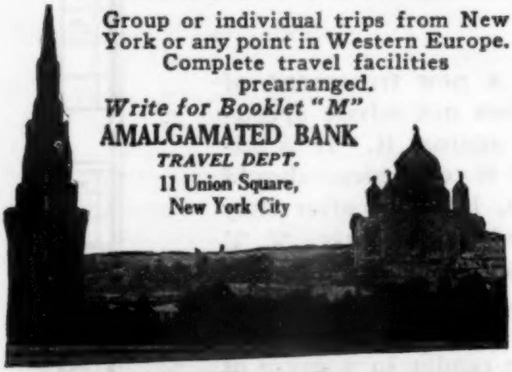

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## *Check List of* NEW BOOKS

*Continued from page xxxiv*

ticularly of the establishment and activities of the Council of Debt Administration. The council came into existence in 1881 after lengthy discussions following the suspension of the debt service, and controlled about one-fourth of the Turkish revenues. Later, it gained further strength in return for the consent given by the European Powers to an increase in the Empire's import duties. On the whole, the council functioned ably, but since its members were interested in railroad and other financial projects, conflicts between the government and European interests usually were resolved in favor of the latter. The council was shorn of its prerogatives by the post-war treaties. Among the interesting facts adduced here are the heavy loans to Turkey in the period 1854–1865, amounting to approximately £200,000,000, despite the wretched administration of Turkish finance; the avid desire to buy these bonds which were offered at an average price of less than 60%; the opposition of English Liberals like Cobden, who felt that Turkish mistreatment of Christian minorities was sufficient reason for barring the loans; the investment in one of the issues by the Vatican; and the removal of an obstinate Turkish official who refused a loan offered by a French underwriting firm. The work is based on a study of the sources, and is fair in tone. Americans have not been purchasers of Turkish securities, but the problems involved are those of imperialism everywhere. There is an index.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912
*of* THE AMERICAN MERCURY
*published* monthly *at* Camden, N. J., *for* April, 1930

State of New York }
County of New York } *ss.*

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Blanche W. Knopf, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Secretary of THE AMERICAN MERCURY and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Alfred A. Knopf 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Editor, Henry L. Mencken 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Business Manager, Samuel Knopf 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

2. That the owner is: The American Mercury, Inc. (Owner).
*Stockholders*—Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., Henry L. Mencken, 1524 Hollins Street, Baltimore, Md.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

BLANCHE W. KNOPF
(Secretary)

Sworn and subscribed before me this 24th day of March, 1930.
[SEAL] JOSEPH C. LESSER
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My Commission expires March 30, 1931.